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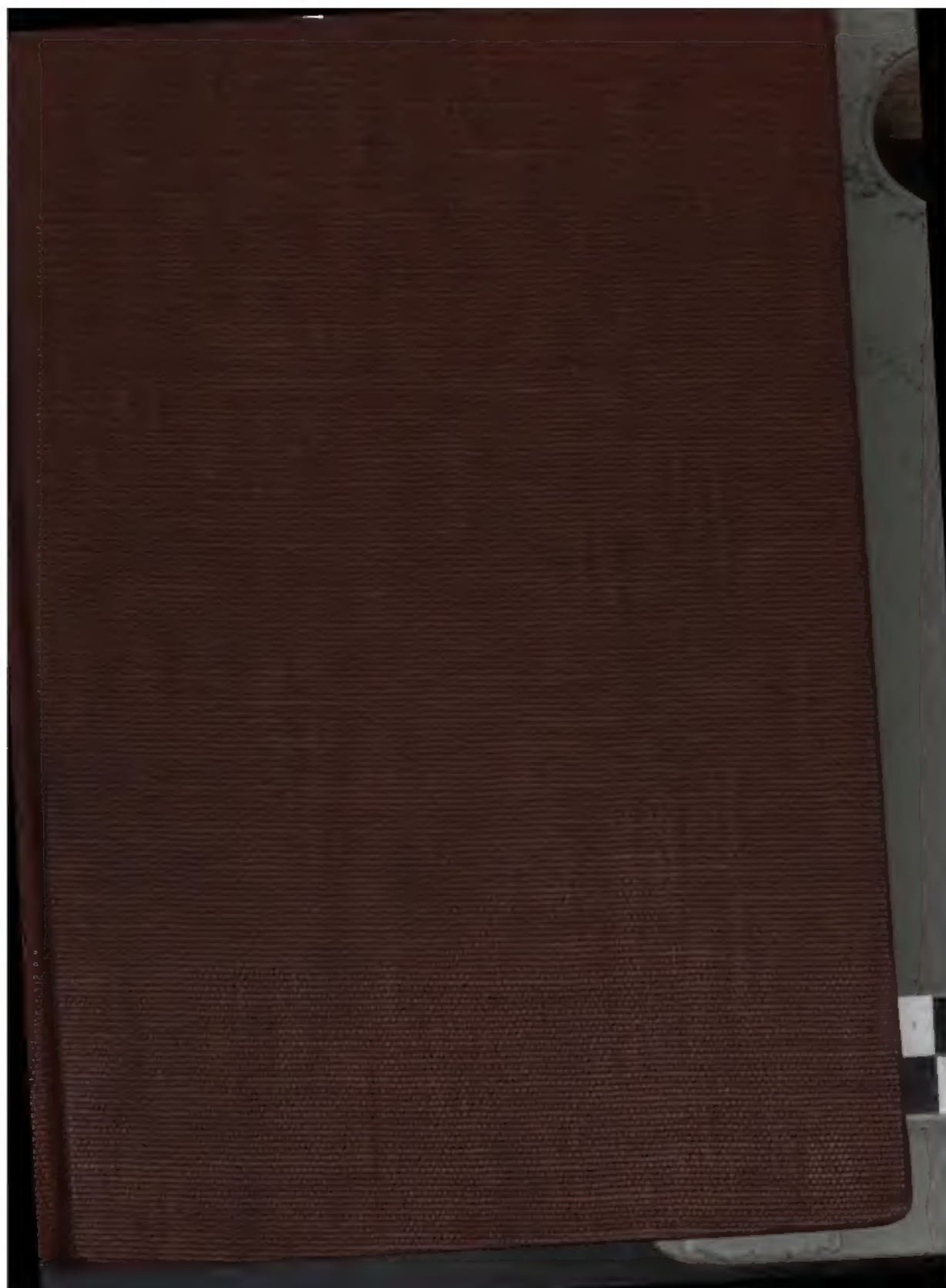
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St. Nicholas
Mission
St. Nicholas
Cathedral

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2483
COMPLETE WORKS
OF
SHAKESPEARE

WITH NOTES BY
Malone, Steevens, and others.

TOGETHER WITH
A BIOGRAPHY, CONCORDANCE OF FAMILIAR
PASSAGES, INDEX TO CHARACTERS, AND
GLOSSARY OF OBSOLETE TERMS.

**Illustrated with twenty-three Steel Engravings and
two Photogravures.**

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

PHILADELPHIA:
DAVID MCKAY,
23 S. NINTH STREET.

1887.

- *done*

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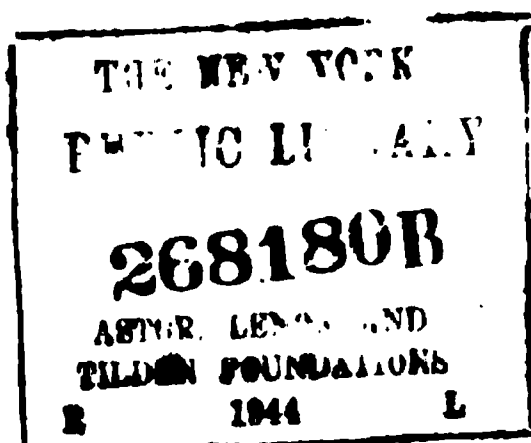
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**SECOND PART OF
KING HENRY VI.**

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING HENRY THE SIXTH :

HUMPHREY, Duke of Gloster, his Uncle.

**CARDINAL BEAUFORT, Bishop of Winchester, great Uncle
to the King.**

RICHARD PLANTAGENET, Duke of York :

EDWARD and RICHARD, his Sons.

Duke of Somerset, Duke of Suffolk, Duke of Buckingham, LORD CLIFFORD, Young CLIFFORD, his Son,	}	<i>of the King's Party.</i>
--	---	-----------------------------

Earl of Salisbury, Earl of Warwick,	}	<i>of the York Faction.</i>
--	---	-----------------------------

LORD SCALES, Governor of the Tower. LORD SAY.

SIR HUMPHREY STAFFORD, and his Brother.

SIR JOHN STANLEY.

**A Sea Captain, Master, and Master's Mate, and WALTER
WHITMORE.**

Two Gentlemen, Prisoners with Suffolk.

A Herald. VAUX.

HUME and SOUTHWELL, two Priests.

BOLINGBROKE, a Conjuror. A Spirit raised by him.

THOMAS HORNER, an Armorer : PETER, his Man.

Clerk of Chatham. Mayor of St. Albans.

SIMPCOX, an Impostor. Two Murderers.

JACK CADE, a Rebel :

**GEORGE, JOHN, DICK, SMITH, the Weaver, MICHAEL,
&c., his followers.**

ALEXANDER IDEN, a Kentish Gentleman.

MARGARET, Queen to King Henry.

ELEANOR, Duchess of Gloster.

MARGERY JOURDAIN, a Witch. Wife to Simpcox.

**Lords, Ladies, and Attendants ; Petitioners, Aldermen,
a Beadle, Sheriff, and Officers ; Citizens, Prentices,
Falconers, Guards, Soldiers, Messengers, &c.**

SCENE, dispersedly in various parts of England

SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI.

ACT I.

SCENE I. London. *A Room of State in the Palace.*

Flourish of trumpets; then hautboys. Enter, on one side, KING HENRY, DUKE of GLOSTER, SALISBURY, WARWICK, and CARDINAL BEAUFORT; on the other, QUEEN MARGARET, led in by SUFFOLK; YORK, SOMERSET, BUCKINGHAM, and others, following.

Suffolk. As by your high, imperial majesty,
I had in charge at my depart for France,
As procurator to your excellence,
To marry princess Margaret for your grace;
So, in the famous ancient city, Tours,—
In presence of the kings of France and Sicil,
The dukes of Orleans, Calaber, Bretagne, and Alençon,
Seven earls, twelve barons, twenty reverend bishops,—
I have performed my task, and was espoused;
And humbly now upon my bended knee,
In sight of England and her lordly peers,
Deliver up my title in the queen
To your most gracious hands, that are the substance
Of that great shadow I did represent;
The happiest gift that ever marquess gave,
The fairest queen that ever king received.

K. Hen. Suffolk, arise.—Welcome, queen Margaret;
I can express no kinder sign of love,
Than this kind kiss.—O Lord, that lends me life,
Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness!
For thou hast given me, in this beauteous face,
A world of earthly blessings to my soul,
If sympathy of love unite our thoughts.

Q. Mar. Great king of England, and my gracious lord;
The mutual conference that my mind hath had—
By day, by night; waking, and in my dreams;
In courtly company, or at my beads,—
With you mine alder-lieft sovereign,
Makes me the bolder to salute my king
With ruder terms; such as my wit affords,
And over-joy of heart doth minister.

K. Hen. Her sight did ravish; but her grace in speech,
Her words y-clad with wisdom's majesty,
Makes me, from wondering, fall to weeping joys;
Such is the fulness of my heart's content.—
Lords, with one cheerful voice welcome my love.

All. Long live queen Margaret, England's happiness!

Q. Mar. We thank you all. [*Flourish.*]

Suff. My lord protector, so it please your grace,
Here are the articles of contracted peace,
Between our sovereign and the French king Charles.
For eighteen months concluded by consent.

Glo. [*Reads.*] *Imprimis, It is agreed between the French king Charles, and William de la Poole, marquess of Suffolk, ambassador for Henry king of England,—that the said Henry shall espouse the lady Margaret, daughter unto Reignier king of Naples, Sicilia, and Jerusalem; and crown her queen of England, ere the thirtieth of May next ensuing.—Item,—That the duchy of Anjou, and the county of Maine, shall be released and delivered to the king her father.—*

K. Hen. Uncle, how now?

Glo. Pardon me, gracious lord;
Some sudden qualm hath struck me at the heart,
And dimmed mine eyes, that I can read no further.

K. Hen. Uncle of Winchester, I pray, read on.

Win. Item,—*It is further agreed between them—that the duchies of Anjou and Maine shall be released and delivered over to the king her father; and she sent over of the king of England's own proper cost and charges, without having dowry.*

K. Hen. They please us well.—Lord marquess, kneel
down;
We here create thee the first duke of Suffolk,
And gird thee with the sword.—
Cousin of York, we here discharge your grace
From being regent in the parts of France,
Till term of eighteen months be full expired.
Thanks, uncle Winchester, Gloster, York, and Buckingham,

Somerset, Salisbury, and Warwick;
We thank you all for this great favor done,
In entertainment to my princely queen.
Come, let us in; and with all speed provide
To see her coronation be performed.

[*Exeunt* King, Queen, and SUFFOLK

Glo. Brave peers of England, pillars of the state,
To you duke Humphrey must unload his grief,
Your grief, the common grief of all the land.
What! did my brother Henry spend his youth,
His valor, coin, and people, in the wars?
Did he so often lodge in open field,
In winter's cold, and summer's parching heat,
To conquer France, his true inheritance?
And did my brother Bedford toil his wits,
To keep by policy what Henry got?
Have you yourselves, Somerset, Buckingham,
Brave York, Salisbury, and victorious Warwick,
Received deep scars in France and Normandy?
Or hath my uncle Beaufort, and myself,
With all the learned council of the realm,
Studied so long, sat in the council-house,
Early and late, debating to and fro
How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe?
And hath his highness in his infancy
Been crowned in Paris, in despite of foes?
And shall these labors, and these honors, die?
Shall Henry's conquest, Bedford's vigilance,
Your deeds of war, and all our counsel, die?
O peers of England, shameful is this league!
Fatal this marriage, cancelling your fame;
Blotting your names from books of memory;
Razing the characters of your renown;
Defacing monuments of conquered France;
Undoing all, as all had never been!

Car. Nephew, what means this passionate discourse?
This peroration with such circumstance?
For France, 'tis ours; and we will keep it still.

Glo. Ay, uncle, we will keep it, if we can;
But now it is impossible we should:
Suffolk, the new-made duke that rules the roast,
Hath given the duchies of Anjou and Maine
Unto the poor king Reignier, whose large style
Agrees not with the leanness of his purse.

Sal. Now, by the death of Him that died for all,

These counties were the keys of Normandy:—
But wherefore weeps Warwick, my valiant son?

War. For grief, that they are past recovery;
For, were there hope to conquer them again,
My sword should shed hot blood, mine eyes no tears.
Anjou and Maine! myself did win them both;
Those provinces these arms of mine did conquer:
And are the cities, that I got with wounds,
Delivered up again with peaceful words?
Mort Dieu!

York. For Suffolk's duke—may he be suffocate,
That dims the honor of this warlike isle!
France should have torn and rent my very heart,
Before I would have yielded to this league.
I never read but England's kings have had
Large sums of gold, and dowries, with their wives;
And our king Henry gives away his own,
To match with her that brings no vantages.

Glo. A proper jest, and never heard before,
That Suffolk should demand a whole fifteenth,
For costs and charges in transporting her!
She should have staid in France, and starved in France,
Before——

Car. My lord of Gloster, now you grow too hot;
It was the pleasure of my lord the king.

Glo. My lord of Winchester, I know your mind;
Tis not my speeches that you do mislike,
But 'tis my presence that doth trouble you.
Rancour will out. Proud prelate, in thy face
I see thy fury; if I longer stay,
We shall begin our ancient bickerings.
Lordings, farewell; and say, when I am gone,
I prophesied—France will be lost ere long. [*Exit*

Car. So, there goes our protector in a rage.
'Tis known to you he is mine enemy:
Nay, more, an enemy unto you all;
And no great friend, I fear me, to the king;
Consider, lords, he is the next of blood,
And heir apparent to the English crown:
Had Henry got an empire by his marriage,
And all the wealthy kingdoms of the west,
There's reason he should be displeased at it.
Look to it, lords; let not his smoothing words
Bewitch your hearts; be wise, and circumspect.
What though the common people favor him,
Calling him—*Humphrey, the good duke of Gloster;*

Clapping their hands, and crying with loud voice —
Jesu maintain your royal excellence!

With—*God preserve the good duke Humphrey!*

I fear me, lords, for all this flattering gloss,
He will be found a dangerous protector.

Buck. Why should he then protect our sovereign,
He being of age to govern of himself?

Cousin of Somerset, join you with me,
And all together—with the duke of Suffolk,—

We'll quickly hoise duke Humphrey from his seat.

Car. This weighty business will not brook delay;
I'll to the duke of Suffolk presently. [*Exit.*]

Som. Cousin of Buckingham, though Humphrey's pride,
And greatness of his place, be grief to us,
Yet let us watch the haughty cardinal:

His insolence is more intolerable
Than all the princes in the land beside;
If Gloster be displaced, he'll be protector.

Buck. Or thou, or I, Somerset, will be protector.
Despite duke Humphrey, or the cardinal.

[*Exeunt BUCKINGHAM and SOMERSET.*]

Sal. Pride went before, ambition follows him.
While these do labor for their own preferment,
Behooves it us to labor for the realm.

I never saw but Humphrey duke of Gloster
Did bear him like a noble gentleman.

Oft have I seen the haughty cardinal—

More like a soldier, than a man o' the church,
As stout, and proud, as he were lord of all,—
Swear like a ruffian, and demean himself

Unlike the ruler of a common-weal.—

Warwick, my son, the comfort of my age!

Thy deeds, thy plainness, and thy house-keeping,

Hath won the greatest favor of the commons,

Excepting none but good duke Humphrey.—

And, brother York, thy acts in Ireland,

In bringing them to civil discipline;

Thy late exploits, done in the heart of France,

When thou wert regent for our sovereign,

Have made thee feared and honored of the people:—

Join we together, for the public good;

In what we can to bridle and suppress

The pride of Suffolk, and the cardinal,

With Somerset's and Buckingham's ambition;

And, as we may, cherish duke Humphrey's deeds,

While they do tend the profit of the land.

War. So God help Warwick, as he loves the land,
And common profit of his country!

York. And so says York, for he hath greatest cause.

Sal. Then let's make haste away, and look unto the main.

War. Unto the main! O, father, Maine is lost;
That Maine, which by main force Warwick did win,
And would have kept so long as breath did last.
Main chance, father, you meant; but I meant Maine;
Which I will win from France, or else be slain.

[*Exeunt* WARWICK and SALISBURY

York. Anjou and Maine are given to the French;
Paris is lost; the state of Normandy
Stands on a tickle point, now they are gone;
Suffolk concluded on the articles;
The peers agreed; and Henry was well pleased
To change two dukedoms for a duke's fair daughter.
I cannot blame them all; what is't to them?
'Tis thine they give away, and not their own.
Pirates may make cheap pennyworths of their pillage,
And purchase friends, and give to courtesans,
Still revelling, like lords, till all be gone;
While as the silly owner of the goods
Weeps over them, and wrings his hapless hands,
And shakes his head, and trembling stands aloof,
While all is shared, and all is borne away;
Ready to starve, and dare not touch his own;
So York must sit, and fret, and bite his tongue,
While his own lands are bargained for, and sold.
Methinks the realms of England, France, and Ireland,
Bear that proportion to my flesh and blood,
As did the fatal brand Althea burned,
Unto the prince's heart of Calydon.
Anjou and Maine, both given unto the French!
Cold news for me; for I had hope of France,
Even as I have of fertile England's soil.
A day will come, when York shall claim his own;
And therefore I will take the Nevils' parts,
And make a show of love to proud duke Humphrey.
And, when I spy advantage, claim the crown,
For that's the golden mark I seek to hit.
Nor shall proud Lancaster usurp my right,
Nor hold his sceptre in his childish fist,
Nor wear the diadem upon his head,
Whose church-like humors fit not for a crown.
Then, York, be still awhile, till time do serve;
Watch thou, and wake, when others be asleep,

To pry into the secrets of the state ;
 Till Henry, surfeiting in joys of love,
 With his new bride, and England's dear-bought queen,
 And Humphrey with the peers be fallen at jars ;
 Then will I raise aloft the milk-white rose,
 With whose sweet smell the air shall be perfumed ;
 And in my standard bear the arms of York,
 To grapple with the house of Lancaster ;
 And, force perforce, I'll make him yield the crown,
 Whose bookish rule hath pulled fair England down. [*Erit.*

SCENE II. *The same. A Room in the Duke of Gloster's House.*

Enter GLOSTER and the Duchess.

Duch. Why droops my lord, like over-ripened corn,
 Hanging the head at Ceres' plenteous load ?
 Why doth the great duke Humphrey knit his brows,
 As frowning at the favors of the world ?
 Why are thine eyes fixed to the sullen earth,
 Gazing on that which seems to dim thy sight !
 What seest thou there ? King Henry's diadem,
 Enchased with all the honors of the world ?
 If so, gaze on, and grovel on thy face,
 Until thy head be circled with the same.
 Put forth thy hand, reach at the glorious gold ;—
 What, is't too short ? I'll lengthen it with mine ;
 And having both together heaved it up,
 We'll both together lift our heads to heaven ;
 And never more abase our sight so low,
 As to vouchsafe one glance unto the ground.

Glo. O, Nell, sweet Nell, if thou dost love thy lord,
 Banish the canker of ambitious thoughts ;
 And may that thought, when I imagine ill
 Against my king and nephew, virtuous Henry,
 Be my last breathing in this mortal world !
 My troublous dream this night doth make me sad.

Duch. What dreamed my lord ? Tell me, and I'll
 requite it
 With sweet rehearsal of my morning's dream.

Glo. Methought this staff, mine office-badge in court,
 Was broke in twain ; by whom, I have forgot,
 But, as I think, it was by the cardinal,
 And on the pieces of the broken wand
 Were placed the heads of Edmond duke of Somerset,

And William de la Poole, first duke of Suffolk.
This was my dream; what it doth bode, God knows.

Duch. Tut, this was nothing but an argument,
That he that breaks a stick of Gloster's grove,
Shall lose his head for his presumption.
But list to me, my Humphrey, my sweet duke.
Methought I sat in seat of majesty,
In the cathedral church of Westminster,
And in that chair where kings and queens are crowned;
Where Henry, and dame Margaret, kneeled to me,
And on my head did set the diadem.

Glo. Nay, Eleanor, then must I chide outright:
Presumptuous dame, ill-nurtured Eleanor!
Art thou not second woman in the realm;
And the protector's wife, beloved of him?
Hast thou not worldly pleasure at command,
Above the reach or compass of thy thought?
And wilt thou still be hammering treachery,
To tumble down thy husband, and thyself,
From top of honor to disgrace's feet?
Away from me, and let me hear no more.

Duch. What, what, my lord! are you so choleric,
With Eleanor, for telling but her dream?
Next time I'll keep my dreams unto myself,
And not be checked.

Glo. Nay, be not angry; I am pleased again.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord proteetor, 'tis his highness' pleasure,
You do prepare to ride unto Saint Albans,
Whereas the king and queen do mean to hawk.

Glo. I go.—Come, Nell, thou wilt ride with us?

Duch. Yes, good my lord, I'll follow presently.

[*Exeunt GLOSTER and Messenger.*]

Follow I must, I cannot go before,
While Gloster bears this base and humble mind.
Were I a man, a duke, and next of blood,
I would remove these tedious stumbling-blocks,
And smooth my way upon their headless necks;
And, being a woman, I will not be slack
To play my part in fortune's pageant.
Where are you there? sir John! Nay, fear not, man,
We are alone; here's none but thee, and I.

Enter HUME.

Hume. Jesu preserve your royal majesty!

Duch. What say'st thou, majesty! I am but grace.

Hume. But, by the grace of God, and Hume's advice,
Your grace's title shall be multiplied.

Duch. What say'st thou, man? Hast thou as yet conferred
With Margery Jourdain, the cunning witch;
And Roger Bolingbroke, the conjuror?
And will they undertake to do me good?

Hume. This they have promised,—to show your highness
A spirit raised from depth of under ground,
That shall make answer to such questions,
As by your grace shall be propounded him.

Duch. It is enough; I'll think upon the questions.
When from Saint Albans we do make return,
We'll see these things effected to the full.
Here, Hume, take this reward; make merry, man,
With thy confederates in this weighty cause.

[*Exit Duchess.*

Hume. Hume must make merry with the duchess' gold;
Marry, and shall. But how now, sir John Hume?
Seal up your lips, and give no words but—mum!
The business asketh silent secrecy.

Dame Eleanor gives gold, to bring the witch,
Gold cannot come amiss, were she a devil.
Yet have I gold, flies from another coast:
I dare not say, from the rich cardinal,
And from the great and new-made duke of Suffolk;
Yet I do find it so; for, to be plain,
They, knowing dame Eleanor's aspiring humor,
Have hired me to undermine the duchess,
And buzz these conjurations in her brain.
They say, A crafty knave does need no broker;
Yet am I Suffolk and the cardinal's broker.
Hume, if you take not heed, you shall go near
To call them both—a pair of crafty knaves.
Well, so it stands; and thus, I fear, at last,
Hume's knavery will be the duchess' wreck;
And her attainture will be Humphrey's fall.
Sort how it will, I shall have gold for all.

[*Exit*

SCENE III. *The same. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter PETER, and others, with petitions.

1 *Pet.* My masters, let's stand close; my lord protector
will come this way by and by, and then we may deliver our
supplications in the quill.

2 *Pet.* Marry, the Lord protect him, for he's a good man! Jesu bless him!

Enter SUFFOLK and QUEEN MARGARET.

1 *Pet.* Here a' comes, methinks, and the queen with him. I'll be the first, sure.

2 *Pet.* Come back, fool; this is the duke of Suffolk, and not my lord protector.

Suff. How now, fellow? wouldst any thing with me?

1 *Pet.* I pray, my lord, pardon me! I took ye for my lord protector.

Q. Mar. [Reading the superscription.] *To my lord protector!* Are your supplications to his lordship? Let me see them. What is thine?

1 *Pet.* Mine is, an't please your grace, against John Goodman, my lord cardinal's man, for keeping my house, and lands, and wife and all, from me.

Suff. Thy wife too? That is some wrong indeed.—What's yours?—What's here? [*Reads.*] *Against the duke of Suffolk, for inclosing the commons of Melford.*—How now, sir knave?

2 *Pet.* Alas, sir, I am but a poor petitioner of our whole township.

Peter. [*Presenting his petition.*] Against my master, Thomas Horner, for saying, that the duke of York was rightful heir to the crown.

Q. Mar. What say'st thou? Did the duke of York say, he was rightful heir to the crown?

Peter. That my master was? No, forsooth: my master said, that he was; and that the king was an usurper.

Suff. Who is there? [*Enter Servants.*]—Take this fellow in, and send for his master with a pursuivant presently.—We'll hear more of your matter before the king.

[*Exeunt Servants, with PETER.*]

Q. Mar. And as for you, that love to be protected Under the wings of our protector's grace, Begin your suits anew, and sue to him. [*Tears the petition.* Away, base cullions!—Suffolk, let them go.

All. Come, let's be gone. [*Exeunt Petitioners.*]

Q. Mar. My lord of Suffolk, say, is this the guise. Is this the fashion in the court of England? Is this the government of Britain's isle, And this the royalty of Albion's king? What, shall king Henry be a pupil still, Under the surly Gloster's governance? Am I a queen in title and in style,

And must be made a subject to a duke?
I tell thee, I'oole, when in the city Tours
Thou rann'st a tilt in honor of my love,
And stol'st away the ladies' hearts of France,
I thought king Henry had resembled thee,
In courage, courtship, and proportion:
But all his mind is bent to holiness,
To number *Ave-Maries* on his beads;
His champions are—the prophets and apostles,
His weapons, holy saws of sacred writ;
His study is his tilt-yard, and his loves
Are brazen images of canonized saints.
I would the college of cardinals
Would choose him pope, and carry him to Rome,
And set the triple crown upon his head;
That were a state fit for his holiness.

Suff. Madam, be patient; as I was cause
Your highness came to England, so will I
In England work your grace's full content.

Q. Mar. Beside the haught protector, have we Beaufort,
The imperious churchman; Somerset, Buckingham,
And grumbling York; and not the least of these,
But can do more in England than the king.

Suff. And he of these, that can do most of all,
Cannot do more in England than the Nevils.
Salisbury and Warwick are no simple peers.

Q. Mar. Not all these lords do vex me half so much,
As that proud dame, the lord protector's wife.
She sweeps it through the court with troops of ladies,
More like an empress than duke Humphrey's wife.
Strangers in court do take her for the queen;
She bears a duke's revénues on her back.
And in her heart she scorns her poverty.
Shall I not live to be avenged on her?
Contemtuons, base-born callat as she is,
She vaunted 'mongst her minions t' other day,
The very train of her worst wearing-gown
Was better worth than all my father's lands,
Till Suffolk gave two dukedoms for his daughter.

Suff. Madam, myself have limed a bush for her;
And placed a quire of such enticing birds,
That she will light to listen to the lays,
And never mount to trouble you again.
So, let her rest; and, madam, list to me;
For I am bold to counsel you in this.
Although we fancy not the cardinal,

Yet must we join with him, and with the lords,
Till we have brought duke Humphrey in disgrace.
As for the duke of York, this late complaint
Will make but little for his benefit.
So, one by one, we'll weed them all at last,
And you yourself shall steer the happy helm.

Enter KING HENRY, YORK, and SOMERSET, conversing with him; DUKE and DUCHESS of GLOSTER, CARDINAL BEAUFORT, BUCKINGHAM, SALISBURY, and WARWICK.

K. Hen. For my part, noble lords, I care not which;
Or Somerset, or York, all's one to me.

York. If York have ill demeaned himself in France,
Then let him be denayed the regentship.

Som. If Somerset be unworthy of the place,
Let York be regent; I will yield to him.

War. Whether your grace be worthy, yea, or no,
Dispute not that; York is the worthier.

Car. Ambitious Warwick, let thy betters speak.

War. The cardinal's not my better in the field.

Buck. All in this presence are thy betters, Warwick.

War. Warwick may live to be the best of all.

Sal. Peace, son;—and show some reason, Buckingham,
Why Somerset should be preferred in this.

Q. Mar. Because the king, forsooth, will have it so.

Glo. Madam, the king is old enough himself
To give his censure; these are no woman's matters.

Q. Mar. If he be old enough, what needs your grace
To be protector of his excellence?

Glo. Madam, I am protector of the realm;
And, at his pleasure, will resign my place.

Suff. Resign it then, and leave thine insolence.
Since thou wert king (as who is king, but thou?)
The commonwealth hath daily run to wreck;
The dauphin hath prevailed beyond the seas,
And all the peers and nobles of the realm
Have been as bondmen to thy sovereignty.

Car. The commons hast thou racked; the clergy's bags
Are lank and lean with thy extortions.

Som. Thy sumptuous buildings, and thy wife's attire,
Have cost a mass of public treasury.

Buck. Thy cruelty in execution,
Upon offenders, hath exceeded law,
And left thee to the mercy of the law.

Q. Mar. Thy sale of offices, and towns in France,
If they were known, as the suspect is great,—

Would make thee quickly hop without thy head.

[*Exit GLOSTER. The Queen drops her fan.*
Give me my fan. What, minion! can you not?

[*Gives the Duchess a box on the ear.*
I cry you mercy, madam; was it you?

Duch. Was't I? Yea, I it was, proud Frenchwoman.
Could I come near your beauty with my nails,
I'd set my ten commandments in your face.

K. Hen. Sweet aunt, be quiet; 'twas against her will.

Duch. Against her will! Good king, look to't in time;
She'll hamper thee, and dandle thee like a baby.
Though in this place most master wear no breeches,
She shall not strike dame Eleanor unrevenged.

[*Exit Duchess.*

Buck. Lord cardinal, I will follow Eleanor,
And listen after Humphrey, how he proceeds.
She's tickled now; her fume needs no spurs;
She'll gallop fast enough to her destruction.

[*Exit BUCKINGHAM.*

Re-enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Now, lords, my choler being overblown,
With walking once about the quadrangle,
I come to talk of commonwealth affairs.
As for your spiteful, false objections,
Prove them, and I lie open to the law;
But God in mercy so deal with my soul,
As I in duty love my king and country!
But, to the matter that we have in hand.
I say, my sovereign, York is meetest man
To be your regent in the realm of France.

Suff. Before we make election, give me leave
To show some reason, of no little force,
That York is most unmeet of any man.

York. I'll tell thee, Suffolk, why I am unmeet.
First, for I cannot flatter thee in pride;
Next, if I be appointed for the place,
My lord of Somerset will keep me here,
Without discharge, money, or furniture,
Till France be won into the dauphin's hands.
Last time I danced attendance on his will,
Till Paris was besieged, famished, and lost.

War. That I can witness; and a fouler fact
Did never traitor in the land commit.

Suff. Peace, headstrong Warwick!

War. Image of pride, why should I hold my peace?

Enter Servants of SUFFOLK, bringing in HORNER and PETER.

Suff. Because here is a man accused of treason :
Pray God, the duke of York excuse himself !

York. Doth any one accuse York for a traitor ?

K. Hen. What mean'st thou, Suffolk ? tell me ; what
are these ?

Suff. Please it your majesty, this is the man
That doth accuse his master of high treason.
His words were these ; — that Richard duke of York
Was rightful heir unto the English crown ;
And that your majesty was an usurper.

K. Hen. Say, man, were these thy words ?

Hor. An't shall please your majesty, I never said nor
thought any such matter. God is my witness, I am falsely
accused by the villain.

Pet. By these ten bones, my lords, [*Holding up his hands.*] he did speak them to me in the garret one night,
as we were scouring my lord of York's armor.

York. Base dunghill villain, and mechanical,
I'll have thy head for this thy traitor's speech.
I do beseech your royal majesty,
Let him have all the rigor of the law.

Hor. Alas, my lord, hang me, if ever I spake the words.
My accuser is my prentice ; and when I did correct him
for his fault the other day, he did vow upon his knees he
would be even with me. I have good witness of this ; there-
fore, I beseech your majesty, do not cast away an honest
man for a villain's accusation.

K. Hen. Uncle, what shall we say to this in law ?

Glo. This doom, my lord, if I may judge.
Let Somerset be regent o'er the French,
Because in York this breeds suspicion ;
And let these have a day appointed them
For single combat in convenient place ;
For he hath witness of his servant's malice.
This is the law, and this duke Humphrey's doom.

K. Hen. Then be it so. My lord of Somerset,
We make your grace lord regent o'er the French.

Som. I humbly thank your royal majesty.

Hor. And I accept the combat willingly.

Pet. Alas, my lord, I cannot fight ; for God's sake,
pity my case ! the spite of man prevaieth against me. O
Lord, have mercy upon me ! I shall never be able to fight
a blow. O Lord, my heart !

Glo. Sirrah, or you must fight, or else be hanged.

K. Hen. Away with them to prison; and the day
Of combat shall be the last of the next month.—
Come, Somerset, we'll see thee sent away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The same. The Duke of Gloster's Garden.*

Enter MARGERY JOURDAIN, HUME, SOUTHWELL, and BOLINGBROKE.

Hume. Come, my masters; the duchess, I tell you,
expects performance of your promises.

Boling. Master Hume, we are therefore provided. Will
her ladyship behold and hear our exorcisms?

Hume. Ay; what else? fear you not her courage.

Boling. I have heard her reported to be a woman of an
invincible spirit. But it shall be convenient, master Hume,
that you be by her aloft, while we be busy below; and so,
I pray you, go in God's name, and leave us. [*Exit HUME.*]
Mother Jourdain, be you prostrate, and grovel on the earth,
—John Southwell, read you; and let us to our work.

Enter Duchess, above.

Duch. Well said, my masters; and welcome all
To this geer; the sooner the better.

Boling. Patience, good lady; wizards know their times;
Deep night, dark night, the silent of the night,
The time of night when Troy was set on fire;
The time when screech-owls cry, and ban-dogs howl,
And spirits walk, and ghosts break up their graves,
That time best fits the work we have in hand.
Madam, sit you, and fear not; whom we raise,
We will make fast within a hallowed verge.

[*Here they perform the ceremonies appertaining,
and make the circle; BOLINGBROKE, or SOUTHWELL
reads, Conjuro te, &c. It thunders and
lightens terribly; then the Spirit riseth.*

Spir. Adsum.

M. Jourd. Asmath,
By the eternal God, whose name and power
Thou tremblest at, answer that I shall ask;
For, till thou speak, thou shalt not pass from hence.

Spir. Ask what thou wilt.—That I had said and done!

Boling. First, of the king. What shall of him become?
[*Reading out of a paper*

Spir. The duke yet lives, that Henry shall depose;
But him outlive, and die a violent death.

[*As the Spirit speaks, SOUTHWELL writes the answer.*]

Boling. What fate awaits the duke of Suffolk?

Spir. By water shall he die, and take his end.

Boling. What shall befall the duke of Somerset?

Spir. Let him shun castles;

Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains,
Than where castles mounted stand.

Have done, for more I hardly can endure.

Boling. Descend to darkness, and the burning lake;
False fiend, avoid!

[*Thunder and lightning. Spirit descends.*]

Enter YORK and BUCKINGHAM, hastily, with their Guards, and others.

York. Lay hands upon these traitors, and their trash.
Beldame, I think we watched you at an inch.—

What, madam, are you there? The king and commonweal
Are deeply indebted for this piece of pains;

My lord protector will, I doubt it not,

See you well guerdoned for these good deserts.

Duch. Not half so bad as thine to England's king,
Injurious duke; that threat'st where is no cause.

Buck. True, madam, none at all. What call you this?

[*Showing her the papers.*]

Away with them; let them be clapped up close,

And kept asunder.—You, madam, shall with us:

Stafford, take her to thee.— [*Exit Duchess, from above.*]

We'll see your trinkets here all forth-coming;

All.—Away! [*Exeunt Guards, with SOUTH., BOLING., &c.*]

York. Lord Buckingham, methinks you watched her well.
A pretty plot, well chosen to build upon!

Now, pray my lord, let's see the devil's writ?

What have we here?

[*Reads.*]

The duke yet lives, that Henry shall depose;

But him outlive, and die a violent death.

Why, this is just,

Aio te, Æacida, Romanos vincere posse.

Well, to the rest:

Tell me, what fate awaits the duke of Suffolk?

By water shall he die, and take his end.—

What shall betide the duke of Somerset?

Let him shun castles;

Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains,

Than where castles mounted stand.

Come, come, my lords;

These oracles are hardily attained,
And hardly understood.

The king is now in progress toward Saint Albans,
With him the husband of this lovely lady.

Thither go these news, as fast as horse can carry them;
A sorry breakfast for my lord protector.

Buck. Your grace shall give me leave, my lord of York,
To be the post, in hope of his reward.

York. At your pleasure, my good lord.—Who's within
there, ho!

Enter a Servant.

Invite my lords of Salisbury, and Warwick,
To sup with me to-morrow night.—Away! [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. Saint Albans.

Enter KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET, GLOSTER, Cardinal,
and SUFFOLK, *with Falconers hollaing.*

Q. Mar. Believe me, lords, for flying at the brook,
I saw not better sport for these seven years' day.
Yet, by your leave, the wind was very high;
And, ten to one, old Joan had not gone out.

K. Hen. But what a point, my lord, your falcon made,
And what a pitch she flew above the rest!—
'To see how God in all his creatures works!
Yea, man and birds are fain of climbing high.

Suff. No marvel, an it like your majesty,
My lord protector's hawks to tower so well;
They know their master loves to be aloft,
And bears his thoughts above his falcon's pitch.

Glo. My lord, 'tis but a base, ignoble mind
That mounts no higher than a bird can soar.

Car. I thought as much; he'd be above the clouds.

Glo. Ay, my lord cardinal; how think you by that?
Were it not good, your grace could fly to heaven?

K. Hen. The treasury of everlasting joy!

Car. Thy heaven is on earth; thine eyes and thoughts
Beat on a crown, the treasure of thy heart:

Pernicious protector, dangerous peer,
That smooth'st it so with king and commonweal!

Glo. What, cardinal, is your priesthood grown peremptory?

Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ?

Churchmen so hot? Good uncle, hide such malice;
With such holiness can you do it?

Suff. No malice, sir; no more than well becomes
So good a quarrel, and so bad a peer.

Glo. As who, my lord?

Suff. Why, as you, my lord;
An't like your lordly lord protectorship.

Glo. Why, Suffolk, England knows thine insolence.

Q. Mar. And thy ambition, Gloster.

K. Hen. I pr'ythee, peace,
Good queen; and whet not on these furious peers,
For blessed are the peacemakers on earth.

Car. Let me be blessed for the peace I make,
Against this proud protector, with my sword!

Glo. 'Faith, holy uncle, 'would 'twere come to that!

[*Aside to the Cardinal.*

Car. Marry, when thou dar'st. [*Aside.*

Glo. Make up no factious numbers for the matter,
In thine own person answer thy abuse. [*Aside.*

Car. Ay, where thou dar'st not peep; an if thou dar'st,
This evening, on the east side of the grove. [*Aside.*

K. Hen. How now, my lords?

Car. Believe me, cousin Gloster,
Had not your man put up the fowl so suddenly,
We had had more sport.—Come with thy two-hand-sword.
[*Aside to GLO.*

Glo. True, uncle.

Car. Are you advised?—the east side of the grove?

Glo. Cardinal, I am with you. [*Aside.*

K. Hen. Why, how now, uncle Gloster?

Glo. Talking of hawking; nothing else, my lord.—
Now, by God's mother, priest, I'll shave your crown for this,
Or all my fence shall fail. [*Aside.*

Car. *Medice teipsum;* } [*Aside.*
Protector, see to't well, protect yourself. }

K. Hen. The winds grow high; so do your stomachs,
lords.

How irksome is this music to my heart!
When such strings jar, what hope of harmony?
I pray, my lords, let me compound this strife.

Enter an Inhabitant of Saint Albans, crying A Miracle!

Glo. What means this noise?

Fellow, what miracle dost thou proclaim?

Inhab. A miracle! a miracle!

Suff. Come to the king, and tell him what miracle.

Inhab. Forsooth, a blind man at Saint Alban's shrine,
Within this half hour, hath received his sight;
A man that ne'er saw in his life before.

K. Hen. Now, God be praised! that to believing souls
Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair!

*Enter the Mayor of Saint Albans, and his Brethren; and
SIMPCOX, borne between two Persons in a chair; his
Wife, and a great Multitude, following.*

Car. Here come the townsmen on procession,
To present your highness with the man.

K. Hen. Great is his comfort in this earthly vale,
Although by his sight his sin be multiplied.

Glo. Stand by, my masters; bring him near the king;
His highness' pleasure is to talk with him.

K. Hen. Good fellow, tell us here the circumstance,
That we for thee may glorify the Lord.

What, hast thou been long blind, and now restored?

Simp. Born blind, an't please your grace.

Wife. Ay, indeed, was he.

Suff. What woman is this?

Wife. His wife, an't like your worship.

Glo. Hadst thou been his mother, thou couldst have
better told.

K. Hen. Where wert thou born?

Simp. At Berwick in the north, an't like your grace.

K. Hen. Poor soul! God's goodness hath been great
to thee.

Let never day nor night unhallowed pass,
But still remember what the Lord hath done.

Q. Mar. Tell me, good fellow, cam'st thou here by
chance,

Or of devotion, to this holy shrine?

Simp. God knows, of pure devotion; being called
A hundred times, and oftener, in my sleep
By good saint Alban; who said,—*Simpcox, come;
Come, offer at my shrine, and I will help thee.*

Wife. Most true, forsooth; and many time and oft
Myself have heard a voice to call him so.

Car. What, art thou lame?

Simp. Ay, God Almighty help me!

Suff. How cam'st thou so?

Simp. A fall off of a tree.

Wife. A plum-tree, master.

Glo. How long hast thou been blind?

Simp. O, born so, master.

Glo. What, and wouldst climb a tree?

Simp. But that in all my life, when I was a youth.

Wife. Too true; and bought his climbing very dear.

Glo. 'Mass, thou lov'dst plums well, that wouldst venture so.

Simp. Alas, good master, my wife desired some damsons, And made me climb, with danger of my life.

Glo. A subtle knave! but yet it shall not serve.—
Let me see thine eyes.—Wink now;—now open them.
In my opinion, yet thou see'st not well.

Simp. Yes, master, clear as day; I thank God and saint Alban.

Glo. Say'st thou me so? What color is this cloak of?

Simp. Red, master; red as blood.

Glo. Why, that's well said. What color is my gown of?

Simp. Black, forsooth; coal-black, as jet.

K. Hen. Why, then, thou know'st what color jet is of?

Suff. And yet, I think, jet did he never see.

Glo. But cloaks, and gowns, before this day, a many.

Wife. Never, before this day, in all his life.

Glo. Tell me, sirrah, what's my name?

Simp. Alas, master, I know not.

Glo. What's his name?

Simp. I know not.

Glo. Nor his?

Simp. No, indeed, master.

Glo. What's thine own name?

Simp. Saunder Simpcox, an if it please you, master.

Glo. Then, Saunder, sit thou there, the lyingest knave
In Christendom. If thou hadst been born blind,

Thou mightst as well have known our names, as thus
To name the several colors we do wear.

Sight may distinguish of colors; but suddenly
To nominate them all, 's impossible.—

My lords, Saint Alban here hath done a miracle;
And would ye not think that cunning to be great,
That could restore this cripple to his legs again?

Simp. O, master, that you could!

Glo. My masters of Saint Albans, have you not Beadles in your town, and things called whips?

May. Yes, my lord, if it please your grace

Glo. Then send for one presently.

May. Sirrah, go fetch the beadle hither straight.

[*Exit an Attendant.*]

Glo. Now fetch me a stool hither by and by.

[*A stool brought in.*] Now, sirrah, if you mean to save yourself from whipping, leap me over this stool, and run away.

Simp. Alas, master, I am not able to stand alone; You go about to torture me in vain.

Re-enter Attendant with the Beadle.

Glo. Well, sir, we must have you find your legs. Sirrah beadle, whip him till he leap over that same stool.

Bead. I will, my lord.—Come on, sirrah; off with your doublet quickly.

Simp. Alas, master, what shall I do? I am not able to stand. [*After the Beadle hath hit him once, he leaps over the stool, and runs away; and the people follow, and cry, A miracle!*]

K. Hen. O God, seest thou this, and bear'st so long!

Q. Mar. It made me laugh to see the villain run.

Glo. Follow the knave; and take this drab away.

Wife. Alas, sir, we did it for pure need.

Glo. Let them be whipped through every market town, Till they come to Berwick, whence they came.

[*Exeunt Mayor, Beadle, Wife, &c.*]

Car. Duke Humphrey has done a miracle to-day.

Suff. True; made the lame to leap, and fly away.

Glo. But you have done more miracles than I; You made, in a day, my lord, whole towns to fly.

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

K. Hen. What tidings with our cousin Buckingham?

Buck. Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold.

A sort of naughty persons, lewdly bent,—
Under the countenance and confederacy,
Of lady Eleanor, the protector's wife,
The ringleader and head of all this rout,—
Have practised dangerously against your state
Dealing with witches, and with conjurers;
Whom we have apprehended in the fact;
Raising up wicked spirits from under ground,
Demanding of king Henry's life and death,

And other of your highness' privy council,
As more at large your grace shall understand.

Car. And so, my lord protector, by this means
Your lady is forthcoming yet at London.
This news, I think, hath turned your weapon's edge.
'Tis like, my lord, you will not keep your hour.

[*Aside to GLOSTER.*]

Glo. Ambitious churchman, leave to afflict my heart!
Sorrow and grief have vanquished all my powers;
And, vanquished as I am, I yield to thee,
Or to the meanest groom.

K. Hen. O God, what mischiefs work the wicked ones;
Heaping confusion on their own heads thereby!

Q. Mar. Gloster, see here the tainture of thy nest;
And, look thyself be faultless; thou were best.

Glo. Madam, for myself, to Heaven I do appeal,
How I have loved my king, and common-weal:
And, for my wife, I know not how it stands;
Sorry I am to hear what I have heard:
Noble she is; but if she have forgot
Honor and virtue, and conversed with such
As, like to pitch, defile nobility,
I banish her my bed and company;
And give her, as a prey, to law and shame,
That hath dishonored Gloster's honest name.

K. Hen. Well, for this night, we will repose us here.
To-morrow, toward London, back again,
To look into this business thoroughly,
And call these foul offenders to their answers;
And poise the cause in justice' equal scales,
Whose beam stands sure, whose rightful cause prevails.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. London. *The Duke of York's Garden.*

Enter YORK, SALISBURY, and WARWICK.

York. Now, my good lords of Salisbury and Warwick,
Our simple supper ended, give me leave,
In this close walk, to satisfy myself,
In craving your opinion of my title,
Which is infallible to England's crown.

Sal. My lord, I long to hear it at full.

War. Sweet York, begin; and if thy claim be good,
The Nevils are thy subjects to command.

York. Then thus:—

Edward the Third, my lords, had seven sons:
'The first, Edward, the Black Prince, prince of Wales;
The second, William of Hatfield; and the third,
Lionel, duke of Clarence; next to whom,
Was John of Gaunt, the duke of Lancaster;
The fifth was Edmond Langley, duke of York;
The sixth was Thomas of Woodstock, duke of Gloster;
William of Windsor was the seventh, and last,
Edward, the Black Prince, died before his father;
And left behind him Richard, his only son,
Who, after Edward the Third's death, reigned as king;
Till Henry Bolingbroke, duke of Lancaster,
The eldest son and heir of John of Gaunt,
Crowned by the name of Henry the Fourth,
Seized on the realm; deposed the rightful king;
Sent his poor queen to France, from whence she came,
And him to Pomfret; where, as you all know,
Harmless Richard was murdered traitorously.

War. Father, the duke hath told the truth;
Thus got the house of Lancaster the crown.

York. Which now they hold by force, and not by right;
For Richard, the first son's heir being dead,
The issue of the next son should have reigned.

Sal. But William of Hatfield died without an heir.

York. The third son, duke of Clarence (from whose line
I claim the crown) had issue—Philippe, a daughter,
Who married Edmund Mortimer, earl of March;
Edmund had issue—Roger, earl of March;
Roger had issue—Edmund, Anne, and Eleanor.

Sal. This Edmund, in the reign of Bolingbroke,
As I have read, laid claim unto the crown;
And, but for Owen Glendower, had been king,
Who kept him in captivity, till he died.
But, to the rest.

York. His eldest sister, Anne,
My mother, being heir unto the crown,
Married Richard, earl of Cambridge; who was son
To Edmund Langley, Edward the Third's fifth son.
By her I claim the kingdom: she was heir
To Roger, earl of March; who was the son
Of Edmund Mortimer; who married Philippe,
Sole daughter unto Lionel, duke of Clarence:
So, if the issue of the elder son
Succeed before the younger, I am king.

War. What plain proceedings are more plain than this?
Henry doth claim the crown from John of Gaunt.

The fourth son; York claims it from the third.
 Till Lionel's issue fails, his should not reign;
 It fails not yet; but flourishes in thee,
 And in thy sons, fair slips of such a stock.—
 Then, father Salisbury, kneel we both together;
 And, in this private plot, be we the first
 That shall salute our rightful sovereign
 With honor of his birthright to the crown.

Both. Long live our sovereign Richard, England's king!

York. We thank you, lords. But I am not your king
 Till I be crowned; and that my sword be stained
 With heart-blood of the house of Lancaster.
 And that's not suddenly to be performed;
 But with advice and silent secrecy.
 Do you, as I do, in these dangerous days,
 Wink at the duke of Suffolk's insolence,
 At Beaufort's pride, at Somerset's ambition,
 At Buckingham, and all the crew of them,
 Till they have snared the shepherd of the flock,
 That virtuous prince, the good duke Humphrey.
 'Tis that they seek: and they in seeking that,
 Shall find their deaths, if York can prophesy.

Sal. My lord, break we off; we know your mind at full.

War. My heart assures me, that the earl of Warwick,
 Shall one day make the duke of York a king.

York. And, Nevil, this I do assure myself,—
 Richard shall live to make the earl of Warwick
 The greatest man in England, but the king. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. *The same. A Hall of Justice.*

Trumpets sounded. Enter KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET, GLOSTER, YORK, SUFFOLK, and SALISBURY; the DUCHESS of GLOSTER, MARGERY JOURDAIN, SOUTHWELL, HUME, and BOLINGBROKE, under guard.

K. Hen. Stand forth, dame Eleanor Cobham, Gloster's wife:
 In sight of God, and us, your guilt is great;
 Receive the sentence of the law, for sins
 Such as by God's book are adjudged to death.—
 You four, from hence to prison back again;

[To JOURD., &c

From thence unto the place of execution;
 The witch in Smithfield shall be burned to ashes,
 And you three shall be strangled on the gallows.—
 You, madam,—for you are more nobly born,—
 Despoiled of your honor in your life,

Shall, after three days' open penance done,
Live in your country here, in banishment,
With sir John Stanley, in the Isle of Man.

Duch. Welcome is banishment; welcome were my death.

Glo. Eleanor, the law, thou seest, hath judged thee;
I cannot justify whom the law condemns.—

[*Exeunt the Duchess, and the other Prisoners,
guarded.*]

Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart of grief.
Ah, Humphrey, this dishonor in thine age
Will bring thy head with sorrow to the ground!
I beseech your majesty, give me leave to go;
Sorrow would solace, and mine age would ease.

K. Hen. Stay, Humphrey duke of Gloster: ere thou go,
Give up thy staff; Henry will to himself
Protector be; and God shall be my hope.
My stay, my guide, and lantern to my feet;
And go in peace, Humphrey; no less beloved,
Than when thou wert protector to thy king.

Q. Mar. I see no reason why a king of years
Should be to be protected like a child.—
God and King Henry govern England's helm;
Give up your staff, sir, and the king his realm.

Glo. My staff?—Here, noble Henry, is my staff;
As willingly do I the same resign,
As e'er thy father Henry made it mine;
And even as willingly at thy feet I leave it,
As others would ambitiously receive it.
Farewell, good king. When I am dead and gone,
May honorable peace attend thy throne! [*Exit.*]

Q. Mar. Why, now is Henry king, and Margaret queen;
And Humphrey, duke of Gloster, scarce himself,
That bears so shrewd a maim; two pulls at once,—
His lady banished, and a limb lopped off.
This staff of honor raught, there let it stand,
Where it best fits to be, in Henry's hand.

Suff. Thus droops this lofty pine, and hangs his sprays;
Thus Eleanor's pride dies in her youngest days.

York. Lords, let him go.—Please it your majesty,
This is the day appointed for the combat;
And ready are the appellant and defendant,
The armorer and his man, to enter the lists,
So please your highness to behold the fight.

Q. Mar. Ay, good my lord; for purposely therefore
Left I the court, to see this quarrel tried.

K. Hen. O God's name, see the lists and all things fit;
Here let them end it, and God defend the right!

York. I never saw a fellow worse bested,
Or more afraid to fight, than is the appellant,
The servant of this armorer, my lords.

Enter, on one side, HORNER, and his neighbors, drinking to him so much that he is drunk; and he enters bearing his staff with a sand-bag fastened to it; a drum before him; at the other side, PETER, with a drum and a similar staff; accompanied by Prentices drinking to him.

1 Neigh. Here, neighbor Horner, I drink to you in a cup of sack; and fear not, neighbor, you shall do well enough.

2 Neigh. And here, neighbor, here's a cup of charneco.

3 Neigh. And here's a pot of good double beer, neighbor: drink, and fear not your man.

Hor. Let it come, i'faith, and I'll pledge you all; and a fig for Peter!

1 Pren. Here, Peter, I drink to thee; and be not afraid.

2 Pren. Be merry, Peter, and fear not thy master; fight for credit of the prentices.

Peter. I thank you all: drink, and pray for me, I pray you; for, I think, I have taken my last draught in this world.—Here, Robin, an if I die, I give thee my apron; and, Will, thou shalt have my hammer;—and here, Tom, take all the money that I have.—O Lord, bless me, I pray God! for I am never able to deal with my master, he hath learnt so much fence already.

Sal. Come, leave your drinking, and fall to blows.—Sirrah, what's thy name?

Peter. Peter, forsooth.

Sal. Peter! what more?

Peter. Thump.

Sal. Thump! then see thou thump thy master well.

Hor. Masters, I am come hither, as it were, upon my man's instigation, to prove him a knave, and myself an honest man; touching the duke of York,—will take my death, I never meant him any ill, nor the king, nor the queen. And, therefore, Peter, have at thee with a downright blow, as Bevis of Southampton fell upon Ascapart.

York. Despatch;—this knave's tongue begins to double. Sound trumpets, alarum to the combatants.

[*Alarum.* They fight, and Peter strikes down his Master.

Hor. Hold, Peter, hold! I confess, I confess treason

[*Dies.*

York. Take away his weapon.—Fellow,
Thank God, and the good wine in thy master's way.

Peter. O God! have I overcome mine enemies in this
presence? O Peter, thou hast prevailed in right!

K. Hen. Go, take hence that traitor from our sight;
For, by his death, we do perceive his guilt.
And God, in justice, hath revealed to us
The truth and innocence of this poor fellow,
Which he had thought to have murdered wrongfully.—
Come, fellow, follow us for thy reward. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. *The same. A Street.*

Enter GLOSTER and Servants, in mourning cloaks.

Glo. Thus sometimes hath the brightest day a cloud;
And, after summer, evermore succeeds
Barren winter, with his wrathful, nipping cold.
So cares and joys abound, as seasons fleet.
Sirs, what's o'clock?

Serv. Ten, my lord.

Glo. Ten is the hour that was appointed me,
To watch the coming of my punished duchess.
Uneath may she endure the flinty streets,
To tread them with her tender-feeling feet.
Sweet Nell, ill can thy noble mind abrook
The abject people, gazing on thy face,
With envious looks, still laughing at thy shame;
That erst did follow thy proud chariot wheels,
When thou didst ride in triumph through the streets.
But, soft! I think she comes; and I'll prepare
My tear-stained eyes to see her miseries.

*Enter the DUCHESS of GLOSTER, in a white sheet, with papers
pinned upon her back, her feet bare, and a taper burning
in her hand; SIR JOHN STANLEY, a Sheriff, and Officers.*

Serv. So please your grace, we'll take her from the sheriff.

Glo. No, stir not, for your lives; let her pass by.

Duch. Come you, my lord, to see my open shame?
Now thou dost penance too. Look, how they gaze!
See how the giddy multitude do point,
And nod their heads, and throw their eyes on thee!
Ah, Gloster, hide thee from their hateful looks;
And, in thy closet pent up, rue my shame,
And ban thine enemies, both mine and thine.

Glo. Be patient, gentle Nell; forget this grief.

Duch. Ah, Gloster, teach me to forget myself;

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For, whilst I think I am thy married wife,
And thou a prince, protector of this land,
Methinks I should not thus be led along,
Mailed up in shame, with papers on my back;
And followed with a rabble, that rejoice
To see my tears, and hear my deep-fet groans.
The ruthless flint doth cut my tender feet;
And, when I start, the envious people laugh,
And bid me be advised how I tread.
Ah, Humphrey, can I bear this shameful yoke?
Trow'st thou, that e'er I'll look upon the world
Or count them happy that enjoy the sun?
No; dark shall be my light, and night my day;
To think upon my pomp shall be my hell.
Sometime I'll say, I am duke Humphrey's wife;
And he a prince, and ruler of the land:
Yet so he ruled, and such a prince he was,
As he stood by, whilst I, his forlorn duchess
Was made a wonder, and a pointing-stock,
To every idle, rascal follower.
But be thou mild, and blush not at my shame;
Nor stir at nothing, till the axe of death
Hang over thee, as, sure, it shortly will.
For Suffolk,—he that can do all in all
With her, that hateth thee and hates us all,—
And York, and impious Beaufort, that false priest
Have all limed bushes to betray thy wings;
And, fly thou how thou canst, they'll tangle thee.
But fear not thou, until thy foot be snared,
Nor never seek prevention of thy foes.

Glo. Ah, Nell, forbear; thou aimest all awry;
I must offend before I be attainted.
And had I twenty times so many foes,
And each of them had twenty times their power,
All these could not procure me any scathe,
So long as I am loyal, true, and crimeless.
Wouldst have me rescue thee from this reproach?
Why, yet thy scandal were not wiped away,
But I in danger for the breach of law.
Thy greatest help is quiet, gentle Nell.
I pray thee, sort thy heart to patience;
These few days' wonder will be quickly worn

Enter a Herald.

Her. I summon your grace to his majesty's parliament,
holden at Bury the first of this next month.

Glo. And my consent ne'er asked herein before!
This is close dealing.—Well, I will be there.

[*Exit Herald.*

My Nell, I take my leave;—and, master sheriff,
Let not her penance exceed the king's commission.

Sher. An't please your grace, here my commission stays;
And sir John Stanley is appointed now
To take her with him to the Isle of Man.

Glo. Must you, sir John, protect my lady here?

Stan. So am I given in charge, may't please your grace.

Glo. Entreat her not the worse, in that I pray
You use her well. The world may laugh again;
And I may live to do you kindness, if
You do it her. And so, sir John, farewell.

Duch. What, gone, my lord; and bid me not farewell?

Glo. Witness my tears, I cannot stay to speak.

[*Exeunt GLOSTER and Servants.*

Duch. Art thou gone too? all comfort go with thee!
For none abides with me. My joy is—death;
Death, at whose name I oft have been afeard,
Because I wished this world's eternity.
Stanley, I pr'ythee, go, and take me hence;
I care not whither, for I beg no favor,
Only convey me where thou art commanded.

Stan. Why, madam, that is to the Isle of Man;
There to be used according to your state.

Duch. That's bad enough, for I am but reproach;
And shall I then be used reproachfully?

Stan. Like to a duchess, and duke Humphrey's lady,
According to that state you shall be used.

Duch. Sheriff, farewell, and better than I fare;
Although thou hast been conduct of my shame!

Sher. It is my office; and, madam, pardon me.

Duch. Ay, ay, farewell; thy office is discharged.—
Come, Stanley, shall we go?

Stan. Madam, your penance done, throw off this sheet,
And go we to attire you for our journey.

Duch. My shame will not be shifted with my sheet;
No, it will hang upon my richest robes,
And show itself, attire me how I can.
Go, lead the way; I long to see my prison. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *The Abbey at Bury.*

Enter, to the parliament, KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET, CARDINAL BEAUFORT, SUFFOLK, YORK, BUCKINGHAM, and others.

K. Hen. I muse my lord of Gloster is not come.
'Tis not his wont to be the hindmost man,
Whate'er occasion keeps him from us now.

Q. Mar. Can you not see? or will you not observe
The strangeness of his altered countenance?
With what a majesty he bears himself!
How insolent of late he is become,
How proud, how peremptory, and unlike himself?
We know the time, since he was mild and affable;
And, if we did but glance a far-off look,
Immediately he was upon his knee,
That all the court admired him for submission;
But meet him now, and, be it in the morn,
When every one will give the time of day,
He knits his brow, and shows an angry eye,
And passeth by with stiff, unbowed knee,
Disdaining duty that to us belongs.
Small curs are not regarded when they grin;
But great men tremble when the lion roars;
And Humphrey is no little man in England.
First, note, that he is near you in descent;
And should you fall, he is the next will mount.
Me seemeth, then, it is no policy,—
Respecting what a rancorous mind he bears,
And his advantage following your decease,—
'That he should come about your royal person,
Or be admitted to your highness' council.
By flattery hath he won the commons' hearts;
And, when he please to make commotion,
'Tis to be feared, they all will follow him.
Now 'tis the spring, and weeds are shallow rooted,
Suffer them now, and they'll o'ergrow the garden,
And choke the herbs for want of husbandry.
The reverent care, I bear unto my lord,
Made me collect these dangers in the duke.
If it be fond, call it a woman's fear;
Which fear if better reasons can supplant,
I will subscribe and say—I wronged the duke

My lord of Suffolk,—Buckingham,—and York,
Reprove my allegation, if you can;
Or else conclude my words effectual.

Suff. Well hath your highness seen into this duke;
And, had I first been put to speak my mind,
I think I should have told your grace's tale
The duchess, by his subornation,
Upon my life, began her devilish practices;
Or if he were not privy to those faults,
Yet, by reputing of his high descent,
(As next the king he was successive heir,)
And such high vaunts of his nobility,
Did instigate the bedlam, brain-sick duchess,
By wicked means to frame our sovereign's fall.
Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep;
And in his simple show he harbors treason.
The fox barks not when he would steal the lamb.
No, no, my sovereign; Gloster is a man
Unsounded yet, and full of deep deceit.

Car. Did he not, contrary to form of law,
Devise strange deaths for small offences done?

York. And did he not, in his protectorship,
Levy great sums of money through the realm,
For soldiers' pay in France, and never sent it?
By means whereof, the towns each day revolted.

Buck. Tut! these are petty faults to faults unknown,
Which time will bring to light in smooth duke Humphrey.

K. Hen. My lords, at once: The care you have of us,
To mow down thorns that would annoy our foot,
Is worthy praise; but shall I speak my conscience?
Our kinsman Gloster is as innocent
From meaning treason to our royal person,
As is the sucking lamb, or harmless dove.
The duke is virtuous, mild; and too well given,
To dream on evil, or to work my downfall.

Q. Mar. Ah, what's more dangerous than this fond affiance!
Seems he a dove? his feathers are but borrowed,
For he's disposed as the hateful raven.
Is he a lamb? his skin is surely lent him,
For he's inclined as are the ravenous wolves.
Who cannot steal a shape, that means deceit?
Take heed, my lord; the welfare of us all
Hangs on the cutting short that fraudulent man.

Enter SOMERSET.

Som. All health unto my gracious sovereign!

K. Hen. Welcome, lord Somerset. What news from France?

Som. That all your interest in those territories
Is utterly bereft you; all is lost.

K. Hen. Cold news, lord Somerset; but God's will be done!

York. Cold news for me; for I had hope of France,
As firmly as I hope for fertile England.
Thus are my blossoms blasted in the bud,
And caterpillars eat my leaves away;
But I will remedy this gear ere long,
Or sell my title for a glorious grave. [*Aside.*

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. All happiness unto my lord the king!
Pardon, my liege, that I have staid so long.

Suff. Nay, Gloster, know, that thou art come too soon,
Unless thou wert more loyal than thou art.
I do arrest thee of high treason here.

Glc. Well, Suffolk, yet thou shalt not see me blush,
Nor change my countenance for this arrest;
A heart unspotted is not easily daunted.
The purest spring is not so free from mud,
As I am clear from treason to my sovereign:
Who can accuse me? wherein am I guilty?

York. 'Tis thought, my lord, that you took bribes of
France,
And, being protector, stayed the soldiers' pay;
By means whereof, his highness hath lost France.

Glo. Is it but thought so? What are they that think it?
I never robbed the soldiers of their pay,
Nor never had one penny bribe from France.
So help me God, as I have watched the night,—
Ay, night by night,—in studying good for England!
That do it that e'er I wrested from the king,
Or any groat I hoarded to my use,
Be brought against me at my trial day!
No! many a pound of mine own proper store,
Because I would not tax the needy commons,
Have I dispursed to the garrisons,
And never asked for restitution.

Car. It serves you well, my lord, to say so much.

Glo. I say no more than truth, so help me God!

York. In your protectorship you did devise
Strange tortures for offenders, never heard of,
That England was defamed by tyranny.

Glo. Why, 'tis well known, that whiles I was protector,

Pity was all the fault that was in me ;
For I should melt at an offender's tears,
And lowly words were ransom for their fault.
Unless it were a bloody murderer,
Or foul, felonious thief that fleeced poor passengers,
I never gave them condign punishment :
Murder, indeed, that bloody sin, I tortured
Above the felon, or what trespass else.

Suff. My lord, these faults are easy, quickly answered :
But mightier crimes are laid unto your charge,
Whereof you cannot easily purge yourself.
I do arrest you in his highness' name ;
And here commit you to my lord cardinal
To keep, until your further time of trial.

K. Hen. My lord of Gloster, 'tis my special hope,
That you will clear yourself from all suspects ;
My conscience tells me you are innocent.

Glo. Ah, gracious lord, these days are dangerous !
Virtue is choked with foul ambition,
And charity chased hence by rancor's hand ;
Foul subornation is predominant,
And equity exiled your highness' land.
I know their complot is to have my life ;
And, if my death might make this island happy,
And prove the period of their tyranny,
I would expend it with all willingness ;
But mine is made the prologue to their play ;
For thousands more, that yet suspect no peril,
Will not conclude their plotted tragedy.
Beaufort's red sparkling eyes blab his heart's malice,
And Suffolk's cloudy brow his stormy hate ;
Sharp Buckingham unburdens with his tongue
The envious load that lies upon his heart ;
And dogged York, that reaches at the moon,
Whose overweening arm I have plucked back,
By false accuse doth level at my life ;—
And you, my sovereign lady, with the rest,
Causeless have laid disgraces on my head ;
And, with your best endeavor, have stirred up
My liefest liege to be mine enemy :—
Ay, all of you have laid your heads together ;
Myself had notice of your conventicles ;
And all to make away my guiltless life.
I shall not want false witness to condemn me,
Nor store of treasons to augment my guilt ;
The ancient proverb will be well affected,—
A staff is quickly found to beat a dog.

Car. My liege, his railing is intolerable:
If those that care to keep your royal person
From treason's secret knife, and traitors' rage,
Be thus upbraided, chid, and rated at,
And the offender granted scope of speech,
'Twill make them cool in zeal unto your grace.

Suff. Hath he not twit our sovereign lady here,
With ignominious words, though clerkly couched,
As if she had suborned some to swear
False allegations to o'erthrow his state?

Q. Mar. But I can give the loser leave to chide.

Glo. Far truer spoke than meant; I lose indeed;—
Beshrew the winners, for they played me false!
And well such losers may have leave to speak.

Buck. He'll wrest the sense, and hold us here all day.—
Lord cardinal, he is your prisoner.

Car. Sirs, take away the duke, and guard him sure.

Glo. Ah, thus king Henry throws away his crutch,
Before his legs be firm to bear his body;
Thus is the shepherd beaten from thy side,
And wolves are gnarling who shall gnaw thee first.
Ah, that my fear were false! ah, that it were!
For, good king Henry, thy decay I fear.

[*Exeunt Attendants, with GLOSTER.*]

K. Hen. My lords, what to your wisdoms seemeth best,
Do, or undo, as if ourself were here.

Q. Mar. What, will your highness leave the parliament?

K. Hen. Ay, Margaret; my heart is drowned with grief,
Whose flood begins to flow within mine eyes;
My body round engirt with misery;
For what's more miserable than discontent?—
Ah, uncle Humphrey! in thy face I see
The map of honor, truth, and loyalty!
And yet, good Humphrey, is the hour to come,
That e'er I proved thee false, or feared thy faith.
What lowering star now envies thy estate,
That these great lords, and Margaret our queen,
Do seek subversion of thy harmless life?
Thou never didst them wrong, nor no man wrong
And as the butcher takes away the calf,
And binds the wretch, and beats it when it strays
Bearing it to the bloody slaughter-house,
Even so, remorseless, have they borne him hence,
And as the dam runs lowing up and down,
Looking the way her harmless young one went,
And can do nought but wail her darling's loss,

Even so myself bewails good Gloster's case,
With sad, unhelpful tears; and with dimmed eyes
Look after him, and cannot do him good;
So mighty are his vowed enemies.
His fortunes I will weep; and, 'twixt each groan,
Say—*Who's a traitor, Gloster he is none.* [Exit

Q. Mar. Free lords; cold snow melts with the sun's hot beams
Henry my lord is cold in great affairs,
Too full of foolish pity; and Gloster's show
Beguiles him, as the mournful crocodile
With sorrow snares relenting passengers;
Or as the snake, rolled in a flowering bank,
With shining, checkered slough, doth sting a child,
That, for the beauty, thinks it excellent.
Believe me, lords, were none more wise than I,
(And yet, herein, I judge mine own wit good.)
This Gloster should be quickly rid the world,
To rid us from the fear we have of him.

Car. That he should die, is worthy policy;
But yet we want a color for his death:
'Tis meet he be condemned by course of law.

Suff. But, in my mind, that were no policy;
The king will labor still to save his life;
The commons haply rise to save his life;
And yet we have but trivial argument,
More than mistrust, that shows him worthy death.

York. So that, by this, you would not have him die.

Suff. Ah, York, no man alive so fain as I.

York. 'Tis York that hath more reason for his death.—
But, my lord cardinal, and you, my lord of Suffolk,—
Say as you think, and speak it from your souls,—
Wer't not all one, an empty eagle were set
To guard the chicken from a hungry kite,
As place duke Humphrey for the king's protector?

Q. Mar. So the poor chicken should be sure of death.

Suff. Madam, 'tis true; and wer't not madness, then,
To make the fox surveyor of the fold?
Who being accused a crafty murderer,
His guilt should be but idly posted over,
Because his purpose is not executed.
No; let him die, in that he is a fox,
By nature proved an enemy to the flock,
Before his chaps be stained with crimson blood;
As Humphrey, proved by reasons, to my liege.
And do not stand on quilllets, how to slay him:
Be it by gins, by snares, by subtlety,

Sleeping or waking, 'tis no matter how,
So he be dead; for that is good deceit
Which mates him first, that first intends deceit.

Q. Mar. Thrice-noble Suffolk, 'tis resolutely spoke.

Suff. Not resolute, except so much were done;
For things are often spoke, and seldom meant:
But, that my heart accordeth with my tongue,—
Seeing the deed is meritorious,
And to preserve my sovereign from his foe,—
Say but the word, and I will be his priest.

Car. But I would have him dead, my lord of Suffolk,
Ere you can take due orders for a priest:
Say you consent, and censure well the deed,
And I'll provide his executioner,
I tender so the safety of my liege.

Suff. Here is my hand; the deed is worthy doing.

Q. Mar. And so say I.

York. And I; and now we three have spoke it,
It skills not greatly who impugns our doom.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Great lords, from Ireland am I come amain,
To signify—that rebels there are up,
And put the Englishmen unto the sword:
Send succors, lords, and stop the rage betime,
Before the wound do grow incurable;
For, being green, there is great hope of help.

Car. A breach, that craves a quick, expedient stop!
What counsel give you in this weighty cause?

York. That Somerset be sent as regent thither:
'Tis meet, that lucky ruler be employed;
Witness the fortune he hath had in France.

Som. If York, with all his far-fet policy,
Had been the regent there instead of me,
He never would have staid in France so long.

York. No, not to lose it all, as thou hast done.
I rather would have lost my life betimes,
Than bring a burden of dishonor home,
By staying there so long, till all were lost.
Show me one scar charáctered on thy skin;
Men's flesh preserved so whole, do seldom win.

Q. Mar. Nay, then, this spark will prove a raging fire,
If wind and fuel be brought to feed it with:—
No more, good York:—sweet Somerset, be still:—
Thy fortune, York, hadst thou been regent there,
Might happily have proved far worse than his.

York. What, worse than naught? nay, then a shame take all!

Som. And in the number, thee, that wishest shame!

Car. My lord of York, try what your fortune is.
The uncivil kernes of Ireland are in arms,
And temper clay with blood of Englishmen;
To Ireland will you lead a band of men,
Collected choicely, from each county some,
And try your hap against the Irishmen?

York. I will, my lord, so please his majesty.

Suff. Why, our authority is his consent;
And what we do establish, he confirms:
Then, noble York, take thou this task in hand.

York. I am content. Provide me soldiers, lords,
Whiles I take order for mine own affairs.

Suff. A charge, lord York, that I will see performed.
But now return we to the false duke Humphrey.

Car. No more of him; for I will deal with him,
That, henceforth, he shall trouble us no more.
And so break off; the day is almost spent:
Lord Suffolk, you and I must talk of that event.

York. My lord of Suffolk, within fourteen days,
At Bristol I expect my soldiers;
For there I'll ship them all for Ireland.

Suff. I'll see it truly done, my lord of York.

[Exeunt all but YORK]

York. Now, York, or never, steel thy fearful thoughts,
And change misdoubt to resolution.
Be that thou hop'st to be; or what thou art
Resign to death; it is not worth the enjoying.
Let pale-faced fear keep with the mean-born man,
And find no harbor in a royal heart.
Faster than spring-time showers, comes thought on thought;
And not a thought, but thinks on dignity.
My brain, more busy than the laboring spider,
Weaves tedious snares to trap mine enemies.
Well, nobles, well, 'tis politicly done,
To send me packing with a host of men;
I fear me, you but warm the starved snake,
Who, cherished in your breasts, will sting your hearts
'Twas men I lacked, and you will give them me;
I take it kindly; yet, be well assured
You put sharp weapons in a madman's hands.
Whiles I in Ireland nourish a mighty band,
I will stir up in England some black storm,
Shall blow ten thousand souls to heaven, or hell;

And this fell tempest shall not cease to rage
 Until the golden circuit on my head,
 Like to the glorious sun's transparent beams,
 Do calm the fury of this mad-bred flaw.
 And, for a minister of my intent,
 I have seduced a headstrong Kentishman,
 John Cade of Ashford,
 To make commotion, as full well he can,
 Under the title of John Mortimer.
 In Ireland have I seen this stubborn Cade
 Oppose himself against a troop of kernes;
 And fought so long, till that his thighs with darts
 Were almost like a sharp-quilled porcupine;
 And, in the end being rescued, I have seen him
 Caper upright like a wild Morisco,
 Shaking the bloody darts, as he his bells.
 Full often, like a shag-haired crafty kerne,
 Hath he conversed with the onemy;
 And undiscovered come to me again,
 And given me notice of their villanies.
 This devil here shall be my substitute;
 For that John Mortimer which now is dead,
 In face, in gait, in speech, he doth resemble;
 By this I shall perceive the commons' mind,
 How they affect the house and claim of York.
 Say, he be taken, racked, and tortured;
 I know no pain they can inflict upon him,
 Will make him say—I moved him to those arms.
 Say, that he thrive, (as 'tis great like he will,)
 Why, then from Ireland come I with my strength,
 And reap the harvest which that rascal sowed;
 For Humphrey being dead, as he shall be,
 And Henry put apart, the next for me. [Exit.]

SCENE II. Bury. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter certain Murderers, hastily.

1 *Mur.* Run to my lord of Suffolk; let him know,
 We have despatched the duke, as he commanded.

2 *Mur.* O, that it were to do!—What have we done?
 Didst ever hear a man so penitent?

Enter SUFFOLK.

1 *Mur.* Here comes my lord.

Suff Now, sirs, have you
 Despatched this thing?

1 *Mur.* Ay, my good lord; he's dead.

Suff. Why, that's well said. Go, get you to my house;
I will reward you for this venturous deed.

The king and all the peers are here at hand.—

Have you laid fair the bed? Are all things well,
According as I gave directions?

1 *Mur.* 'Tis, my good lord.

Suff. Away, be gone! [*Exeunt Murderers.*]

Enter KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET, CARDINAL BEAUFORT, SOMERSET, Lords, and others.

K. Hen. Go, call our uncle to our presence straight.
Say, we intend to try his grace to-day,
If he be guilty, as 'tis published.

Suff. I'll call him presently, my noble lord. [*Exit.*]

K. Hen. Lords, take your places;—and, I pray you all,
Proceed no straiter 'gainst our uncle Gloster,
Than from true evidence, of good esteem,
He be approved in practice culpable,

Q. Mar. God forbid any malice should prevail,
That faultless may condemn a nobleman!
Pray God, he may acquit him of suspicion!

K. Hen. I thank thee, Margaret; these words content
me much.—

Re-enter SUFFOLK.

How now? why look'st thou pale? why tremblest thou?
Where is our uncle? what is the matter, Suffolk?

Suff. Dead in his bed, my lord; Gloster is doad.

Q. Mar. Marry, God forefend!

Car. God's secret judgment;—I did dream to-night,
'The duke was dumb, and could not speak a word.

[*The King swoons.*]

Q. Mar. How fares my lord?—Help, lords! the king is
dead.

Som. Rear up his body; wring him by the nose.

Q. Mar. Run, go, help, help!—O Henry, ope thine eyes!

Suff. He doth revive again;—madam, be patient.

K. Hen. O heavenly God!

Q. Mar. How fares my gracious lord?

Suff. Comfort, my sovereign! gracious Henry, comfort!

K. Hen. What, doth my lord of Suffolk comfort me?

Came he right now to sing a raven's note,
Whose dismal tune bereft my vital powers;
And thinks he, that the chirping of a wren,
By crying comfort from a hollow breast,

Can chase away the first-conceived sound?
Hide not thy poison with such sugared words;
Lay not thy hands on me; forbear, I say;
Their touch affrights me, as a serpent's sting.
Thou baleful messenger, out of my sight!
Upon thy eyeballs murderous tyranny
Sits in grim majesty, to fright the world.
Look not upon me, for thine eyes are wounding;—
Yet do not go away.—Come, basilisk,
And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight;
For in the shade of death I shall find joy;
In life, but double death, now Gloster's dead!

Q. Mar. Why do you rate my lord of Suffolk thus?
Although the duke was enemy to him,
Yet he, most Christianlike, laments his death;
And for myself,—foe as he was to me,
Might liquid tears, or heart-offending groans,
Or blood-consuming sighs, recall his life,
I would be blind with weeping, sick with groans,
Look pale as primrose, with blood-drinking sighs,
And all to have the noble duke alive.
What know I how the world may deem of me?
For it is known we were but hollow friends.
It may be judged I made the duke away;
So shall my name with slander's tongue be wounded,
And princes' courts be filled with my reproach.
This get I by his death. Ah me, unhappy!
To be a queen, and crowned with infamy!

K. Hen. Ah, woe is me for Gloster, wretched man!

Q. Mar. Be woe for me, more wretched than he is.
What, dost thou turn away, and hide thy face?
I am no loathsome leper; look on me.
What, art thou, like the adder, waxen deaf?
Be poisonous too, and kill thy forlorn queen.
Is all thy comfort shut in Gloster's tomb?
Why, then dame Margaret was ne'er thy joy;
Erect his statue then, and worship it,
And make my image but an alehouse sign.
Was I, for this, nigh wrecked upon the sea;
And twice by awkward wind from England's bank
Drove back again unto my native clime?
What boded this, but well forewarning wind
Did seem to say,—Seek not a scorpion's nest,
Nor set no footing on this unkind shore?
What did I then, but cursed the gentle gusts,
And he that loosed them from their brazen caves;

And bid them blow towards England's blessed shore.
Or turn our stern upon a dreadful rock?
Yet Æolus would not be a murderer,
But left that hateful office unto thee.
The pretty, vaulting sea refused to drown me;
Knowing that thou wouldst have me drowned on shore,
With tears as salt as sea, through thy unkindness.
The splitting rocks cowered in the sinking sands,
And would not dash me with their ragged sides;
Because thy flinty heart, more hard than they,
Might in thy palace perish Margaret.
As far as I could ken thy chalky cliffs,
When from the shore the tempest beat us back,
I stood upon the hatches in the storm;
And when the dusky sky began to rob
My earnest-gaping sight of thy land's view,
I took a costly jewel from my neck,—
A heart it was, bound in with diamonds,—
And threw it towards thy land;—the sea received it;
And so, I wished, thy body might my heart:
And even with this, I lost fair England's view,
And bid mine eyes be packing with my heart;
And called them blind and dusky spectacles,
For losing ken of Albion's wished coast.
How often have I tempted Suffolk's tongue
(The agent of thy foul inconstancy)
To sit and witch me, as Ascanius did,
When he to madding Dido would unfold
His father's acts, commenced in burning Troy?
Am I not witched like her? or thou not false like him?
Ah me, I can no more! Die, Margaret!
For Henry weeps that thou dost live so long.

Noise within. Enter WARWICK and SALISBURY. The Commons press to the door.

War. It is reported, mighty sovereign,
That good duke Humphrey traitorously is murdered
By Suffolk and the cardinal Beaufort's means.
The commons, like an angry hive of bees,
That want their leader, scatter up and down,
And care not who they sting in his revenge.
Myself have calmed their spleenful mutiny,
Until they hear the order of his death.

K. Hen. That he is dead, good Warwick, 'tis too true,
But how he died, God knows, not Henry.

Enter his chamber, view his breathless corpse,
And comment then upon his sudden death.

War. That I shall do, my liege.—Stay, Salisbury,
With the rude multitude, till I return.

[*WARWICK goes into an inner room, and
SALISBURY retires.*]

K. Hen. O Thou that judgest all things, stay my thoughts;
My thoughts, that labor to persuade my soul,
Some violent hands were laid on Humphrey's life!
If my suspect be false, forgive me, God;
For judgment only doth belong to thee!
Fain would I go to chafe his paly lips
With twenty thousand kisses, and to drain
Upon his face an ocean of salt tears;
To tell my love unto his dumb, deaf trunk,
And with my fingers feel his hand unfeeling:
But all in vain are these mean obsequies;
And, to survey his dead and earthly image,
What were it but to make my sorrow greater?

*The folding doors of an inner chamber are thrown open,
and GLOSTER is discovered dead in his bed; WARWICK
and others standing by it.*

War. Come hither, gracious sovereign; view this body.

K. Hen. That is to see how deep my grave is made;
For with his soul fled all my worldly solace;
For, seeing him, I see my life in death.

War. As surely as my soul intends to live
With that dread King that took our state upon him
To free us from his Father's wrathful curse,
I do believe that violent hands were laid
Upon the life of this thrice-famed duke.

Suff. A dreadful oath, sworn with a solemn tongue!
What instance gives lord Warwick for his vow?

War. See, how the blood is settled in his face!
Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost,
Of ashy semblance, meagre, pale, and bloodless,
Being all descended to the laboring heart;
Who, in the conflict that it holds with death,
Attracts the same for aidance 'gainst the enemy;
Which with the heart there cools, and ne'er returneth
To blush and beautify the cheek again.
But, see, his face is black, and full of blood;
His eyeballs further out than when he lived,
Staring full ghastly like a strangled man;
His hair upreared, his nostrils stretched with struggling;

His hands abroad displayed, as one that grasped
And tugged for life, and was by strength subdued.
Look, on the sheets, his hair, you see, is sticking;
His well-proportioned beard made rough and rugged,
Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodged.
It cannot be, but he was murdered here;
The least of all these signs were probable.

Suff. Why, Warwick, who should do the duke to death?
Myself, and Beaufort, had him in protection;
And we, I hope, sir, are no murderers.

War. But both of you were vowed duke Humphrey's foes;
And you, forsooth, had the good duke to keep.
'Tis like, you would not feast him like a friend;
And 'tis well seen he found an enemy.

Q. Mar. Then you, belike, suspect these noblemen
As guilty of duke Humphrey's timeless death.

War. Who finds the heifer dead, and bleeding fresh,
And sees fast by a butcher with an axe,
But will suspect 'twas he that made the slaughter?
Who finds the partridge in the puttock's nest,
But may imagine how the bird was dead,
Although the kite soar with unbloodied beak?
Even so suspicious is this tragedy.

Q. Mar. Are you the butcher, Suffolk; where's your
knife?

Is Beaufort termed a kite? where are his talons?

Suff. I wear no knife, to slaughter sleeping men;
But here's a vengeful sword, rusted with ease,
That shall be scoured in his rancorous heart,
That slanders me with murder's crimson badge.—
Say, if thou dar'st, proud lord of Warwickshire,
That I am faulty in duke Humphrey's death.

[*Exeunt* Cardinal, SOM., and others.]

War. What dares not Warwick, if false Suffolk dare him?

Q. Mar. He dares not calm his contumelious spirit.
Nor cease to be an arrogant controller,
Though Suffolk dare him twenty thousand times.

War. Madam, be still; with reverence may I say;
For every word you speak in his behalf,
Is slander to your royal dignity.

Suff. Blunt-witted lord, ignoble in demeanor!
If ever lady wronged her lord so much,
Thy mother took into her blameful bed
Some stern, untutored churl, and noble stock
Was graft with crab-tree slip; whose fruit thou art,
And never of the Nevils' noble race.

War. But that the guilt of murder bucklers thee,
And I should rob the deathsman of his fee,
Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,
And that my sovereign's presence makes me mild,
I would, false, murderous coward, on thy knee
Make thee beg pardon for thy passed speech,
And say—it was thy mother that thou mean'st;
That thou thyself wast born in bastardy;
And, after all this fearful homage done,
Give thee thy hire, and send thy soul to hell,
Pernicious bloodsucker of sleeping men!

Suff. Thou shalt be waking, while I shed thy blood,
If from this presence thou dar'st go with me.

War Away even now, or I will drag thee hence;
Unworthy though thou art, I'll cope with thee,
And do some service to duke Humphrey's ghost.

[*Exeunt SUFFOLK and WARWICK.*]

K. Hen. What stronger breast-plate than a heart untainted?

Thrice is he armed, that hath his quarrel just;
And he but naked, though locked up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

[*A noise within.*]

Q. Mar. What noise is this?

Re-enter SUFFOLK, and WARWICK, with their weapons drawn.

K. Hen. Why, how now, lords? your wrathful weapons drawn

Here in our presence? Dare you be so bold?—
Why, what tumultuous clamor have we here?

Suff. The traitorous Warwick, with the men of Bury,
Set all upon me, mighty sovereign.

Noise of a crowd within. Re-enter SALISBURY.

Sal. Sirs, stand apart; the king shall know your mind.—

[*Speaking to those within.*]

Dread lord, the commons send you word by me,
Unless false Suffolk straight be done to death,
Or banished fair England's territories,
They will by violence tear him from your palace,
And torture him with grievous, lingering death.
They say, by him the good duke Humphrey died:
They say, in him they fear your highness' death;
And mere instinct of love and loyalty—
Free from a stubborn, opposite intent,

As being thought to contradict your liking—
Makes them thus forward in his banishment.
They say, in care of your most royal person,
That, if your highness should intend to sleep,
And charge—that no man should disturb your rest,
In pain of your dislike, or pain of death;
Yet, notwithstanding such a strait edict,
Were there a serpent seen, with forked tongue,
That slyly glided towards your majesty,
It were but necessary you were waked;
Lest, being suffered in that harmful slumber,
The mortal worm might make the sleep eternal.
And therefore do they cry, though you forbid,
That they will guard you, whe'r you will, or no,
From such fell serpents as false Suffolk is;
With whose envenomed and fatal sting
Your loving uncle, twenty times his worth,
They say, is shamefully bereft of life.

Commons. [*Within.*] An answer from the king, my lord.
of Salisbury.

Suff. 'Tis like the commons, rude, unpolished hinds,
Could send such message to their sovereign.
But you, my lord, were glad to be employed,
To show how quaint an orator you are:
But all the honor Salisbury hath won,
Is—that he was the lord ambassador,
Sent from a sort of tinkers to the king.

Commons. [*Within.*] An answer from the king, or we'll
all break in.

K. Hen. Go, Salisbury, and tell them all from me,
I thank them for their tender, loving care;
And had I not been 'cited so by them,
Yet did I purpose as they do entreat;
For, sure, my thoughts do hourly prophesy
Mischance unto my state by Suffolk's means.
And therefore—by his Majesty I swear,
Whose far unworthy deputy I am—
He shall not breathe infection in this air
But three days longer, on the pain of death.

[*Exit* SALISBURY.]

Q. Mar. O Henry, let me plead for gentle Suffolk!

K. Hen. Ungentle queen, to call him gentle Suffolk.
No more, I say; if thou dost plead for him,
Thou wilt but add increase unto my wrath.
Had I but said, I would have kept my word;
But, when I swear, it is irrevocable.—

If, after three days' space, thou here be'st found,
On any ground that I am ruler of,
The world shall not be ransom for thy life.—
Come, Warwick, come, good Warwick, go with me;
I have great matters to impart to thee.

[*Exeunt* K. HENRY, WARWICK, Lords, &c.]

Q. Mar. Mischance, and sorrow, go along with you!
Heart's discontent, and sour affliction,
Be playfellows to keep you company!
There's two of you, the devil make a third!
And threefold vengeance tend upon your steps!

Suff. Cease, gentle queen, these execrations,
And let thy Suffolk take his heavy leave.

Q. Mar. Fie, coward woman, and soft-hearted wretch!
Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemies?

Suff. A plague upon them! wherefore should I curse
them?

Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan,
I would invent as bitter-searching terms,
As curst, as harsh, and horrible to hear,
Delivered strongly through my fixed teeth,
With full as many signs of deadly hate,
As lean-faced Envy in her loathsome cave.
My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words;
Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint;
My hair be fixed on end, as one distract;
Ay, every joint should seem to curse and ban:
And even now my burdened heart would break,
Should I not curse them. Poison be their drink!
Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest that they taste!
Their sweetest shade, a grove of cypress trees!
Their chiefest prospect, murdering basilisks!
Their softest touch, as smart as lizards' stings!
Their music, frightful as the serpent's hiss:
And boding screech-owls make the concert full!
All the foul terrors in dark-seated hell—

Q. Mar. Enough, sweet Suffolk; thou torment'st thyself;
And these dread curses—like the sun 'gainst glass,
Or like an overcharged gun—recoil,
And turn the force of them upon thyself.

Suff. You bade me ban, and will you bid me leave?
Now, by the ground that I am banished from,
Well could I curse away a winter's night,
Though standing naked on a mountain top,
Where biting cold would never let grass grow,
And think it but a minute spent in sport.

Q. Mar. O, let me entreat thee, cease! Give me thy hand,
That I may dew it with my mournful tears;
Nor let the rain of heaven wet this place,
To wash away my woful monuments.
O, could this kiss be printed in thy hand;

[*Kisses his hand.*]

That thou might'st think upon these by the seal,
Through whom a thousand sighs are breathed for thee!
So, get thee gone, that I may know my grief;
'Tis but surmised whilst thou art standing by,
As one that surfeits thinking on a want.
I will repeal thee, or, be well assured,
Adventure to be banished myself;
And banished I am, if but from thee.
Go, speak not to me; even now be gone,
O, go not yet!—Even thus two friends condemned
Embrace, and kiss, and take ten thousand leaves,
Loather a hundred times to part than die.
Yet now farewell; and farewell life with thee!

Suff. Thus is poor Suffolk ten times banished,
Once by the king, and three times thrice by thee.
'Tis not the land I care for, wert thou hence,
A wilderness is populous enough,
So Suffolk had thy heavenly company.
For where thou art, there is the world itself,
With every several pleasure in the world;
And where thou art not, desolation.
I can no more.—Live thou to joy thy life;
Myself no joy in nought, but that thou liv'st.

Enter VAUX.

Q. Mar. Whither goes Vaux so fast? what news, I pr'ythoo?

Vaux. To signify unto his majesty,
That cardinal Beaufort is at point of death.
For suddenly a grievous sickness took him,
That makes him gasp, and stare, and catch the air,
Blaspheming God, and cursing men on earth.
Sometime he talks as if duke Humphrey's ghost
Were by his side; sometime he calls the king,
And whispers to his pillow, as to him,
The secrets of his overcharged soul:
And I am sent to tell his majesty,
That even now he cries aloud for him.

Q. Mar. Go, tell this heavy message to the king.

[*Exit VAUX.*]

Ah me! what is this world? what news are these?

But wherefore grieve I at an hour's poor loss,
 Omitting Suffolk's exile, my soul's treasure?
 Why only, Suffolk, mourn I not for thee,
 And with the southern clouds contend in tears;
 Theirs for the earth's increase, mine for my sorrow's?
 Now, get thee hence. The king, thou know'st, is coming:
 If thou be found by me, thou art but dead.

Suff. If I depart from thee, I cannot live;
 And in thy sight to die, what were it else,
 But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap?
 Here could I breathe my soul into the air,
 As mild and gentle as the cradle-babe,
 Dying with mother's dug between its lips:
 Where, from thy sight, I should be raging mad,
 And cry out for thee to close up mine eyes,
 To have thee with thy lips to stop my mouth;
 So shouldst thou either turn my flying soul,
 Or I should breathe it so into thy body,
 And then it lived in sweet Elysium.
 To die by thee, were but to die in jest;
 From thee to die, were torture more than death;
 O, let me stay, befall what may befall.

Q. Mar. Away! though parting be a fretful cor'sive,
 It is applied to a deathful wound.
 To France, sweet Suffolk; let me hear from thee;
 For wheresoe'er thou art in this world's globe,
 I'll have an Iris that shall find thee out.

Suff. I go.

Q. Mar. And take my heart with thee.

Suff. A jewel, locked into the woful'st cask
 That ever did contain a thing of worth.
 Even as a splitted bark, so sunder we;
 This way fall I to death.

Q. Mar.

This way for me.

[*Exeunt, severally.*]

SCENE III. London. Cardinal Beaufort's *Bed-chamber.*

Enter KING HENRY, SALISBURY, WARWICK, *and others.*
The Cardinal in bed; Attendants with him.

K. Hen. How fares my lord? Speak, Beaufort, to thy
 sovereign.

Car. If thou be'st death, I'll give thee England's treasure,
 Enough to purchase such another island,
 So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.

K. Hen. Ah, what a sign it is of evil life
When death's approach is seen so terrible!

War. Beaufort, it is thy sovereign speaks to thee.

Car. Bring me unto my trial when you will.
Died he not in his bed? where should he die?
Can I make men live, wh'er they will or no?—
O! torture me no more; I will confess.—

Alive again? Then show me where he is;
I'll give a thousand pound to look upon him.—
He hath no eyes; the dust hath blinded them.—
Comb down his hair; look! look! it stands upright,
Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul!—
Give me some drink; and bid the apothecary
Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.

K. Hen. O, thou eternal Mover of the heavens,
Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch!
O, beat away the busy, meddling fiend,
That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul,
And from his bosom purge this black despair!

War. See, how the pangs of death do make him grin

Sal. Disturb him not; let him pass peaceably.

K. Hen. Peace to his soul, if God's good pleasure be!
Lord cardinal, if thou think'st on heaven's bliss,
Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope.—
He dies, and makes no sign. O, God, forgive him!

War. So bad a death argues a monstrous life.

K. Hen. Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all.--
Close up his eyes, and draw the curtain close;
And let us all to meditation. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. Kent. *The Sea-shore near Dover.*

*Firing heard at sea. Then enter, from a boat, a Captain,
a Master, a Master's Mate, WALTER WHITMORE, and
others; with them SUFFOLK, and other Gentlemen, prisoners.*

Cap. The gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful day
Is crept into the bosom of the sea;
And now loud-howling wolves arouse the jades
That drag the tragic, melancholy night,
Who with their drowsy, slow, and flagging wings

Clip dead men's graves, and from their misty jaws
 Breathe foul, contagious darkness in the air.
 Therefore, bring forth the soldiers of our prize;
 For, whilst our pinnace anchors in the Downs,
 Here shall they make their ransom on the sand,
 Or with their blood stain this discolored shore.—
 Master, this prisoner freely give I thee;—
 And thou that art his mate, make boot of this;—
 The other, [*Pointing to SUFFOLK.*] Walter Whitmore, is
 thy share.

1 *Gent.* What is my ransom, Master? Let me know.

Mast. A thousand crowns, or else lay down your head.

Mate. And so much shall you give, or off goes yours.

Cap. What, think you much to pay two thousand crowns,
 And bear the name and port of gentlemen?
 Cut both the villains' throats;—for die you shall.
 The lives of those which we have lost in fight
 Cannot be counterpoised with such a petty sum.

1 *Gent.* I'll give it, sir; and therefore spare my life.

2 *Gent.* And so will I, and write home for it straight.

Whit. I lost mine eye in laying the prize aboard,
 And therefore, to revenge it, shalt thou die; [*To SUFF.*]
 And so should these, if I might have my will.

Cap. Be not so rash; take ransom; let him live.

Suff. Look on my George; I am a gentleman;
 Rate me at what thou wilt, thou shalt be paid.

Whit. And so am I; my name is Walter Whitmore.
 How now? Why start'st thou? What, doth death affright?

Suff. Thy name affrights me, in whose sound is death.
 A cunning man did calculate my birth,
 And told me—that by *Water* I should die.
 Yet let not this make thee be bloody-minded;
 Thy name is—*Gaultier*, being rightly sounded.

Whit. *Gaultier*, or *Walter*, which it is, I care not;
 Ne'er yet did base dishonor blur our name,
 But with our sword we wiped away the blot;
 Therefore, when merchant-like I sell revenge,
 Broke be my sword, my arms torn and defaced,
 And I proclaimed a coward through the world!

[*Lays hold on SUFFOLK.*]

Suff. Stay, Whitmore; for thy prisoner is a prince,
 The duke of Suffolk, William de la Poole.

Whit. The duke of Suffolk, muffled up in rags!

Suff. Ay, but these rags are no part of the duke;
 Jove sometime went disguised, and why not I?

Cap. But Jove was never slain, as thou shalt be.

Suff. Obscure and lowly swain, king Henry's blood,
The honorable blood of Lancaster,
Must not be shed by such a jaded groom.
Hast thou not kissed thy hand, and held my stirrup?
Bare-headed plodded by my footcloth mule,
And thought thee happy when I shook my head?
How often hast thou waited at my cup,
Fed from my trencher, kneeled down at the board,
When I have feasted with queen Margaret!
Remember it, and let it make thee crest-fallen;
Ay, and allay this thy abortive pride.
How in our voiding lobby hast thou stood,
And duly waited for my coming forth!
This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalf,
And therefore shall it charm thy riotous tongue.

Whit. Speak, captain, shall I stab the forlorn swain?

Cap. First let my words stab him, as he hath me.

Suff. Base slave! thy words are blunt, and so art thou.

Cap. Convey him hence, and on our longboat's side
Strike off his head.

Suff. Thou dar'st not for thy own.

Cap. Yes, Poole.

Suff. Poole?

Cap. Poole? sir Poole? Lord!

Ay, kennel, puddle, sink; whose filth and dirt
Troubles the silver spring where England drinks.
Now will I dam up this thy yawning mouth,
For swallowing the treasure of the realm.
Thy lips, that kissed the queen, shall sweep the ground;
And thou, that smil'dst at good duke Humphrey's death,
Against the senseless winds shall grin in vain,
Who, in contempt, shall hiss at thee again;
And wedded be thou to the hags of hell,
For daring to affy a mighty lord
Unto the daughter of a worthless king,
Having neither subject, wealth, nor diadem.
By devilish policy art thou grown great,
And, like ambitious Sylla, overgorged
With goblets of thy mother's bleeding heart.
By thee, Anjou and Maine were sold to France.
The false, revolting Normans, thorough thee,
Disdain to call us lord; and Picardy
Hath slain their governors, surprised our forts,
And sent the ragged soldiers wounded home.
The princely Warwick, and the Nevils all,—
Whose dreadful swords were never drawn in vain,—

As hating thee, are rising up in arms.
 And now the house of York—thrust from the crown,
 By shameful murder of a guiltless king,
 And lofty, proud, encroaching tyranny—
 Burns with revenging fire; whose hopeful colors
 Advance our half-faced sun, striving to shine,
 Under the which is writ—*Invitis nubibus*.
 The commons here in Kent are up in arms;
 And, to conclude, reproach, and beggary,
 Is crept into the palace of our king,
 And all by thee.—Away! convey him hence.

Suff. O that I were a god, to shoot forth thunder
 Upon these paltry, servile, abject drudges!
 Small things make base men proud; this villain here,
 Being captain of a pinnacle, threatens more
 Than Bargulus the strong Illyrian pirate.
 Drones suck not eagles' blood, but rob beehives.
 It is impossible, that I should die
 By such a lowly vassal as thyself.
 Thy words move rage, and not remorse, in me:
 I go of message from the queen to France;
 I charge thee, waft me safely cross the channel.

Cap. Walter,——

Whit. Come, Suffolk, I must waft thee to thy death.

Suff. *Gelidus timor occupat artus*;—'tis thee I fear.

Whit. Thou shalt have cause to fear, before I leave thee.
 What, are ye daunted now? now will ye stoop?

1 *Gent.* My gracious lord, entreat him, speak him fair.

Suff. Suffolk's imperial tongue is stern and rough,
 Used to command, untaught to plead for favor.
 Far be it we should honor such as these
 With humble suit; no, rather let my head
 Stoop to the block, than these knees bow to any,
 Save to the God of heaven, and to my king;
 And sooner dance upon a bloody pole,
 Than stand uncovered to the vulgar groom.
 True nobility is exempt from fear;—
 More can I bear, than you dare execute.

Cap. Hale him away, and let him talk no more.

Suff. Come, soldiers, show what cruelty ye can,
 That this my death may never be forgot!—
 Great men oft die by vile bezonians.
 A Roman swarder and banditto slave,
 Murdered sweet Tully; Brutus' bastard hand

Stabbed Julius Cæsar; savage islanders,
Pompey the Great; and Suffolk dies by pirates.

[*Exit* SUFF., with WHIT. and others

Cap. And as for these whose ransom we have set,
It is our pleasure, one of them depart.—

Therefore come you with us, and let him go.

[*Exeunt all but the first Gentleman.*

Re-enter WHITMORE, with SUFFOLK'S body.

Whit. There let his head and lifeless body lie,
Until the queen his mistress bury it. [*Exit.*

1 Gent. O barbarous and bloody spectacle!
His body will I bear unto the king:
If he revenge it not, yet will his friends;
So will the queen, that living held him dear.

[*Exit with the body.*

SCENE II. Blackheath.

Enter GEORGE BEVIS and JOHN HOLLAND.

Geo. Come, and get thee a sword, though made of a lath;
they have been up these two days.

John. They have the more need to sleep now then.

Geo. I tell thee, Jack Cade the clothier means to dress
the commonwealth, and turn it, and set a new nap upon it.

John. So he had need, for 'tis threadbare. Well, I say,
it was never merry world in England, since gentlemen came up.

Geo. O miserable age! Virtue is not regarded in handi-
crafts-men.

John. The nobility think scorn to go in leather aprons.

Geo. Nay, more, the king's council are no good workmen.

John. True; and yet it is said,—*Labor in thy vocation;*
which is as much to say, as,—*Let the magistrates be labor-*
ing men; and therefore should we be magistrates.

Geo. Thou hast hit it; for there's no better sign of a
brave mind, than a hard hand.

John. I see them! I see them! There's Best's son, the
tanner of Wingham;—

Geo. He shall have the skins of our enemies, to make
dog's leather of.

John. And Dick the butcher,—

Geo. Then is sin struck down like an ox, and iniquity's
throat cut like a calf.

John. And Smith the weaver,—

Geo. *Argo*, their thread of life is spun.

John. Come, come, let's fall in with them

Drum. Enter CADE, DICK the Butcher, SMITH the Weaver, and others in great number.

Cade. We John Cade, so termed of our supposed father,—

Dick. Or, rather, of stealing a cade of herrings. [*Aside.*

Cade.—for our enemies shall fall before us, inspired with the spirit of putting down kings and princes.—Command silence.

Dick. Silence!

Cade. My father was a Mortimer.—

Dick. He was an honest man, and a good bricklayer.

[*Aside.*

Cade. My mother a Plantagenet,—

Dick. I knew her well; she was a midwife.

[*Aside.*

Cade. My wife descended of the Lacies,—

Dick. She was, indeed, a pedler's daughter, and sold many laces.

[*Aside.*

Smith. But, now of late, not able to travel with her furred pack, she washes bucks here at home.

[*Aside.*

Cade. Therefore am I of an honorable house.

Dick. Ay, by my faith, the field is honorable; and there was he born, under a hedge; for his father had never a house, but the cage.

[*Aside.*

Cade. Valiant I am.

Smith. 'A must needs; for beggary is valiant.

[*Aside.*

Cade. I am able to endure much.

Dick. No question of that; for I have seen him whipped three market days together.

[*Aside.*

Cade. I fear neither sword nor fire.

Smith. He need not fear the sword, for his coat is of proof.

[*Aside.*

Dick. But, methinks, he should stand in fear of fire, being burnt i' the hand for stealing of sheep.

[*Aside.*

Cade. Be brave then; for your captain is brave, and vows reformation. There shall be, in England, seven half-penny loaves sold for a penny; the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops; and I will make it felony, to drink small beer; all the realm shall be in common, and in Cheapside shall my palfrey go to grass. And, when I am king (as king I will be)—

All. God save your majesty!

Cade. I thank you, good people!—there shall be no money; all shall eat and drink on my score; and I will apparel them all in one livery, that they may agree like brothers, and worship me their lord.

Dick. The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers.

Cade. Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment? that parchment, being scribbled o'er, should undo a man? Some say, the bee stings; but I say, 'tis the bee's wax; for I did but seal once to a thing, and I was never mine own man since. How now? who's there?

Enter some, bringing in the Clerk of Chatham.

Smith. The clerk of Chatham: he can write and read, and cast accompt.

Cade. O monstrous!

Smith. We took him setting of boys' copies.

Cade. Here's a villain!

Smith. H'as a book in his pocket, with red letters in't.

Cade. Nay, then he is a conjurer.

Dick. Nay, he can make obligations, and write court-hand.

Cade. I am sorry for't; the man is a proper man, on mine honor; unless I find him guilty, he shall not die.—Come hither, sirrah, I must examine thee. What is thy name?

Clerk. Emmanuel.

Dick. They use to write it on the top of letters.—'Twill go hard with you.

Cade. Let me alone.—Dost thou use to write thy name? or hast thou a mark to thyself, like an honest, plain-dealing man?

Clerk. Sir, I thank God, I have been so well brought up, that I can write my name.

All. He hath confessed: away with him; he's a villain, and a traitor.

Cade. Away with him, I say; hang him with his pen and inkhorn about his neck.

[Exeunt some, with the Clerk.]

Enter MICHAEL.

Mich. Where's our general?

Cade. Here I am, thou particular fellow.

Mich. Fly, fly, fly! sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother are hard by, with the king's forces.

Cade. Stand, villain, stand, or I'll fell thee down. He shall be encountered with a man as good as himself. He is but a knight, is 'a?

Mich. No.

Cade. To equal him, I will make myself a knight presently; rise up sir John Mortimer. Now have at him.

*Enter SIR HUMPHREY STAFFORD and WILLIAM his Brother,
with drum and Forces.*

Staf. Rebellious hinds, the filth and scum of Kent,
Marked for the gallows,—lay your weapons down;
Home to your cottages; forsake this groom.—
The king is merciful, if you revolt.

W. Staf. But angry, wrathful, and inclined to blood,
If you go forward; therefore yield, or die.

Cade. As for these silken-coated slaves, I pass not;
It is to you, good people, that I speak,
O'er whom, in time to come, I hope to reign;
For I am rightful heir unto the crown.

Staf. Villain, thy father was a plasterer;
And thou thyself a shearman, art thou not?

Cade. And Adam was a gardener.

W. Staf. And what of that?

Cade. Marry, this;—Edmund Mortimer, earl of March,
Married the duke of Clarence' daughter: did he not?

Staf. Ay, sir.

Cade. By her, he had two children at one birth.

W. Staf. That's false.

Cade. Ay, there's the question; but, I say, 'tis true.
The elder of them, being put to nurse,
Was by a beggar-woman stolen away;
And, ignorant of his birth and parentage,
Became a bricklayer when he came to age.
His son am I; deny it, if you can.

Dick. Nay, 'tis too true; therefore he shall be king.

Smith. Sir, he made a chimney in my father's house,
and the bricks are alive at this day to testify it; therefore,
deny it not.

Staf. And will you credit this base drudge's words,
That speaks he knows not what?

All. Ay, marry, will we; therefore get ye gone.

W. Staff. Jack Cade, the duke of York hath taught you this.

Cade. He lies, for I invented it myself. [*Aside.*].—Go
to, sirrah. Tell the king from me, that—for his father's
sake, Henry the Fifth, in whose time boys went to span
counter for French crowns,—I am content he shall reign;
but I'll be protector over him.

Dick. And, furthermore, we'll have the lord Say's head,
for selling the dukedom of Maine.

Cade. And good reason; for thereby is England maimed,
and fain to go with a staff, but that my puissance holds it
up. Fellow kings, I tell you, that that lord Say hath gelled

the commonwealth, and made it a eunuch; and more than that, he can speak French, and therefore he is a traitor.

Staf. O gross and miserable ignorance!

Cade. Nay, answer, if you can. The Frenchmen are our enemies: go to, then, I ask but this; Can he that speaks with the tongue of an enemy, be a good counsellor, or no?

All. No, no; and therefore we'll have his head.

W. Staf. Well, seeing gentle words will not prevail, Assail them with the army of the king.

Staf. Herald, away; and, throughout every town. Proclaim them traitors that are up with Cade; That those which fly before the battle ends, May, even in their wives' and children's sight, Be hanged up for example at their doors.— And you, that be the king's friends, follow me.

[*Exeunt the two STAFFORDS and Forces.*]

Cade. And you, that love the commons, follow me.— Now show yourselves men; 'tis for liberty. We will not leave one lord, one gentleman. Spare none, but such as go in clouted shoon; For they are thrifty, honest men, and such As would (but that they dare not) take our parts.

Dick. They are all in order, and march toward us.

Cade. But then are we in order, when we are most out of order. Come, march forward. [*Exeunt*]

SCENE III. *Another Part of Blackheath.*

Alarums. *The two parties enter and fight, and both the STAFFORDS are slain.*

Cade. Where's Dick, the butcher of Ashford?

Dick. Here, sir.

Cade. They fell before thee like sheep and oxen, and thou behavedst thyself as if thou hadst been in thine own slaughter-house; therefore thus will I reward thee,—The Lent shall be as long again as it is; and thou shalt have a license to kill for a hundred lacking one, a week.

Dick. I desire no more.

Cade. And, to speak truth, thou deservest no less. This monument of the victory will I bear; and the bodies shall be dragged at my horses' heels, till I do come to London, where we will have the mayor's sword borne before us.

Dick. If we mean to thrive and do good, break open the jails, and let out the prisoners.

Cade. Fear not that, I warrant thee. Come, let's march towards London. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING HENRY, *reading a supplication*; *the DUKE of BUCKINGHAM, and LORD SAY, with him*; *at a distance, QUEEN MARGARET, mourning over SUFFOLK's head.*

Q. Mar. Oft have I heard—that grief softens the mind,
And makes it fearful and degenerate;
Think therefore on revenge, and cease to weep.
But who can cease to weep, and look on this?
Here may his head lie on my throbbing breast;
But where's the body that I should embrace?

Buck. What answer makes your grace to the rebels' supplication?

K. Hen. I'll send some holy bishop to entreat;
For God forbid, so many simple souls
Should perish by the sword! And I myself,
Rather than bloody war shall cut them short,
Will parley with Jack Cade their general.—
But stay, I'll read it over once again.

Q. Mar. Ah, barbarous villains! hath this lovely face
Ruled, like a wandering planet, over me;
And could it not enforce them to relent,
That were unworthy to behold the same?

K. Hen. Lord Say, Jack Cade hath sworn to have thy head.

Say. Ay, but I hope your highness shall have his.

K. Hen. How now, madam? Still
Lamenting, and mourning for Suffolk's death?
I fear, my love, if that I had been dead,
Thou wouldest not have mourned so much for me.

Q. Mar. No, my love, I should not mourn, but die for thee.

Enter a Messenger.

K. Hen. How now! what news? why com'st thou in such haste?

Mes. The rebels are in Southwark. Fly, my lord!
Jack Cade proclaims himself lord Mortimer,
Descended from the duke of Clarence' house;
And calls your grace usurper, openly,
And vows to crown himself in Westminster.
His army is a ragged multitude
Of hinds and peasants, rude and merciless;

Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother's death
Hath given them heart and courage to proceed.
All scholars, lawyers, courtiers, gentlemen,
They call—false caterpillars, and intend their death.

K. Hen. O graceless men! they know not what they do.

Buck. My gracious lord, retire to Kenelworth,
Until a power be raised to put them down.

Q. Mar. Ah! were the duke of Suffolk now alive,
These Kentish rebels would be soon appeased.

K. Hen. Lord Say, the traitors hate thee;
Therefore away with us to Kenelworth.

Say. So might your grace's person be in danger:
The sight of me is odious in their eyes;
And therefore in this city will I stay,
And live alone as secret as I may.

Enter another Messenger.

2 Mess. Jack Cade hath gotten London bridge: the
citizens

Fly and forsake their houses;
The rascal people, thirsting after prey,
Join with the traitor; and they jointly swear
To spoil the city and your royal court.

Buck. Then linger not, my lord; away, take horse.

K. Hen. Come, Margaret; God, our hope, will succor us.

Q. Mar. My hope is gone, now Suffolk is deceased.

K. Hen. Farewell, my lord; [*To LORD SAY.*] trust not
the Kentish rebels.

Buck. Trust nobody, for fear you be betrayed.

Say. The trust I have is in mine innocence,
And therefore am I bold and resolute. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *The same. The Tower.*

*Enter LORD SCALES, and others, on the walls. Then enter
certain Citizens, below.*

Scales. How now? is Jack Cade slain?

1 Cit. No, my lord, nor likely to be slain; for they have
won the bridge, killing all those that withstand them. The
lord mayor craves aid of your honor from the Tower, to
defend the city from the rebels.

Scales. Such aid as I can spare, you shall command;
But I am troubled here with them myself;
The rebels have assayed to win the Tower.
But get you to Smithfield, and gather head,

And thither will I send you Matthew Gough.
 Fight for your king, your country, and your lives;
 And so farewell, for I must hence again. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE VI. *The same.* Cannon Street.

Enter JACK CADE and his Followers. He strikes his staff on London-stone.

Cade. Now is Mortimer lord of this city. And here, sitting upon London-stone, I charge and command, that, of the city's cost, the pissing-conduit run nothing but claret wine this first year of our reign. And now, henceforward, it shall be treason for any that calls me other than — lord Mortimer.

Enter a Soldier, running.

Sold. Jack Cade! Jack Cade!

Cade. Knock him down there. *[They kill him.]*

Smith. If this fellow be wise, he'll never call you back Cade more; I think he hath a very fair warning.

Dick. My lord, there's an army gathered together in Smithfield.

Cade. Come then, let's go fight with them. But, first, go and set London bridge on fire; and, if you can, burn down the Tower too. Come, let's away. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE VII. *The same.* Smithfield. *Alarm.*

Enter, on one side, CADE and his Company; on the other, Citizens, and the King's Forces, headed by MATTHEW GOUGH. They fight; the Citizens are routed, and MATTHEW GOUGH is slain.

Cade. So, sirs.—Now go some and pull down the Savoy; others to the inns of court; down with them all.

Dick. I have a suit unto your lordship.

Cade. Be it a lordship, thou shalt have it for that word.

Dick. Only, that the laws of England may come out of your mouth.

John. Mass, 'twill be sore law then; for he was thrust in the mouth with a spear, and 'tis not whole yet. *[Aside,*

Smith. Nay, John, it will be stinking law; for his breath stinks with eating toasted cheese. *[Aside.]*

Cade. I have thought upon it; it shall be so. Away, burn all the records of the realm; my mouth shall be the parliament of England.

John. Then we are like to have biting statutes, unless his teeth be pulled out. [*Aside.*]

Cade. And henceforward all things shall be in common.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, a prize, a prize! Here's the lord Say, which sold the towns in France; he that made us pay one-and-twenty fifteens, and one shilling to the pound, the last subsidy.

Enter GEORGE BEVIS, with the LORD SAY.

Cade. Well, he shall be beheaded for it ten times.--Ay, thou say, thou serge, nay, thou buckram lord! now art thou within point-blank of our jurisdiction regal. What canst thou answer to my majesty, for giving up of Normandy unto monsieur Basimecu, the dauphin of France? Be it known unto thee, by these presence, even the presence of lord Mortimer, that I am the besom that must sweep the court clean of such filth as thou art. Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm, in erecting a grammar-school; and whereas, before, our forefathers had no other books but the score and the tally, thou hast caused printing to be used; and, contrary to the king, his crown, and dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill. It will be proved to thy face, that thou hast men about thee, that usually talk of a noun, and a verb, and such abominable words, as no Christian ear can endure to hear. Thou hast appointed justices of peace, to call poor men before them about matters they were not able to answer. Moreover, thou hast put them in prison; and because they could not read, thou hast hanged them; when, indeed, only for that cause, they have been most worthy to live. Thou dost ride on a foot-cloth, dost thou not?

Say. What of that?

Cade. Marry, thou oughtest not to let thy horse wear a cloak, when honest men than thou go in their hose and doublets.

Dick. And work in their shirt too; as myself, for example, that am a butcher.

Say. You men of Kent,—

Dick. What say you of Kent?

Say. Nothing but this: 'Tis *bona terra, mala gens.*

Cade. Away with him, away with him! he speaks Latin.

Say. Hear me but speak, and bear me where you will.

Kent, in the commentaries Cæsar writ,
Is termed the civil'st place of all this isle.

Sweet is the country, because full of riches;
 The people liberal, valiant, active, wealthy;
 Which makes me hope you are not void of pity.
 I sold not Maine, I lost not Normandy;
 Yet, to recover them, would lose my life.
 Justice with favor have I always done;
 Prayers and tears have moved me; gifts could not
 When have I aught exacted at your hands,
 Kent, to maintain the king, the realm, and you?
 Large gifts have I bestowed on learned clerks,
 Because my book preferred me to the king;
 And,—seeing ignorance is the curse of God,
 Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven,
 Unless you be possessed with devilish spirits,
 You cannot but forbear to murder me.
 This tongue hath parleyed unto foreign kings
 For your behoof,—

Cade. Tut! when struck'st thou one blow in the

Say. Great men have reaching hands; oft have
 Those that I never saw, and struck them dead.

Geo. O monstrous coward! what, to come behind

Say. These cheeks are pale for watching for you

Cade. Give him a box o' the ear, and that will n
 red again.

Say. Long sitting to determine poor men's ca
 Hath made me full of sickness and diseases.

Cade. Ye shall have a hempen caudle then, and
 of a hatchet.

Dick. Why dost thou quiver, man?

Say. The palsy, and not fear, provoketh me.

Cade. Nay, he nods at us; as who should say
 even with you. I'll see if his head will stand stea
 pole, or no. Take him away, and behead him.

Say. Tell me wherein I have offended most?
 Have I affected wealth, or honor? Speak.
 Are my chests filled up with extorted gold?
 Is my apparel sumptuous to behold?
 Whom have I injured, that ye seek my death?
 These hands are free from guiltless blood-shedding
 This breast from harboring foul, deceitful thought
 O, let me live!

Cade. I feel remorse in myself with his words
 bridle it; he shall die, and it be but for pleading so
 his life. Away with him! he has a familiar under his
 he speaks not o' God's name. Go, take him away
 and strike off his head presently; and then break

son-in-law's house, sir James Cromer, and strike off his head, and bring them both upon two poles hither.

All. It shall be done.

Say. Ah! countrymen! if, when you make your prayers, God should be so obdurate as yourselves, How would it fare with your departed souls? And therefore yet relent, and save my life.

Cade. Away with him, and do as I command ye.

[*Exeunt some, with LORD SAY.*

The proudest peer in the realm shall not wear a head on his shoulders, unless he pay me tribute. There shall not a maid be married, but she shall pay to me her maidenhead ere they have it. Men shall hold of me *in capite*; and we charge and command, that their wives be as free as heart can wish, or tongue can tell.

Dick. My lord, when shall we go to Cheapside, and take up commodities upon our bills?

Cade. Marry, presently.

All. O brave!

Re-enter Rebels, with the heads of LORD SAY and his Son-in-law.

Cade. But is not this braver?—Let them kiss one another, for they loved well, when they were alive. Now part them again, lest they consult about the giving up of some more towns in France. Soldiers, defer the spoil of the city until night; for with these borne before us, instead of maces, will we ride through the streets; and, at every corner, have them kiss.—Away! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. Southwark.

Alarum. Enter CADE, and all his Rabblement.

Cade. Up Fish street! down Saint Magnus' corner! kill and knock down! throw them into Thames!—[*A parley sounded, then a retreat.*] What noise is this I hear? dare any be so bold to sound retreat or parley, when I command them kill?

Enter BUCKINGHAM, and Old CLIFFORD, with Forces.

Buck. Ay, here they be that dare and will disturb thee. Know, Cade, we come ambassadors from the king Unto the commons whom thou hast misled; And here pronounce free pardon to them all, That will forsake thee, and go home in peace.

Clif. What say ye, countrymen? will you relent,
And yield to mercy, whilst 'tis offered you;
Or let a rabble lead you to your deaths?
Who loves the king, and will embrace his pardon,
Fling up his cap, and say—*God save his majesty!*
Who hateth him, and honors not his father,
Henry the Fifth, that made all France to quake,
Shake he his weapon at us, and pass by.

All. God save the king! God save the king!

Cade. What, Buckingham, and Clifford, are ye so brave?
—And you, base peasants, do ye believe him? Will you
needs be hanged with your pardons about your necks? Hath
my sword therefore broke through London gates, that you
should leave me at the White Hart in Southwark? I
thought ye would never have given out these arms, till you
had recovered your ancient freedom; but you are all re-
creants, and dastards; and delight to live in slavery to the
nobility. Let them break your backs with burdens, take
your houses over your heads, ravish your wives and daugh-
ters before your faces. For me,—I will make shift for one;
and so—God's curse 'light upon you all!

All. We'll follow Cade, we'll follow Cade.

Clif. Is Cade the son of Henry the Fifth,
That thus you do exclaim—you'll go with him?
Will he conduct you through the heart of France,
And make the meanest of you earls and dukes?
Alas, he hath no home, no place to fly to;
Nor knows he how to live, but by the spoil,
Unless by robbing of your friends, and us.
Wer't not a shame, that whilst you live at jar,
The fearful French, whom you late vanquished,
Should make a start o'er seas, and vanquish you?
Methinks already, in this civil broil,
I see them lording it in London streets,
Crying—*Villageois!* unto all they meet.
Better ten thousand base-born Cades miscarry,
Than you should stoop unto a Frenchman's mercy.
To France, to France, and get what you have lost;
Spare England, for it is your native coast.
Henry hath money; you are strong and manly;
God on our side, doubt not of victory.

All. A Clifford! a Clifford! We'll follow the king, and
Clifford.

Cade. Was ever feather so lightly blown to and fro, as
this multitude? The name of Henry the Fifth halves them
to a hundred mischiefs, and makes them leave me desolate.

I see them lay their heads together, to surprise me; my sword make way for me, for here is no staying.— In despite of the devils and hell, have through the very midst of you! And Heavens and honor be witness, that no want of resolution in me, but only my followers' base and ignominious treasons, makes me betake me to my heels. *[Exit.*

Buck. What, is he fled? Go, some, and follow him; And he that brings his head unto the king, Shall have a thousand crowns for his reward.

[Exeunt some of them.

Follow me, soldiers; we'll devise a mean To reconcile you all unto the king. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE IX. Kenelworth Castle.

Enter KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET, and SOMERSET, on the terrace of the castle.

K. Hen. Was ever king that joyed an earthly throne,
And could command no more content than I?
No sooner was I crept out of my cradle,
But I was made a king, at nine months old.
Was never subject longed to be a king,
As I do long and wish to be a subject.

Enter BUCKINGHAM and CLIFFORD.

Buck. Health, and glad tidings, to your majesty!

K. Hen. Why, Buckingham, is the traitor, Cade, surprised?
Or is he but retired to make him strong?

Enter, below, a great number of CADE'S Followers, with halters about their necks.

Clif. He's fled, my lord, and all his powers do yield;
And humbly thus, with halters on their necks,
Expect your highness' doom, of life, or death,

K. Hen. Then, Heaven, set ope thy everlasting gates,
To entertain my vows of thanks and praise!—
Soldiers, this day have you redeemed your lives,
And showed how well you love your prince and country.
Continue still in this so good a mind,
And Henry, though he be infortunate,
Assure yourselves, will never be unkind.
And so, with thanks, and pardon to you all,
I do dismiss you to your several countries.

All. God save the king! God save the king!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Please it your grace to be advértised,
The duke of York is newly come from Ireland;
And with a puissant and a mighty power,
Of Gallowglasses, and stout Kernes,
Is marching hitherward in proud array;
And still proclaimeth, as he comes along,
His arms are only to remove from thee
The duke of Somerset, whom he terms a traitor.

K. Hen. Thus stands my state 'twixt Cade and York
distressed;
Like to a ship, that, having 'scaped a tempest,
Is straightway calmed and boarded with a pirate;
But now is Cade driven back, his men dispersed;
And now is York in arms to second him.—
I pray thee, Buckingham, go forth and meet him;
And ask him, what's the reason of these arms.
Tell him, I'll send duke Edmund to the Tower;—
And, Somerset, we will commit thee thither,
Until his army be dismissed from him.

Som. My lord,
I'll yield myself to prison willingly,
Or unto death, to do my country good.

K. Hen. In any case, be not too rough in terms;
For he is fierce, and cannot brook hard language.

Buck. I will, my lord; and doubt not so to deal,
As all things shall redound unto your good.

K. Hen. Come, wife, let's in and learn to govern better;
For yet may England curse my wretched reign. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE X. Kent. Iden's Garden.

Enter CADE.

Cade. Fie on ambition! fie on myself; that have a sword,
and yet am ready to famish! These five days have I hid
me in these woods; and durst not peep out, for all the
country is layed for me; but now am I so hungry, that if I
might have a lease of my life for a thousand years, I could
stay no longer. Wherefore, on a brick-wall have I climbed
into this garden; to see if I can eat grass, or pick a sallet
another while, which is not amiss to cool a man's stomach
this hot weather. And, I think, this word sallet was born
to do me good; for, many a time, but for a sallet, my brain-
pan had been cleft with a brown bill; and, many a time,

when I have been dry, and bravely marching, it hath served me instead of a quart-pot to drink in; and now the word sallet must serve me to feed on.

Enter IDEN, with Servants.

Iden. Lord, who would live turmoiled in the court,
And may enjoy such quiet walks as these?
This small inheritance, my father left me,
Contenteth me, and is worth a monarchy.
I seek not to wax great by others' waning.
Or gather wealth, I care not with what envy;
Sufficeth, that I have maintains my state,
And sends the poor well pleased from my gate.

Cade. Here's the lord of the soil come to seize me for a stray, for entering his fee-simple without leave. Ah, villain, thou wilt betray me, and get a thousand crowns of the king for carrying my head to him; but I'll make thee eat iron like an ostrich, and swallow my sword like a great pin, ere thou and I part.

Iden. Why, rude companion, whatsoe'er thou be,
I know thee not. Why then should I betray thee?
Is't not enough to break into my garden,
And, like a thief, to come to rob my grounds,
Climbing my walls in spite of me the owner,
But thou wilt brave me with these saucy terms?

Cade. Brave thee? ay, by the best blood that ever was broached, and beard thee too. Look on me well. I have eat no meat these five days; yet, come thou and thy five men, and if I do not leave you all as dead as a door nail, I pray God, I may never eat grass more.

Iden. Nay, it shall ne'er be said, while England stands,
That Alexander Iden, an esquire of Kent,
Took odds to combat a poor famished man.
Oppose thy steadfast-gazing eyes to mine:
See if thou canst outface me with thy looks.
Set limb to limb, and thou art far the lesser;
Thy hand is but a finger to my fist;
Thy leg a stick, compared with this truncheon;
My foot shall fight with all the strength thou hast;
And if mine arm be heaved in the air,
Thy grave is digged already in the earth.
As for words, whose greatness answers words,
Let this my sword report what speech forbears.

Cade. By my valor, the most complete champion that ever I heard.—Steel, if thou turn the edge, or cut not out the burly-boned clown in chins of beef ere thou sleep in

thy sheath, I beseech God on my knees, thou mayst be turned to hobnails. [*They fight; CADE falls.*] O, I am slain! famine, and no other, hath slain me; let ten thousand devils come against me, and give me but the ten meals I have lost, and I'd defy them all. Wither, garden; and be henceforth a burying-place to all that do dwell in this house, because the unconquered soul of Cade is fled.

Iden. Is't Cade that I have slain, that monstrous traitor? Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deed,
And hang thee o'er my tomb when I am dead.
Ne'er shall this blood be wiped from thy point;
But thou shalt wear it as a herald's coat,
To emblaze the honor that thy master got.

Cade. Iden, farewell; and be proud of thy victory. Tell Kent from me, she hath lost her best man, and exhort all the world to be cowards; for I, that never feared any, am vanquished by famine, not by valor. [*Dies.*]

Iden. How much thou wrong'st me, Heaven be my judge.
Die, damned wretch, the curse of her that bare thee!
And as I thrust thy body in with my sword,
So wish I, I might thrust thy soul to hell.
Hence will I drag thee headlong by the heels
Unto a dunghill, which shall be thy grave,
And there cut off thy most ungracious head;
Which I will bear in triumph to the king,
Leaving thy trunk for crows to feed upon.

[*Exit, dragging out the body.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The same. Fields between Dartford and Blackheath.*

The King's Camp on one side. On the other, enter YORK, attended, with drum and colors: his Forces at some distance.

York. From Ireland thus comes York, to claim his right,
And pluck the crown from feeble Henry's head.
Ring, bells, aloud; burn, bonfires, clear and bright,
To entertain great England's lawful king.
Ah, *sancta majestas!* who would not buy thee dear?
Let them obey that know not how to rule;

This hand was made to handle nought but gold;
I cannot give due action to my words,
Except a sword, or sceptre, balance it.
A sceptre shall it have, have I a soul,
On which I'll toss the flower-de-luce of France.

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

Whom have we here? Buckingham, to disturb me?
The king hath sent him, sure. I must dissemble.

Buck. York, if thou meanest well, I greet thee well.

York. Humphrey of Buckingham, I accept thy greeting.
Art thou a messenger, or come of pleasure?

Buck. A messenger, from Henry, our dread liege,
To know the reason of these arms in peace;
Or why, thou,—being a subject as I am,—
Against thy oath and true allegiance sworn,
Shouldst raise so great a power without his leave,
Or dare to bring thy force so near the court.

York. Scarce can I speak, my choler is so great.
O, I could hew up rocks, and fight with flint,
I am so angry at these abject terms;
And now, like Ajax Telamonius,
On sheep or oxen could I spend my fury!
I am far better born than is the king;
More like a king, more kingly in my thoughts:
But I must make fair weather yet awhile,
Till Henry be more weak, and I more strong.—
O, Buckingham, I pr'ythee, pardon me,
That I have given no answer all this while;
My mind was troubled with deep melancholy.
The cause why I have brought this army hither,
Is—to remove proud Somerset from the king,
Seditious to his grace and to the state.

} *Aside.*

Buck. That is too much presumption on thy part.
But if thy arms be to no other end,
The king hath yielded unto thy demand;
The duke of Somerset is in the Tower.

York. Upon thine honor, is he prisoner?

Buck. Upon mine honor, he is prisoner.

York. Then, Buckingham, I do dismiss my powers.—
Soldiers, I thank you all; disperse yourselves;
Meet me to-morrow in Saint George's field,
You shall have pay, and every thing you wish.
And let my sovereign, virtuous Henry,
Command my eldest son,—nay, all my sons,
As pledges of my fealty and love;

I'll send them all as willing as I live;
Lands, goods, horse, armor, any thing I have
Is his to use, so Somerset may die.

Buck. York, I commend this kind submission:
We twain will go into his highness' tent.

Enter KING HENRY, attended.

K. Hen. Buckingham, doth York intend no harm to us,
That thus he marcheth with thee arm in arm?

York. In all submission and humility,
York doth present himself unto your highness.

K. Hen. Then what intend these forces thou dost bring?

York. To heave the traitor Somerset from hence;
And fight against that monstrous rebel, Cade,
Who since I heard to be discomfited.

Enter IDEN, with CADE'S head.

Iden. If one so rude, and of so mean condition,
May pass into the presence of a king,
Lo, I present your grace a traitor's head,
The head of Cade, whom I in combat slew.

K. Hen. The head of Cade?—Great God, how just art
thou!—

O, let me view his visage, being dead,
That, living, wrought me such exceeding trouble.
Tell me, my friend, art thou the man that slew him?

Iden. I was, an't like your majesty.

K. Hen. How art thou called? and what is thy degree?

Iden. Alexander Iden, that's my name;
A poor esquire of Kent, that loves his king.

Buck. So please it you, my lord, 'twere not amiss
He were created knight for his good service.

K. Hen. Iden, kneel down; [*He kneels.*] rise up a knight
We give thee for reward a thousand marks;
And will, that thou henceforth attend on us.

Iden. May Iden live to merit such a bounty,
And never live but true unto his liege!

K. Hen. See, Buckingham! Somerset comes with the
queen.
Go, bid her hide him quickly from the duke.

Enter QUEEN MARGARET and SOMERSET.

Q. Mar. For thousand Yorks he shall not hide his head,
But boldly stand, and front him to his face

York. How now! is Somerset at liberty?
Then, York, unloose thy long-imprisoned thoughts,

And let thy tongue be equal with thy heart.
 Shall I endure the sight of Somerset?—
 False king! why hast thou broken faith with me,
 Knowing how hardly I can brook abuse?
 King did I call thee? no, thou art not king;
 Not fit to govern and rule multitudes,
 Which dar'st not, no, nor canst not rule a traitor.
 That head of thine doth not become a crown;
 Thy hand is made to grasp a palmer's staff,
 And not to grace an awful, princely sceptre.
 That gold must round engirt these brows of mine;
 Whose smile and frown, like to Achilles' spear,
 Is able with the change to kill and cure.
 Here is a hand to hold a sceptre up,
 And with the same to act controlling laws.
 Give place; by Heaven, thou shalt rule no more
 O'er him whom Heaven created for thy ruler.

Som. O, monstrous traitor!—I arrest thee, York,
 Of capital treason 'gainst the king and crown.
 Obey, audacious traitor; kneel for grace.

York. Wouldst have me kneel? first let me ask of these,
 If they can brook I bow a knee to man.—
 Sirrah, call in my sons to be my bail; [*Exit an Attendant.*
 I know, ere they will have me go to ward,
 They'll pawn their swords for my enfranchisement.

Q. Mar. Call hither Clifford; bid him come amain,
 To say, if that the bastard boys of York
 Shall be the surety for their traitor father.

York. O blood-bespotted Neapolitan,
 Outcast of Naples, England's bloody scourge!
 The sons of York, thy betters in their birth,
 Shall be their father's bail; and bane to those
 That for my surety will refuse the boys.

*Enter EDWARD and RICHARD PLANTAGENET, with Forces,
 at one side; at the other, with Forces also, Old CLIFFORD
 and his Son.*

See, where they come; I'll warrant they'll make it good.

Q. Mar. And here comes Clifford, to deny their bail.

Clif. Health and all happiness to my lord the king!
 [*Kneels.*

York. I thank thee, Clifford. Say, what news with thee?
 Nay, do not fright us with an angry look:
 We are thy sovereign, Clifford; kneel again;
 For thy mistaking so, we pardon thee.

Clif. This is my king, York; I do not mistake;

But thou mistak'st me much, to think I do.
To Bedlam with him! Is the man grown mad?

K. Hen. Ay, Clifford; a bedlam and ambitious humor
Makes him oppose himself against his king.

Clif. He is a traitor; let him to the Tower,
And chop away that factious pate of his.

Q. Mar. He is arrested, but will not obey;
His sons, he says, shall give their words for him.

York. Will you not, sons?

Edw. Ay, noble father, if our words will serve.

Rich. And if words will not, then our weapons shall.

Clif. Why, what a brood of traitors have we here!

York. Look in a glass, and call thy image so;
I am thy king, and thou a false-heart traitor.—
Call hither to the stake my two brave bears,
That, with the very shaking of their chains,
They may astonish these fell lurking curs.
Bid Salisbury, and Warwick, come to me.

Drums. Enter WARWICK and SALISBURY, with Forces.

Clif. Are these thy bears? we'll bait thy bears to death,
And manacle the bear-ward in their chains,
If thou dar'st bring them to the baiting-place.

Rich. Oft have I seen a hot, o'erweening cur
Run back and bite, because he was withheld;
Who, being suffered with the bear's fell paw,
Hath clapped his tail between his legs, and cried.
And such a piece of service will you do,
If you oppose yourselves to match lord Warwick.

Clif. Hence, heap of wrath, foul, indigested lump,
As crooked in thy manners as thy shape!

York. Nay, we shall heat you thoroughly anon.

Clif. Take heed, lest by your heat you burn yourselves.

K. Hen. Why, Warwick, hath thy knee forgot to bow?
Old Salisbury,—shame to thy silver hair,
Thou mad misleader of thy brain-sick son!—
What, wilt thou on thy death-bed play the ruffian,
And seek for sorrow with thy spectacles?
O, where is faith? O, where is loyalty?
If it be banished from the frosty head,
Where shall it find a harbor in the earth?—
Wilt thou go dig a grave to find out war,
And sname thine honorable age with blood?
Why art thou old, and want'st experience?
Or wherefore dost abuse it, if thou hast it?

For shame! in duty bend thy knee to me,
That bows unto the grave with mickle age.

Sal. My lord, I have considered with myself
The title of this most renowned duke;
And in my conscience do repute his grace
The rightful heir to England's royal seat.

K. Hen. Hast thou not sworn allegiance unto me?

Scl. I have.

K. Hen. Canst thou dispense with Heaven for such an oath?

Sal. It is great sin, to swear unto a sin;
But greater sin, to keep a sinful oath.
Who can be bound by any solemn vow
To do a murderous deed, to rob a man,
To force a spotless virgin's chastity,
To reave the orphan of his patrimony,
To wring the widow from her custom'd right;
And have no other reason for this wrong,
But that he was bound by a solemn oath?

Q. Mar. A subtle traitor needs no sophister.

K. Hen. Call Buckingham, and bid him arm himself.

York. Call Buckingham and all the friends thou hast.
I am resolved for death or dignity.

Clif. The first, I warrant thee, if dreams prove true.

War. You were best to go to bed, and dream again,
To keep thee from the tempest of the field.

Clif. I am resolved to bear a greater storm,
Than any thou canst conjure up to-day;
And that I'll write upon thy burgonet,
Might I but know thee by thy household badge.

War. Now, by my father's badge, old Nevil's crest,
The rampant bear chained to the ragged staff,
This day I'll wear aloft my burgonet,
(As on a mountain top the cedar shows,
That keeps his leaves in spite of any storm,
Even to affright thee with the view thereof.

Clif. And from thy burgonet I'll rend thy bear,
And tread it under foot with all contempt,
Despite the bear-ward that protects the bear.

Y. Clif. And so to arms, victorious father,
To quell the rebels, and their 'complices.

Rich. Fie! charity, for shame! speak not in spite,
For you shall sup with *Jesu Christ* to-night.

Y. Clif. Foul stigmatic, that's more than thou canst tell.

Rich. If not in heaven, you'll surely sup in hell.

[*Excunt severally.*]

SCENE II. Saint Albans.

Alarums: Excursions. Enter WARWICK

War. Clifford of Cumberland, 'tis Warwick calls!
 And if thou dost not hide thee from the bear,
 Now,—when the angry trumpet sounds alarm,
 And dead men's eyes do fill the empty air,—
 Clifford, I say, come forth and fight with me!
 Proud northern lord, Clifford of Cumberland.
 Warwick is hoarse with calling thee to arms.

Enter YORK.

How now, my noble lord? what, all afoot?

York. The deadly-handed Clifford slew my steed;
 But match to match I have encountered him,
 And made a prey for carrion kites and crows
 Even of the bonny beast he loved so well.

Enter CLIFFORD.

War. Of one or both of us the time is come.

York. Hold, Warwick, seek thee out some other chase,
 For I myself must hunt this deer to death.

War. Then, nobly, York; 'tis for a crown thou fight'st.—
 As I intend, Clifford, to thrive to-day,
 It grieves my soul to leave thee unassailed.

[Exit WARWICK.]

Clif. What seest thou in me, York? why dost thou
 pause?

York. With thy brave bearing should I be in love,
 But that thou art so fast mine enemy.

Clif. Nor should thy prowess want praise and esteem.
 But that 'tis shown ignobly, and in treason.

York. So let it help me now against thy sword,
 As I in justice and true right express it!

Clif. My soul and body on the action both!—

York. A dreadful lay!—address thee instantly.

[They fight, and CLIFFORD falls.]

Clif. *La fin couronne les œuvres.* *[Dies.]*

York. Thus war hath given thee peace, for thou art still.
 Peace with his soul, Heaven, if it be thy will! *[Exit.]*

Enter Young CLIFFORD.

Y. Clif. Shame and confusion! all is on the rout:
 Fear frames disorder, and disorder wounds
 Where it should guard. O war, thou son of hell,

Whom angry Heavens do make their minister,
 Throw in the frozen bosoms of our part
 Hot coals of vengeance! Let no soldier fly:
 He that is truly dedicate to war,
 Hath no self-love; nor he, that loves himself,
 Hath not essentially, but by circumstance,
 The name of valor.—O, let the vile world end,
[Seeing his dead father.

And the premised flames of the last day
 Knit earth and heaven together!
 Now let the general trumpet blow his blast,
 Particularities and petty sounds
 To cease!—Wast thou ordained, dear father,
 To lose thy youth in peace, and to achieve
 The silver livery of advised age;
 And, in thy reverence, and thy chair-days, thus
 To die in ruffian battle?—Even at this sight,
 My heart is turned to stone; and, while 'tis mine,
 It shall be stony. York not our old men spares;
 No more will I their babes: tears virginal
 Shall be to me even as the dew to fire;
 And beauty, that the tyrant oft reclaims,
 Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flax.
 Henceforth I will not have to do with pity:
 Meet I an infant of the house of York,
 Into as many gobbets will I cut it,
 As wild Medea young Absyrtus did:
 In cruelty will I seek out my fame.
 Come, thou new ruin of old Clifford's house.

[Taking up the body.

As did Æneas old Anchises bear,
 So bear I thee upon my manly shoulders;
 But then Æneas bare a living load,
 Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine. *[Exit.*

Enter RICHARD PLANTAGENET and SOMERSET, fighting, and
 SOMERSET is killed.

Rich. So, lie thou there;—
 For underneath an alehouse' paltry sign,
 The castle in Saint Albans, Somerset
 Hath made the wizard famous in his death.—
 Sword, hold thy temper; heart, be wrathful still;
 Priests pray for enemies, but princes kill. *[Exit.*

Alarums: Excursions. Enter KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET, and others, retreating.

Q. Mar. Away, my lord! you are slow; for shame, away!
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K. Hen. Can we outrun the heavens? good Margaret, stay.

Q. Mar. What are you made of? you'll not fight, nor fly. Now is it manhood, wisdom, and defence, To give the enemy way; and to secure us By what we can, which can no more but fly.

[*Alarum afar off.*

If you be ta'en, we then should see the bottom Of all our fortunes; but if we haply 'scape, (As well we may, if not through your neglect,) We shall to London get, where you are loved; And where this breach, now in our fortunes made, May readily be stopped.

Enter Young CLIFFORD.

Y. Clif. But that my heart's on future mischief set, I would speak blasphemy ere bid you fly; But fly you must; uncurable discomfit Reigns in the hearts of all our present parts. Away, for your relief! and we will live To see their day, and them our fortune give. Away, my lord, away! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Fields near Saint Albans.*

Alarum: Retreat. Flourish; then enter YORK, RICHARD PLANTAGENET, WARWICK, and Soldiers, with drum and colors.

York. Of Salisbury, who can report of him; That winter lion, who, in rage, forgets Aged contusions and all brush of time; And, like a gallant in the brow of youth, Repairs him with occasion? This happy day Is not itself, nor have we won one foot, If Salisbury be lost.

Rich. My noble father, Three times to-day I help him to his horse, Three times bestrid him, thrice I led him off, Persuaded him from any further act; But still, where danger was, still there I met him; And like rich hangings in a homely house, So was his will in his old feeble body. But, noble as he is, look where he comes.

Enter SALISBURY.

Sal. Now, by my sword, well hast thou fought to-day;
By the mass, so did we all.—I thank you, Richard.
God knows how long it is I have to live;
And it hath pleased him that three times to-day
You have defended me from imminent death.—
Well, lords, we have not got that which we have;
'Tis not enough our foes are this time fled,
Being opposites of such repairing nature.

York. I know our safety is to follow them;
For as I hear, the king is fled to London,
To call a present court of parliament.
Let us pursue him, ere the writs go forth.—
What says lord Warwick? shall we after them?

War. After them! nay, before them, if we can.
Now, by my faith, lords, 'twas a glorious day;
Saint Albans' battle, won by famous York,
Shall be eternized in all age to come.—
Sound, drums and trumpets,—and to London all;
And more such days as these to us befall! [*Exeunt*

THIRD PART OF
KING HENRY VI.

PERSONS REPRESENTED

KING HENRY THE SIXTH :

EDWARD, *Prince of Wales, his Son.*

LEWIS XI. *King of France.*

Duke of Somerset, Duke of Exeter, Earl of Oxford, Earl of Northumberland, Earl of Westmoreland, LORD CLIFFORD,	}	<i>Lords on King Henry's side</i>
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RICHARD PLANTAGENET, *Duke of York*

EDWARD, <i>Earl of March, afterwards King</i> Edward IV. GEORGE, <i>afterwards Duke of Clarence,</i> RICHARD, <i>afterwards Duke of Gloucester,</i> EDMUND, <i>Earl of Rutland.</i>	}	<i>his Sons.</i>
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Duke of Norfolk, Marquis of Montague, Earl of Warwick, Earl of Pembroke, LORD HASTINGS, LORD STAFFORD,	}	<i>of the Duke of York's Party.</i>
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SIR JOHN MORTIMER, SIR HUGH MORTIMER,	}	<i>Uncles to the Duke of York.</i>
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HENRY, *Earl of Richmond, a Youth.*

LORD RIVERS, *Brother to Lady Grey.* **SIR WILLIAM STANLEY**
SIR JOHN MONTGOMERY. **SIR JOHN SOMERVILLE.** Tutor
to Rutland. Mayor of York Lieutenant of the Tower. A
Nobleman. Two Keepers. A Huntsman. A Son that has
killed his Father. A Father that has killed his Son.

QUEEN MARGARET.

LADY GREY, *afterwards Queen to Edward IV.*

BONA, *Sister to the French Queen.*

Soldiers, and other Attendants on King Henry and King Edward,
Messengers, Watchmen, &c.

SCENE, *during part of the third act, in France; during all the*
rest of the play, in England.

THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI.

ACT I.

SCENE I. London. *The Parliament House.*

Drums. Some Soldiers of York's party break in. Then, enter the DUKE of YORK, EDWARD, RICHARD, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, WARWICK, and others, with white roses in their hats.

War. I WONDER how the king escaped our hands.

York. While we pursued the horsemen of the north,
He slyly stole away, and left his men;
Whereat the great lord of Northumberland,
Whose warlike ears could never brook retreat,
Cheered up the drooping army; and himself,
Lord Clifford, and lord Stafford, all abreast,
Charged our main battle's front; and, breaking in,
Were by the swords of common soldiers slain.

Edw. Lord Stafford's father, duke of Buckingham,
Is either slain, or wounded dangerous.
I cleft his beaver with a downright blow;
That this is true, father, behold his blood.

[*Showing his bloody sword.*]

Mont. And, brother, here's the earl of Wiltshire's blood,
[*To YORK, showing his.*]

Whom I encountered as the battles joined.

Rich. Speak thou for me, and tell them what I did.

[*Throwing down the DUKE of SOMERSET'S head.*]

York. Richard hath best deserved of all my sons.—
What, is your grace dead, my lord of Somerset?

Norf. Such hope have all the line of John of Gaunt!

Rich. Thus do I hope to shake king Henry's head.

War. And so do I.—Victorious prince of York,

Before I see thee seated in that throne
Which now the house of Lancaster usurps,
I vow by Heaven, these eyes shall never close.
This is the palace of the fearful king,
And this the regal seat: possess it, York;
For this is thine, and not king Henry's heirs'.

York. Assist me then, sweet Warwick, and I will;
For hither we have broken in by force.

Norf. We'll all assist you; he that flies shall die.

York. Thanks, gentle Norfolk.—Stay by me, my lords;—
And, soldiers, stay, and lodge by me this night.

War. And, when the king comes, offer him no violence,
Unless he seek to thrust you out by force. [*They retire.*]

York. The queen, this day, here holds her parliament,
But little thinks we shall be of her council.
By words or blows here let us win our right.

Rich. Armed as we are, let's stay within this house.

War. The bloody parliament shall this be called,
Unless Plantagenet, duke of York, be king;
And bashful Henry deposed, whose cowardice
Hath made us by-words to our enemies.

York. Then leave me not, my lords; be resolute;
I mean to take possession of my right.

War. Neither the king, nor he that loves him best,
The proudest he that holds up Lancaster,
Dares stir a wing, if Warwick shake his bells.
I'll plant Plantagenet, root him up who dares.—
Resolve thee, Richard; claim the English crown.

[WARWICK leads YORK to the throne, who
seats himself.]

Flourish. Enter KING HENRY, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBER-
LAND, WESTMORELAND, EXETER, and others, with red
roses in their hats.

K. Hen. My lords, look where the sturdy rebel sits,
Even in the chair of state! Belike, he means
(Backed by the power of Warwick, that false peer)
To aspire unto the crown, and reign as king.—
Earl of Northumberland, he slew thy father;—
And thine, lord Clifford; and you both have vowed revenge
On him, his sons, his favorites, and his friends.

North. If I be not, Heavens, be revenged on me!

Clif. The hope thereof makes Clifford mourn in steel.

West. What, shall we suffer this? Let's pluck him down;
My heart for anger burns; I cannot brook it.

K. Hen. Be patient, gentle earl of Westmoreland.

Clif. Patience is for poltroons, and such as he;
He durst not sit there had your father lived.
My gracious lord, here in the parliament
Let us assail the family of York.

North. Well hast thou spoken, cousin; be it so.

K. Hen. Ah, know you not the city favors them,
And they have troops of soldiers at their beck?

Exe. But when the duke is slain, they'll quickly fly.

K. Hen. Far be the thought of this from Henry's heart,
To make a shambles of the parliament-house!
Cousin of Exeter, frowns, words, and threats,
Shall be the war that Henry means to use.—

[*They advance to the Duke.*]

Thou factious duke of York, descend my throne,
And kneel for grace and mercy at my feet.
I am thy sovereign.

York. Thou art deceived; I am thine.

Exe. For shame, come down; he made thee duke of York.

York. 'Twas my inheritance, as the earldom was.

Exe. Thy father was a traitor to the crown,

War. Exeter, thou art a traitor to the crown,
In following this usurping Henry.

Clif. Whom should he follow, but his natural king?

War. True, Clifford; and that's Richard, duke of York.

K. Hen. And shall I stand, and thou sit in my throne?

York. It must and shall be so. Content thyself.

War. Be duke of Lancaster; let him be king.

West. He is both king and duke of Lancaster;
And that the lord of Westmoreland shall maintain.

War. And Warwick shall disprove it. You forget,
That we are those, which chased you from the field,
And slew your fathers, and with colors spread
Marched through the city to the palace gates.

North. Yes, Warwick, I remember it to my grief;
And, by his soul, thou and thy house shall rue it.

West. Plantagenet, of thee, and these thy sons,
Thy kinsmen, and thy friends, I'll have more lives,
Than drops of blood were in my father's veins.

Clif. Urge it no more; lest that, instead of words,
I send thee, Warwick, such a messenger,
As shall revenge his death, before I stir.

War. Poor Clifford! how I scorn his worthless threats!

York. Will you, we show our title to the crown?
If not, our swords shall plead it in the field.

K. Hen. What title hast thou, traitor, to the crown?
Thy father was, as thou art, duke of York;

Thy grandfather, Roger Mortimer, earl of March.
I am the son of Henry the Fifth,
Who made the dauphin and the French to stoop,
And seized upon their towns and provinces.

War. Talk not of France, sith thou hast lost it all.

K. Hen. The lord protector lost it, and not I;
When I was crowned, I was but nine months old.

Rich. You are old enough now, and yet, methinks, you
lose.—

Father, tear the crown from the usurper's head.

Edw. Sweet father, do so; set it on your head.

Mont. Good brother, [*To YORK.*] as thou lov'st and
honor'st arms,

Let's fight it out, and not stand cavilling thus.

Rich. Sound drums and trumpets, and the king will fly.

York. Sons, peace!

K. Hen. Peace thou! and give king Henry leave to
speak.

War. Plantagenet shall speak first.—Hear him, lords;
And be you silent and attentive too,
For he that interrupts him shall not live.

K. Hen. Think'st thou that I will leave my kingly throne,
Wherein my grandsire and my father sat?
No; first shall war unpeople this my realm;
Ay, and their colors—often borne in France,
And now in England, to our heart's great sorrow—
Shall be my winding-sheet.—Why faint you, lords?
My title's good, and better far than his.

War. But prove it, Henry, and thou shalt be king.

K. Hen. Henry the Fourth by conquest got the crown.

York. 'Twas by rebellion against his king.

K. Hen. I know not what to say; my title's weak.
Tell me, may not a king adopt an heir?

York. What then?

K. Hen. An if he may, then am I lawful king.
For Richard, in the view of many lords,
Resigned the crown to Henry the Fourth;
Whose heir my father was, and I am his.

York. He rose against him, being his sovereign,
And made him to resign his crown perforce.

War. Suppose, my lords, he did it unconstrained,
Think you 'twere prejudicial to his crown?

Exe. No; for he could not so resign his crown,
But that the next heir should succeed and reign.

K. Hen. Art thou against us, duke of Exeter?

Exe. His is the right, and therefore pardon me.

York. Why whisper you, my lords, and answer not?

Exe. My conscience tells me he is lawful king

K. Hen. All will revolt from me, and turn to him.

North. Plantagenet, for all the claim thou lay'st,
Think not, that Henry shall be so deposed.

War. Deposed he shall be, in despite of all.

North. Thou art deceived. 'Tis not thy southern power,—
Of Essex, Norfolk, Suffolk, nor of Kent,—
Which makes thee thus presumptuous and proud,—
Can set the duke up, in despite of me.

Clif. King Henry, be thy title right or wrong,
Lord Clifford vows to fight in thy defence.
May that ground gape, and swallow me alive,
Where I shall kneel to him that slew my father!

K. Hen. O, Clifford, how thy words revive my heart!

York. Henry of Lancaster, resign thy crown.—
What mutter you, or what conspire you, lords?

War. Do right unto this princely duke of York;
Or I will fill the house with armed men,
And o'er the chair of state, where now he sits,
Write up his title with usurping blood.

[*He stamps, and the Soldiers show themselves.*]

K. Hen. My lord of Warwick, hear me but one word;—
Let me, for this my lifetime, reign as king.

York. Confirm the crown to me, and to mine heirs,
And thou shalt reign in quiet whilst thou liv'st.

K. Hen. I am content. Richard Plantagenet,
Enjoy the kingdom after my decease.

Clif. What wrong is this unto the prince your son!

War. What good is this to England, and himself!

West. Base, fearful and despairing Henry!

Clif. How hast thou injured both thyself and us!

West. I cannot stay to hear these articles.

North. Nor I.

Clif. Come, cousin, let us tell the queen these news.

West. Farewell, faint-hearted and degenerate king,
In whose cold blood no spark of honor bides.

North. Be thou a prey unto the house of York,
And die in bands for this unmanly deed!

Clif. In dreadful war mayst thou be overcome!
Or live in peace, abandoned and despised!

[*Exeunt* NORTHUMBERLAND, CLIFFORD, and
WESTMORELAND.]

War. Turn this way, Henry, and regard them not.

Exe. They seek revenge, and therefore will not yield.

K. Hen. Ah, Exeter!

War. Why should you sigh, my lord?

K. Hen. Not for myself, lord Warwick, but my son,
Whom I unnaturally shall disinherit.

But, be it as it may:—I here entail
The crown to thee, and to thine heirs forever;
Conditionally, that here thou take an oath,
To cease this civil war, and, whilst I live,
To honor me as thy king and sovereign;
And neither by treason nor hostility,
To seek to put me down, and reign thyself.

York. This oath I willingly take, and will perform.

[*Coming from the throne.*]

War. Long live king Henry!—Plantagenet, embrace him.

K. Hen. And long live thou, and these thy forward sons!

York. Now York and Lancaster are reconciled.

Exe. Accursed be he that seeks to make them foes

[*Senet. The Lords come forward*]

York. Farewell, my gracious lord; I'll to my castle.

War. And I'll keep London, with my soldiers.

Norf. And I to Norfolk, with my followers.

Mont. And I unto the sea, from whence I came.

[*Exeunt YORK, and his Sons, WARWICK,
NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, Soldiers, and
Attendants.*]

K. Hen. And I, with grief and sorrow, to the court.

Enter QUEEN MARGARET and the PRINCE of WALES.

Exe. Here comes the queen, whose looks bewray her
anger.

I'll steal away.

K. Hen. Exeter, so will I. [*Going.*]

Q. Mar. Nay, go not from me; I will follow thee.

K. Hen. Be patient, gentle queen, and I will stay.

Q. Mar. Who can be patient in such extremes?

Ah, wretched man! 'would I had died a maid,
And never seen thee, never borne thee son,
Seeing thou hast proved so unnatural a father!
Hath he deserved to lose his birthright thus?
Hadst thou but loved him half so well as I,
Or felt that pain which I did for him once;
Or nourished him, as I did with my blood;
Thou wouldst have left thy dearest heart-blood there,
Rather than have made that savage duke thine heir,
And disinherited thine only son.

Prince. Father, you cannot disinherit me.
If you be king, why should not I succeed?

K. Hen. Pardon me, Margaret;—pardon me, sweet son;—

The earl of Warwick, and the duke, enforced me.

Q. Mar. Enforced thee! Art thou king, and wilt be forced?
I shame to hear thee speak. Ah, timorous wretch!
Thou hast undone thyself, thy son, and me,
And given unto the house of York such head,
As thou shalt reign but by their sufferance.
To entail him and his heirs unto the crown,
What is it, but to make thy sepulchre,
And creep into it far before thy time?
Warwick is chancellor, and the lord of Calais;
Stern Faulconbridge commands the narrow seas;
The duke is made protector of the realm;
And yet shalt thou be safe? Such safety finds
The trembling lamb, environed with wolves.
Had I been there, which am a silly woman,
The soldiers should have tossed me on their pikes,
Before I would have granted to that act.
But thou prefer'st thy life before thine honor;
And seeing thou dost, I here divorce myself,
Both from thy table, Henry, and thy bed,
Until that act of parliament be repealed,
Whereby my son is disinherited.

The northern lords, that have forsworn thy colors,
Will follow mine, if once they see them spread.

And spread they shall be; to thy foul disgrace,
And utter ruin of the house of York.

Thus do I leave thee.—Come, son, let's away;
Our army's ready; come, we'll after them.

K. Hen. Stay, gentle Margaret, and hear me speak.

Q. Mar. Thou hast spoke too much already; get thee gone.

K. Hen. Gentle son Edward, thou wilt stay with me?

Q. Mar. Ay, to be murdered by his enemies.

Prince. When I return with victory from the field,
I'll see your grace; till then, I'll follow her.

Q. Mar. Come, son, away; we may not linger thus.

[*Exeunt* QUEEN MARGARET and the Prince.]

K. Hen. Poor queen! how love to me, and to her son,
Hath made her break out into terms of rage!
Revenged may she be on that hateful duke;
Whose haughty spirit, winged with desire,
Will coast my crown, and, like an empty eagle,
Tire on the flesh of me, and of my son!
The loss of those three lords torments my heart;

I'll write unto them, and entreat them fair.—

Come, cousin, you shall be the messenger.

Exe. And I, I hope, shall reconcile them all. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A Room in Sandal Castle, near Wakefield in Yorkshire.*

Enter EDWARD, RICHARD, and MONTAGUE.

Rich. Brother, though I be youngest, give me leave.

Edw. No, I can better play the orator.

Mont. But I have reasons strong and forcible.

Enter YORK.

York. Why, how now, sons and brother, at a strife?
What is your quarrel? How began it first?

Edw. No quarrel, but a slight contention.

York. About what?

Rich. About that which concerns your grace and us;
The crown of England, father, which is yours.

York. Mine, boy? not till king Henry be dead.

Rich. Your right depends not on his life, or death.

Edw. Now you are heir, therefore enjoy it now.
By giving the house of Lancaster leave to breathe,
It will outrun you, father, in the end.

York. I took an oath that he should quietly reign.

Edw. But, for a kingdom, any oath may be broken;
I'd break a thousand oaths to reign one year.

Rich. No; God forbid your grace should be forsworn.

York. I shall be, if I claim by open war.

Rich. I'll prove the contrary, if you'll hear me speak.

York. Thou canst not, son; it is impossible.

Rich. An oath is of no moment, being not took
Before a true and lawful magistrate,
That hath authority over him that swears.
Henry had none, but did usurp the place;
Then, seeing 'twas he that made you to depose,
Your oath, my lord, is vain and frivolous.
Therefore, to arms. And, father, do but think,
How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown;
Within whose circuit is Elysium,
And all that poets feign of bliss and joy.
Why do we linger thus? I cannot rest,
Until the white rose that I wear be dyed
Even in the lukewarm blood of Henry's heart.

York. Richard, enough; I will be king, or die —

Brother, thou shalt to London presently,
And whet on Warwick to this enterprise.—
'Thou, Richard, shalt unto the duke of Norfolk,
And tell him privily of our intent.
You, Edward, shall unto my lord Cobham,
With whom the Kentishmen will willingly rise.
In them I trust; for they are soldiers,
Witty, courteous, liberal, full of spirit.—
While you are thus employed, what resteth more,
But that I seek occasion how to rise;
And yet the king not privy to my drift,
Nor any of the house of Lancaster?

Enter a Messenger.

But, stay—what news? Why com'st thou in such post?

Mess. The queen, with all the northern earls and lords,
Intend here to besiege you in your castle.
She is hard by with twenty thousand men;
And therefore fortify your hold, my lord.

York. Ay, with my sword. What! think'st thou that
we fear them?—

Edward and Richard, you shall stay with me;
My brother Montague shall post to London;
Let noble Warwick, Cobham, and the rest,
Whom we have left protectors of the king,
With powerful policy strengthen themselves,
And trust not simple Henry, nor his oaths.

Mont. Brother, I go; I'll win them, fear it not.
And thus most humbly I do take my leave. [*Exit.*

Enter SIR JOHN and SIR HUGH MORTIMER.

York. Sir John, and sir Hugh Mortimer, mine uncles!
You are come to Sandal in a happy hour;
The army of the queen mean to besiege us.

Sir. John. She shall not need; we'll meet her in the field.

York. What, with five thousand men?

Rich. Ay, with five hundred, father, for a need.
A woman's general; what should we fear?

[*A march afar off.*

Edw. I hear their drums; let's set our men in order:
And issue forth, and bid them battle straight.

York. Five men to twenty!—though the odds be great,
I doubt not, uncle, of our victory.
Many a battle have I won in France,

When as the enemy hath been ten to one;
Why should I not now have the like success?

[*Alarum. Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Plains near Sandal Castle.*

Alarums: Excursions. Enter RUTLAND, and his Tutor.

Rut. Ah, whither shall I fly to 'scape their hands?
Ah, tutor! look, where bloody Clifford comes!

Enter CLIFFORD and Soldiers.

Clif. Chaplain, away! thy priesthood saves thy life.
As for the brat of this accursed duke,
Whose father slew my father,—he shall die.

Tut. And I, my lord, will bear him company.

Clif. Soldiers, away with him.

Tut. Ah, Clifford! murder not this innocent child,
Lest thou be hated both of God and man.

[*Exit, forced off by Soldiers.*]

Clif. How now! is he dead already? Or, is it fear
That makes him close his eyes?—I'll open them.

Rut. So looks the pent-up lion o'er the wretch
That trembles under his devouring paws:
And so he walks, insulting o'er his prey;
And so he comes to rend his limbs asunder.—
Ah, gentle Clifford, kill me with thy sword,
And not with such a cruel, threat'ning look.
Sweet Clifford, hear me speak before I die;—
I am too mean a subject for thy wrath;
Be thou revenged on men, and let me live.

Clif. In vain thou speak'st, poor boy; my father's blood
Hath stopped the passage where thy words should enter.

Rut. Then let my father's blood open it again;
He is a man, and, Clifford, cope with him.

Clif. Had I thy brethren here, their lives, and thine,
Were not revenge sufficient for me.
No, if I digged up thy forefathers' graves,
And hung their rotten coffins up in chains,
It could not slake mine ire, nor ease my heart.
The sight of any of the house of York
Is as a fury to torment my soul;
And till I root out their accursed line,
And leave not one alive, I live in hell.
Therefore——

[*Lifting his hand*]

Rut. O, let me pray before I take my death.—
To thee I pray; sweet Clifford, pity me!

Clif. Such pity as my rapier's point affords.

Rut. I never did thee harm; why wilt thou slay me?

Clif. Thy father hath.

Rut. But 'twas ere I was born.
Thou hast one son; for his sake pity me;
Lest, in revenge thereof,—sith God is just,—
He be as miserably slain as I.
Ah, let me live in prison all my days;
And when I give occasion of offence,
Then let me die, for now thou hast no cause.

Clif. No cause?

Thy father slew my father; therefore, die.

[CLIFFORD *stabs him.*

Rut. *Dii faciant, laudis summa sit ista tuæ!* [Dies.

Clif. Plantagenet! I come, Plantagenet!

And this thy son's blood, cleaving to my blade,
Shall rust upon my weapon, till my blood,
Congealed with this, do make me wipe off both. [Exit.

SCENE IV. *The same.*

Alarum. Enter YORK.

York. The army of the queen hath got the field.
My uncles both are slain in rescuing me;
And all my followers to the eager foe
Turn back, and fly, like ships before the wind,
Or lambs pursued by hunger-starved wolves.
My sons -- God knows what hath bechanced them;
But this I know,—they have demeaned themselves
Like men born to renown, by life, or death.
Three times did Richard make a lane to me;
And thrice cried,—*Courage, father, fight it out!*
And full as oft came Edward to my side,
With purple falchion, painted to the hilt
In blood of those that had encountered him;
And when the hardiest warriors did retire,
Richard cried,—*Charge! and give no foot of ground!*
And cried,—*A crown, or else a glorious tomb!*
A sceptre, or an earthly sepulchre!
With this we charged again; but, out, alas!
We bodged again; as I have seen a swan
With bootless labor swim against the tide,
And spend her strength with overmatching waves.

[A short alarum within.

Ah, hark! the fatal followers do pursue;
And I am faint, and cannot fly their fury:
And, were I strong, I would not shun their fury.
The sands are numbered that make up my life;
Here must I stay, and here my life must end.

Enter QUEEN MARGARET, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBERLAND,
and Soldiers.

Come, bloody Clifford,—rough Northumberland,—
I dare your quenchless fury to more rage;
I am your butt, and I abide your shot.

North. Yield to our mercy, proud Plantagenet.

Clif. Ay, to such mercy as his ruthless arm,
With downright payment, showed unto my father.
How Phaëton hath tumbled from his car,
And made an evening at the noontide prick.

York. My ashes, as the Phoenix, may bring forth
A bird that will revenge upon you all;
And, in that hope, I throw mine eyes to heaven,
Scorning whate'er you can afflict me with.
Why come you not? what! multitudes, and fear?

Clif. So cowards fight, when they can fly no further;
So doves do peck the falcon's piercing talons;
So desperate thieves, all hopeless of their lives,
Breathe out invectives 'gainst the officers.

York. O, Clifford, but bethink thee once again,
And in thy thought o'errun my former time.
And, if thou canst for blushing, view this face;
And bite thy tongue that slanders him with cowardice,
Whose frown hath made thee faint and fly ere this.

Clif. I will not bandy with thee word for word;
But buckle with thee blows, twice two for one. [*Draws.*

Q. Mar. Hold, valiant Clifford! for a thousand causes,
I would prolong awhile the traitor's life.
Wrath makes him deaf; speak thou, Northumberland.

North. Hold, Clifford; do not honor him so much,
To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart
What valor were it, when a cur doth grin,
For one to thrust his hand between his teeth,
When he might spurn him with his foot away?
It is war's prize to take all vantages;
And ten to one is no impeach of valor.

[*They lay hands on YORK, who struggles.*

Clif. Ay, ay, so strives the woodcock with the gin.

North. So doth the cony struggle in the net.

[*YORK is taken prisoner.*

York. So triumph thieves upon their conquered booty;
So true men yield, with robbers so o'ermatched.

North. What would your grace have done unto him now?

Q. Mar. Brave warriors, Clifford and Northumberland,
Come make him stand upon this molehill here;
That raught at mountains with outstretched arms,
Yet parted but the shadow with his hand.—
What! was it you that would be England's king?
Was't you that revelled in our parliament,
And made a preachment of your high descent?
Where are your mess of sons to back you now?
The wanton Edward, and the lusty George?
And where's that valiant, crookback prodigy,
Dicky, your boy, that, with his grumbling voice,
Was wont to cheer his dad in mutinies?
Or, with the rest, where is your darling Rutland?
Look, York; I stained this napkin with the blood
That valiant Clifford, with his rapier's point,
Made issue from the bosom of the boy;
And, if thine eyes can water for his death,
I give thee this to dry thy cheeks withal.
Alas, poor York! but that I hate thee deadly,
I should lament thy miserable state.
I pr'ythee, grieve, to make me merry, York;
Stamp, rave, and fret, that I may sing and dance.
What, hath thy fiery heart so parched thine entrails,
That not a tear can fall for Rutland's death?
Why art thou patient, man? thou shouldst be mad;
And I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus.
Thou wouldst be feed, I see, to make me sport;
York cannot speak unless he wear a crown.—
A crown for York;—and, lords, bow low to him.—
Hold you his hands, whilst I do set it on.—

[Putting a paper crown on his head.]

Ay, marry, sir, now looks he like a king!
Ay, this is he that took king Henry's chair;
And this is he was his adopted heir.—
But how is it that great Plantagenet
Is crowned so soon, and broke his solemn oath?
As I bethink me, you should not be king,
Till our king Henry had shook hands with death.
And will you pale your head in Henry's glory,
And rob his temples of the diadem,
Now in his life, against your holy oath?
O, 'tis a fault too too unpardonable!—

Off with the crown; and, with the crown, his head;
And, whilst we breathe, take time to do him dead.

Clif. That is my office, for my father's sake.

Q. Mar. Nay, stay; let's hear the orisons he makes.

York. She wolf of France, but worse than wolves of
France,

Whose tongue more poisons than the adder's tooth!
How ill-beseeming is it, in thy sex,
To triumph like an Amazonian trull,
Upon their woes, whom fortune captivates!
But that thy face is, visor-like, unchanging,
Made impudent with use of evil deeds,
I would assay, proud queen, to make thee blush.
To tell thee whence thou cam'st, of whom derived,
Were shame enough to shame thee, wert thou not shameless.
Thy father bears the type of king of Naples,
Of both the Sicils, and Jerusalem;
Yet not so wealthy as an English yeoman.
Hath that poor monarch taught thee to insult?
It needs not, nor it boots thee not, proud queen;
Unless the adage must be verified,—
That beggars, mounted, run their horse to death.
'Tis beauty that doth oft make women proud;
But, God he knows, thy share thereof is small.
'Tis virtue that doth make them most admired;
The contrary doth make thee wondered at.
'Tis government, that makes them seem divine;
The want thereof makes thee abominable.
Thou art as opposite to every good,
As the antipodes are unto us,
Or as the south to the septentrion.
O, tiger's heart, wrapped in a woman's hide!
How couldst thou drain the life-blood of the child,
To bid the father wipe his eyes withal,
And yet be seen to bear a woman's face?
Women are soft, mild, pitiful, and flexible;
Thou stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless.
Bidd'st thou me rage? why, now thou hast thy wish:
Wouldst have me weep? why, now thou hast thy will;
For raging wind blows up incessant showers,
And, when the rage allays, the rain begins.
These tears are my sweet Rutland's obsequies;
And every drop cries vengeance for his death,—
'Gainst thee, fell Clifford,—and thee, false Frenchwoman.

North. Beshrew me, but his passions move me so,
That hardly can I check my eyes from tears.

York. That face of his the hungry cannibals
 Would not have touched, would not have stained with blood;
 But you are more inhuman, more inexorable,—
 O, ten times more,—than tigers of Hyrcania.
 See, ruthless queen, a hapless father's tears;
 This cloth thou dipp'dst in blood of my sweet boy,
 And I with tears do wash the blood away.
 Keep thou the napkin, and go boast of this;

[He gives back the handkerchief]

And, if thou tell'st the heavy story right,
 Upon my soul, the hearers will shed tears;
 Yea, even my foes will shed fast-falling tears,
 And say,—*Alas, it was a pitcous deed!*—
 There, take the crown, and, with the crown, my curse;
 And, in thy need, such comfort come to thee,
 As now I reap at thy too cruel hand!
 Hard-hearted Clifford, take me from the world;
 My soul to heaven, my blood upon your heads!

North. Had he been slaughterman to all my kin,
 I should not for my life but weep with him,
 To see how inly-sorrow gripes his soul.

Q. Mar. What, weeping-ripe, my lord Northumberland?
 Think but upon the wrong he did us all,
 And that will quickly dry thy melting tears.

Clif. Here's for my oath, here's for my father's death.

[Stabbing him.]

Q. Mar. And here's to right our gentle-hearted king.

[Stabbing him.]

York. Open thy gate of mercy, gracious God!
 My soul flies through these wounds to seek out thee. *[Dies.]*

Q. Mar. Off with his head, and set it on York gates;
 So York may overlook the town of York. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A Plain near Mortimer's Cross in Herefordshire. Drums.*

Enter EDWARD and RICHARD, with their Forces, marching.

Edw. I wonder how our princely father 'scaped;
 Or whether he be 'scaped away, or no,
 From Clifford's and Northumberland's pursuit.
 Had he been ta'en, we should have heard the news;

Had he been slain, we should have heard the news;
Or, had he 'scaped, methinks we should have heard
The happy tidings of his good escape.

How fares my brother? why is he so sad?

Rich. I cannot joy, until I be resolved
Where our right valiant father is become.
I saw him in the battle range about;
And watched him how he singled Clifford forth.
Methought he bore him in the thickest troop,
As doth a lion in a herd of neat;
Or as a bear encompassed round with dogs;
Who having pinched a few, and made them cry,
The rest stand all aloof, and bark at him.
So fared our father with his enemies;
So fled his enemies my warlike father;
Methinks 'tis prize enough to be his son.
See how the morning opes her golden gates,
And takes her farewell of the glorious sun!
How well resembles it the prime of youth,
Trimmed like a younker, prancing to his love!

Edw. Dazzle mine eyes, or do I see three suns?

Rich. Three glorious suns, each one a perfect sun;
Not separated with the racking clouds,
But severed in a pale, clear-shining sky.
See, see! they join, embrace, and seem to kiss,
As if they vowed some league inviolable;
Now are they but one lamp, one light, one sun.
In this the heaven figures some event.

Edw. 'Tis wondrous strange, the like yet never heard
I think it cites us, brother, to the field;
That we, the sons of brave Plantagenet,
Each one already blazing by our meeds,
Should notwithstanding, join our lights together,
And overshine the earth, as this the world.
Whate'er it bodes, henceforward will I bear
Upon my target three fair-shining suns.

Rich. Nay, bear three daughters;—by your le:
speak it;
You love the breeder better than the male.

Enter a Messenger.

But what art thou, whose heavy looks foretell
Some dreadful story hanging on thy tongue?

Mess. Ah, one that was a woful looker on,
When as the noble duke of York was slain,
Your princely father, and my loving lord.

Edw. O, speak no more! for I have heard too much.

Rich. Say how he died, for I will hear it all.

Mess. Environed he was with many foes;
And stood against them as the hope of Troy
Against the Greeks, that would have entered Troy.
But Hercules himself must yield to odds;
And many strokes, though with a little axe,
Hew down and fell the hardest-timbered oak.
By many hands your father was subdued;
But only slaughtered by the ireful arm
Of unrelenting Clifford and the queen:
Who crowned the gracious duke in high despite;
Laughed in his face; and, when with grief he wept,
The ruthless queen gave him, to dry his cheeks,
A napkin steeped in the harmless blood
Of sweet young Rutland, by rough Clifford slain.
And, after many scorns, many foul taunts,
They took his head, and on the gates of York
They set the same; and there it doth remain,
The saddest spectacle that e'er I viewed.

Edw. Sweet duke of York, our prop to lean upon,
Now thou art gone, we have no staff, no stay!—
O Clifford, boisterous Clifford, thou hast slain
The flower of Europe for his chivalry;
And treacherously hast thou vanquished him,
For, hand to hand, he would have vanquished thee!—
Now my soul's palace is become a prison;
Ah, would she break from hence! that this my body
Might in the ground be closed up in rest.
For never henceforth shall I joy again,
Never, O never, shall I see more joy.

Rich. I cannot weep; for all my body's moisture
Scarce serves to quench my furnace-burning heart
Nor can my tongue unload my heart's great burden;
For self-same wind, that I should speak withal,
Is kindling coals, that fire all my breast,
And burn me up with flames that tears would quench
To weep, is to make less the depth of grief.
Tears, then, for babes; blows and revenge for me!—
Richard, I bear thy name, I'll venge thy death,
Or die renowned by attempting it.

Edw. His name that valiant duke hath left with thee;
His dukedom and his chair with me is left.

Rich. Nay, if thou be that princely eagle's bird,
Show thy descent by gazing 'gainst the sun;

For chair and dukedom, throne and kingdom say;
Either that is thine, or else thou wert not his.

March. Enter WARWICK and MONTAGUE, with Forces.

War. How now, fair lords? What fare? what news abroad?

Rich. Great lord of Warwick, if we should recount
Our baleful news, and, at each word's deliverance,
Stab poniards in our flesh till all were told,
The words would add more anguish than the wounds
O valiant lord, the duke of York is slain.

Edw. O, Warwick! Warwick! that Plantagenet,
Which held thee dearly, as his soul's redemption,
Is by the stern lord Clifford done to death.

War. Ten days ago I drowned these news in tears
And now, to add more measure to your woes,
I come to tell you things since then befallen.
After the bloody fray at Wakefield fought,
Where your brave father breathed his latest gasp,
Tidings, as swiftly as the posts could run,
Were brought me of your loss, and his depart.
I then in London, keeper of the king,
Mustered my soldiers, gathered flocks of friends,
And very well appointed, as I thought,
Marched towards Saint Albans to intercept the queen.
Bearing the king in my behalf along;
For by my scouts I was advertised,
That she was coming with a full intent
To dash our late decree in parliament,
Touching king Henry's oath, and your succession.
Short tale to make,—we at Saint Albans met,
Our battles joined, and both sides fiercely fought;
But, whether 'twas the coldness of the king,
Who looked full gently on his warlike queen,
That robbed my soldiers of their hated spleen;
Or whether 'twas report of her success;
Or more than common fear of Clifford's rigor,
Who thunders to his captives—blood and death,
I cannot judge; but, to conclude with truth,
Their weapons like to lightning came and went;
Our soldiers'—like the night-owl's lazy flight,
Or like a lazy thrasher with a flail,—
Fell gently down, as if they struck their friends.
I cheered them up with justice of our cause,
With promise of high pay, and great rewards;
But all in vain; they had no heart to fight,

And we, in them, no hope to win the day,
So that we fled; the king, unto the queen;
Lord George your brother, Norfolk, and myself,
In haste, post-haste, are come to join with you;
For in the marches here, we heard you were,
Making another head to fight again.

Edw. Where is the duke of Norfolk, gentle Warwick?
And when came George from Burgundy to England?

War. Some six miles off the duke is with the soldiers;
And for your brother,—he was lately sent
From your kind aunt, duchess of Burgundy,
With aid of soldiers to this needful war.

Rich. 'Twas odds, belike, when valiant Warwick fled.
Oft have I heard his praises in pursuit,
But ne'er, till now, his scandal of retire.

War. Nor now my scandal, Richard, dost thou hear;
For thou shalt know, this strong right hand of mine
Can pluck the diadem from faint Henry's head,
And wring the awful sceptre from his fist;
Were he as famous and as bold in war,
As he is famed for mildness, peace, and prayer.

Rich. I know it well, lord Warwick: blame me not;
'Tis love, I bear thy glories, makes me speak.
But, in this troublous time, what's to be done?
Shall we go throw away our coats of steel,
And wrap our bodies in black mourning gowns,
Numbering our Ave-Maries with our beads?
Or shall we on the helmets of our foes
Tell our devotion with revengeful arms?
If for the last, say—Ay, and to it, lords.

War. Why, therefore Warwick came to seek you out;
And therefore comes my brother Montague.
Attend me, lords. The proud, insulting queen,
With Clifford, and the haught Northumberland,
And of their feather, many more proud birds,
Have wrought the easy-melting king like wax.
He swore consent to your succession,
His oath enrolled in the parliament;
And now to London all the crew are gone,
To frustrate both his oath, and what beside
May make against the house of Lancaster.
Their power, I think, is thirty thousand strong.
Now, if the help of Norfolk, and myself,
With all the friends that thou, brave earl of March,
Amongst the loving Welshmen canst procure,
Will but amount to five-and-twenty thousand,

Why, *Via!* to London will we march amain;
And once again bestride our foaming steeds,
And once again cry—Charge upon our foes!
But never once again, turn back, and fly.

Rich. Ay, now, methinks I hear great Warwick speak.
Ne'er may he live to see a sunshine day,
That cries—Retire, if Warwick bid him stay.

Edw. Lord Warwick, on thy shoulder will I lean;
And when thou fall'st, (as God forbid the hour!)
Must Edward fall, which peril heaven forefend!

War. No longer earl of March, but duke of York
The next degree is, England's royal throne;
For king of England shalt thou be proclaimed
In every borough as we pass along;
And he that throws not up his cap for joy,
Shall for the fault make forfeit of his head.
King Edward,—valiant Richard,—Montague,—
Stay we no longer dreaming of renown,
But sound the trumpets, and about our task.

Rich. Then, Clifford, were thy heart as hard as steel,
(As thou hast shown it flinty by thy deeds,
I come to pierce it,—or to give thee mine.

Edw. Then strike up, drums;—God, and saint George,
for us!

Enter a Messenger.

War. How now? what news?

Mess. The duke of Norfolk sends you word by me,
The queen is coming with a puissant host;
And craves your company for speedy counsel.

War. Why then it sorts, brave warriors. Let's away.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. Before York.

Enter KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET, the PRINCE of
WALES, CLIFFORD, and NORTHUMBERLAND, with Forces.

Q. Mar. Welcome, my lord, to this brave town of York.
Yonder's the head of that arch enemy,
That sought to be encompassed with your crown.
Doth not the object cheer your heart, my lord?

K. Hen. Ay, as the rocks cheer them that fear their
wreck;—

To see this sight, it irks my very soul.—
Withhold revenge, dear God! 'tis not my fault,
Not wittingly have I infringed my vow.

Clif. My gracious liege, this too much lenity
And harmful pity, must be laid aside.
To whom do lions cast their gentle looks?
Not to the beast that would usurp their den.
Whose hand is that the forest bear doth lick?
Not his that spoils her young before her face.
Who 'scapes the lurking serpent's mortal sting?
Not he that sets his foot upon her back.
The smallest worm will turn, being trodden on;
And doves will peck, in safeguard of their brood.
Ambitious York did level at thy crown,
Thou smiling, while he knit his angry brows;
He, but a duke, would have his son a king,
And raise his issue, like a loving sire;
Thou, being a king, blessed with a goodly son,
Didst yield consent to disinherit him,
Which argued thee a most unloving father.
Unreasonable creatures feed their young;
And though man's face be fearful to their eyes,
Yet, in protection of their tender ones,
Who hath not seen them (even with those wings
Which sometime they have used with fearful flight)
Make war with him that climbed unto their nest,
Offering their own lives in their young's defence?
For shame, my liege, make them your precedent!
Were it not pity that this goodly boy
Should lose his birthright by his father's fault;
And long hereafter say unto his child,—
*What my great-grandfather and grandsire got,
My careless father fondly gave away?*
Ah, what a shame were this! Look on the boy;
And let his manly face, which promiseth
Successful fortune, steel thy melting heart
To hold thine own, and leave thine own with him.

K. Hen. Full well hath Clifford played the orator
Inferring arguments of mighty force.
But, Clifford, tell me, didst thou never hear,
That things ill got had ever bad success?
And happy always was it for that son,
Whose father for his hoarding went to hell?
I'll leave my son my virtuous deeds behind;
And 'would my father had left me no more!
For all the rest is held at such a rate,
As brings a thousand-fold more care to keep,
Than in possession any jot of pleasure.
Ah, cousin York! 'would thy best friends did know,
How it doth grieve me that thy head is here!

Q. Mar. My lord, cheer up your spirits ; our foes are nigh,
And this soft courage makes your followers faint.
You promised knighthood to our forward son ;
Unsheath your sword, and dub him presently.—
Edward, kneel down.

K. Hen. Edward Plantagenet, arise a knight ;
And learn this lesson,—Draw thy sword in right.

Prince. My gracious father, by your kingly leave,
I'll draw it as apparent to the crown,
And in that quarrel use it to the death.

Clif. Why, that is spoken like a toward prince.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Royal commanders, be in readiness ;
For, with a band of thirty thousand men,
Comes Warwick, backing of the duke of York ;
And, in the towns, as they do march along,
Proclaims him king, and many fly to him.
Darraign your battle, for they are at hand.

Clif. I would your highness would depart the field ;
The queen hath best success when you are absent.

Q. Mar. Ay, good my lord, and leave us to our fortune.

K. Hen. Why, that's my fortune too ; therefore I'll stay.

North. Be it with resolution then to fight.

Prince. My royal father, cheer these noble lords,
And hearten those that fight in your defence.
Unsheath your sword, good father ; cry, *Saint George !*

March. *Enter EDWARD, GEORGE, RICHARD, WARWICK,
NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, and Soldiers.*

Edw. Now, perjured Henry ! wilt thou kneel for grace,
And set thy diadem upon my head ;
Or bide the mortal fortune of the field ?

Q. Mar. Go, rate thy minions, proud, insulting boy !
Becomes it thee to be thus bold in terms,
Before thy sovereign, and thy lawful king ?

Edw. I am his king, and he should bow his knee.
I was adopted heir by his consent ;
Since when, his oath is broke ; for, as I hear,
You—that are king, though he do wear the crown—
Have caused him, by new act of parliament,
To blot out me, and put his own son in.

Clif. And reason too ;
Who should succeed the father, but the son ?

Rich. Are you there, butcher ? — O, I cannot speak !

Clif. Ay, crookback; here I stand to answer thee,
Or any be the proudest of thy sort.

Rich. 'Twas you that killed young Rutland, was it not?

Clif. Ay, and old York, and yet not satisfied.

Rich. For God's sake, lords, give signal to the fight.

War. What say'st thou, Henry, wilt thou yield the crown?

Q. Mar. Why, how now, long-tongued Warwick? dare
you speak?

When you and I met at St. Albans last,
Your legs did better service than your hands.

War. Then 'twas my turn to fly, and now 'tis thine.

Clif. You said so much before, and yet you fled.

War. 'Twas not your valor, Clifford, drove me thence.

North. No, nor your manhood, that durst make you stay

Rich. Northumberland, I hold thee reverently.—

Break off the parle; for scarce I can refrain

The execution of my big-swollen heart

Upon that Clifford, that cruel child-killer.

Clif. I slew thy father: call'st thou him a child?

Rich. Ay, like a dastard, and a treacherous coward,
As thou didst kill our tender brother Rutland;
But, ere sunset, I'll make thee curse the deed.

K. Hen. Have done with words, my lords, and hear me
speak.

Q. Mar. Defy them, then, or else hold close thy lips.

K. Hen. I pr'ythee, give no limits to my tongue;
I am a king, and privileged to speak.

Clif. My liege, the wound that bred this meeting here,
Cannot be cured by words; therefore be still.

Rich. Then, executioner, unsheath thy sword.
By him that made us all, I am resolved,
That Clifford's manhood lies upon his tongue.

Edw. Say, Henry, shall I have my right or no?
A thousand men have broke their fasts to-day,
That ne'er shall dine, unless thou yield the crown.

War. If thou deny, their blood upon thy head;
For York in justice puts his armor on.

Prince. If that be right, which Warwick says is right,
There is no wrong, but every thing is right.

Rich. Whoever got thee, there thy mother stands;
For, well I wot, thou hast thy mother's tongue.

Q. Mar. But thou art neither like thy sire, nor dam;
But like a foul, misshapen stigmatic,
Marked by the destinies to be avoided,
As venom toads, or lizards' dreadful stings,

Rich. Iron of Naples, hid with English guilt,

Whose father bears the title of a king,
(As if a channel should be called the sea,)
Sham'st thou not, knowing whence thou art extraught,
To let thy tongue detect thy base-born heart?

Edw. A wisp of straw were worth a thousand crowns,
To make this shameless callet know herself.—
Helen of Greece was fairer far than thou,
Although thy husband may be Menelaus;
And ne'er was Agamemnon's brother wronged
By that false woman, as this king by thee.
His father revelled in the heart of France,
And tamed the king, and made the dauphin stoop;
And, had he matched according to his state,
He might have kept that glory to this day;
But, when he took a beggar to his bed,
And graced thy poor sire with his bridal day,
Even then that sunshine brewed a shower for him,
That washed his father's fortunes forth of France,
And heaped sedition on his crown at home.
For what hath broached this tumult, but thy pride?
Hadst thou been meek, our title still had slept;
And we, in pity of the gentle king,
Had slipped our claim until another age.

Geo. But, when we saw our sunshine made thy spring,
And that thy summer bred us no increase,
We set the axe to thy usurping root;
And though the edge hath something hit ourselves,
Yet, know thou, since we have begun to strike,
We'll never leave, till we have hewn thee down,
Or bathed thy growing with our heated bloods.

Edw. And, in this resolution, I defy thee;
Not willing any longer conference,
Since thou deny'st the gentle king to speak.—
Sound trumpets!—let our bloody colors wave!—
And either victory, or else a grave.

Q. Mar. Stay, Edward.

Edw. No, wrangling woman; we'll no longer stay.
These words will cost ten thousand lives to-day. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *A Field of Battle between Towton and Saxton, in Yorkshire.*

Alarums: Excursions. Enter WARWICK.

War. Forspent with toil, as runners with a race,
I lay me down a little while to breathe;

For strokes received, and many blows repaid,
Have robbed my strong-knit sinews of their strength
And, spite of spite, needs must I rest awhile.

Enter EDWARD, running.

Edw. Smile, gentle Heaven! or strike, ungentle death!
For this world frowns, and Edward's sun is clouded.

War. How now, my lord? what hap? what hope of good?

Enter GEORGE.

Geor. Our hap is loss, our hope but sad despair;
Our ranks are broke, and ruin follows us.
What counsel give you? whither shall we fly?

Edw. Bootless is flight; they follow us with wings;
And weak we are, and cannot shun pursuit.

Enter RICHARD.

Rich. Ah, Warwick, why hast thou withdrawn thyself?
Thy brother's blood the thirsty earth hath drunk,
Broached with the steely point of Clifford's lance;
And, in the very pangs of death, he cried,—
Like to a dismal clangor heard from far,—

Warwick, revenge! Brother, revenge my death!
So, underneath the belly of their steeds,
That stained their fetlocks in his smoking blood,
The noble gentleman gave up the ghost.

War. Then let the earth be drunken with our blood;
I'll kill my horse, because I will not fly.
Why stand we like soft-hearted women here,
Wailing our losses, whiles the foe doth rage;
And look upon, as if the tragedy
Were played in jest by counterfeiting actors?
Here on my knee I vow to God above,
I'll never pause again, never stand still,
Till either death hath closed these eyes of mine,
Or fortune given me measure of revenge.

Edw. O, Warwick, I do bend my knee with thine;
And, in this vow, do chain my soul to thine.—
And, ere my knee rise from the earth's cold face,
I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to thee,
Thou setter up and plucker down of kings!
Beseeching thee,—if with thy will it stands,
That to my foes this body must be prey,—
Yet that thy brazen gates of heaven may ope,
And give sweet passage to my sinful soul!—

Now, lords, take leave until we meet again,
Where'er it be, in heaven, or on earth.

Rich. Brother, give me thy hand; and, gentle Warwick,
Let me embrace thee in my weary arms.

I, that did never weep, now melt with woe,
That winter should cut off our spring-time so.

War. Away, away! Once more, sweet lords, farewell

Geo. Yet let us all together to our troops,
And give them leave to fly that will not stay;

And call them pillars, that will stand to us;

And, if we thrive, promise them such rewards

As victors wear at the Olympian games;

This may plant courage in their quailing breasts;

For yet is hope of life, and victory.--

Fore-slow no longer; make we hence again. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The same. Another Part of the Field.*

Excursions. Enter RICHARD and CLIFFORD.

Rich. Now, Clifford, I have singled thee alone;

Suppose this arm is for the duke of York,

And this for Rutland; both bound to revenge,

Wert thou environed with a brazen wall.

Clif. Now, Richard, I am with thee here alone;

This is the hand that stabbed thy father York;

And this the hand that slew thy brother Rutland;

And here's the heart that triumphs in their death,

And cheers these hands, that slew thy sire and brother,

To execute the like upon thyself.

And so, have at thee.

[*They fight. WARWICK enters; CLIFFORD
flies.*]

Rich. Nay, Warwick, single out some other chase;

For I myself will hunt this wolf to death. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *Another Part of the Field.*

Alarum. Enter KING HENRY.

K. Hen. This battle fares like to the morning's war,

When dying clouds contend with growing light;

What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,

Can neither call it perfect day nor night.

Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea

Forced by the tide to combat with the wind;

Now, one the better; then, another best;
Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,
Yet neither conqueror, nor conquered;
So is the equal poise of this fell war.
Here on this molehill will I sit me down.
To whom God will, there be the victory!
For Margaret my queen, and Clifford too,
Have chid me from the battle; swearing, both,
They prosper best of all when I am thence.
'Would I were dead! if God's good will were so;
For what is in this world, but grief and woe?
O, God! methinks it were a happy life,
To be no better than a homely swain;
To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
Thereby to see the minutes how they run;
How many make the hour full complete,
How many hours bring about the day,
How many days will finish up the year,
How many years a mortal man may live.
When this is known, then to divide the times:
So many hours must I tend my flock;
So many hours must I take my rest;
So many hours must I contemplate;
So many hours must I sport myself;
So many days my ewes have been with young;
So many weeks ere the poor fools will yeave;
So many years ere I shall shear the fleece:
So minutes, hours, days, weeks, months, and years,
Passed over to the end they were created,
Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
Ah, what a life were this! how sweet! how lovely!
Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade
To shepherds looking on their silly sheep,
Than doth a rich, embroidered canopy
To kings, that fear their subjects' treachery?
O, yes it doth; a thousand fold it doth.
And to conclude,—the shepherd's homely curds,
His cold, thin drink out of his leather bottle,
His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
Is far beyond a prince's delicacies,
His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
His body couched in a curious bed,
When care, mistrust, and treason wait on him.

Alarum. Enter a Son that has killed his Father, dragging in the dead body.

Son. Ill blows the wind that profits nobody.—
This man, whom hand to hand I slew in fight,
May be possessed with some store of crowns;
And I, that haply take them from him now,
May yet ere night yield both my life and them
To some man else, as this dead man doth me.—
Who's this?—O God! it is my father's face,
Whom in this conflict I unawares have killed.
O heavy time, begetting such events!
From London by the king was I pressed forth;
My father, being the earl of Warwick's man,
Came on the part of York, pressed by his master;
And I, who at his hands received my life,
Have by my hands of life bereaved him.—
Pardon me, God; I knew not what I did!—
And pardon, father, for I knew not thee!—
My tears shall wipe away these bloody marks;
And no more words, till they have flowed their fill.

K. Hen. O piteous spectacle! O bloody times!
Whilst lions roar, and battle for their dens,
Poor harmless lambs abide their enmity.—
Weep, wretched man; I'll aid thee tear for tear;
And let our hearts, and eyes, like civil war,
Be blind with tears and break, o'ercharged with grief.

Enter a Father, who has killed his Son, with the body in his arms.

Fath. Thou that so stoutly hast resisted me,
Give me thy gold, if thou hast any gold;
For I have bought it with a hundred blows.—
But let me see:—is this our foeman's face?
Ah, no, no, no, it is mine only son!—
Ah, boy, if any life be left in thee,
Throw up thine eye; see, see, what showers arise,
Blown with the windy tempest of my heart,
Upon thy wounds, that kill mine eye and heart!—
O, pity, God, this miserable age!—
What stratagems, how fell, how butcherly,
Erroneous, mutinous, and unnatural,
This deadly quarrel daily doth beget!—
O, boy, thy father gave thee life too soon,
And hath bereft thee of thy life too late!

K. Hen. Woe above woe! grief more than common grief!

○ that my death would stay these ruthless deeds!

○, pity, pity, gentle Heaven, pity!

The red rose and the white are on his face,

The fatal colors of our striving houses:

The one, his purple blood right well resembles;

The other, his pale cheeks, methinks, present!

Wither one rose, and let the other flourish!

If you contend, a thousand lives must wither.

Son. How will my mother, for a father's death,
Take on with me, and ne'er be satisfied!

Fath. How will my wife, for slaughter of my son,
Shed seas of tears, and ne'er be satisfied!

K. Hen. How will the country, for these woful chances,
Misthink the king, and not be satisfied!

Son. Was ever son, so rued a father's death?

Fath. Was ever father, so bemoaned a son?

K. Hen. Was ever king, so grieved for subjects' woe?
Much is your sorrow; mine, ten times so much.

Son. I'll bear thee hence, where I may weep my fill.
[*Exit with the body.*]

Fath. These arms of mine shall be thy winding-sheet;
My heart, sweet boy, shall be thy sepulchre;
For from my heart thine image ne'er shall go.
My sighing breast shall be thy funeral bell;
And so obsequious will thy father be,
Sad for the loss of thee, having no more,
As Priam was for all his valiant sons.
I'll bear thee hence; and let them fight that will,
For I have murdered where I should not kill.

[*Exit with the body.*]

K. Hen. Sad-hearted men, much overgone with care,
Here sits a king more woful than you are.

*Alarums: Excursions. Enter QUEEN MARGARET, PRINCE
of WALES, and EXETER.*

Prince. Fly, father, fly! for all your friends are fled,
And Warwick rages like a chafed bull:
Away! for death doth hold us in pursuit.

Q. Mar. Mount you, my lord; towards Berwick post
again;
Edward and Richard, like a brace of greyhounds,
Having the fearful, flying hare in sight,
With fiery eyes, sparkling for very wrath,
And bloody steel grasped in their ireful hands,
Are at our backs; and, therefore, hence again.

Ere. Away! for vengeance comes along with them;

Nay, stay not to expostulate; make speed;
Or else come after, I'll away before.

K. Hen. Nay, take me with thee, good, sweet Exeter;
Not that I fear to stay, but love to go
Whither the queen intends. Forward; away! [*Exeunt*

SCENE VI. *The same. A loud Alarum.*

Enter CLIFFORD, wounded.

Clif. Here burns my candle out, ay, here it dies,
Which, while it lasted, gave king Henry light.
O, Lancaster! I fear thy overthrow,
More than my body's parting with my soul.
My love and fear glued many friends to thee;
And, now I fall, thy tough commixtures melt.
Impairing Henry, strengthening mis-proud York,
The common people swarm like summer flies;
And whither fly the gnats, but to the sun?
And who shines now but Henry's enemies?
O, Phœbus! hadst thou never given consent
That Phaeton should check thy fiery steeds,
Thy burning car never had scorched the earth:
And, Henry, hadst thou swayed as kings should do,
Or as thy father, and his father, did,
Giving no ground unto the house of York,
They never then had sprung like summer flies:
I, and ten thousand in this luckless realm,
Had left no mourning widows for our death,
And thou this day hadst kept thy chair in peace.
For what doth cherish weeds, but gentle air?
And what makes robbers bold, but too much lenity?
Bootless are complaints, and cureless are my wounds;
No way to fly, nor strength to hold out flight;
The foe is merciless, and will not pity;
For at their hands I have deserved no pity.
The air hath got into my deadly wounds,
And much effuse of blood doth make me faint:—
Come, York, and Richard, Warwick, and the rest;
I stabbed your fathers' bosoms, split my breast. [*He faints.*

*Alarum and Retreat. Enter EDWARD, GEORGE, RICHARD
MONTAGUE, WARWICK, and Soldiers.*

Edw. Now breathe we, lords; good fortune bids us pause,
And smooth the frowns of war with peaceful looks.—
Some troops pursue the bloody-minded queen,

That led calm Henry, though he were a king,
As doth a sail, filled with a fretting gust,
Command an argosy to stem the waves.
But think you, lords, that Clifford fled with them?

War. No, 'tis impossible he should escape;
For, though before his face I speak the words,
Your brother Richard marked him for the grave;
And, wheresoe'er he is, he's surely dead.

[CLIFFORD groans, and dies.]

Edw. Whose soul is that which takes her heavy leave?

Rich. A deadly groan, like life and death's departing.

Edw. See who it is; and now the battle's ended,
If friend or foe, let him be gently used.

Rich. Revoke that doom of mercy, for 'tis Clifford
Who not contented that he lopped the branch
In hewing Rutland when his leaves put forth,
But set his murdering knife unto the root
From whence that tender spray did sweetly spring;
I mean our princely father, duke of York.

War. From off the gates of York fetch down the head,
Your father's head, which Clifford placed there;
Instead, whereof, let this supply the room;
Measure for measure must be answered.

Edw. Bring forth that fatal screech-owl to our house,
That nothing sung but death to us and ours;
Now death shall stop his dismal, threatening sound,
And his ill-boding tongue no more shall speak.

[Attendants bring the body forward.]

War. I think his understanding is bereft:—
Speak, Clifford, dost thou know who speaks to thee?—
Dark, cloudy, death o'ershades his beams of life,
And he nor sees, nor hears us what we say.

Rich. O, 'would he did! and so, perhaps, he doth;
'Tis but his policy to counterfeit,
Because he would avoid such bitter taunts,
Which in the time of death he gave our father.

Geo. If so thou think'st, vex him with eager words.

Rich. Clifford, ask mercy, and obtain no grace.

Edw. Clifford, repent in bootless penitence.

War. Clifford, devise excuses for thy faults.

Geo. While we devise fell tortures for thy faults.

Rich. Thou didst love York, and I am son to York.

Edw. Thou pitied'st Rutland, I will pity thee.

Geo. Where's captain Margaret, to fence you now?

War. They mock thee, Clifford! swear as thou wast wont.

Rich. What, not an oath? nay, then the world goes hard,

When Clifford cannot spare his friends an oath;
 I know by that he's dead; and, by my soul,
 If this right hand would buy two hours' life,
 That I in all despite might rail at him,
 This hand should chop it off; and with the issuing blood
 Stifle the villain, whose unstanched thirst
 York and young Rutland could not satisfy.

War. Ay, but he's dead. Off with the traitor's head,
 And rear it in the place your father's stands.—
 And now to London with triumphant march,
 There to be crowned England's royal king.
 From whence shall Warwick cut the sea to France,
 And ask the lady Bona for thy queen;
 So shalt thou sinew both these lands together;
 And, having France thy friend, thou shalt not dread
 The scattered foe, that hopes to rise again;
 For though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,
 Yet look to have them buzz, to offend thine ears.
 First, will I see thy coronation;
 And then to Brittany I'll cross the sea,
 To effect this marriage, so it please my lord.

Edw. Even as thou wilt, sweet Warwick, let it be;
 For on thy shoulder do I build my seat;
 And never will I undertake the thing,
 Wherein thy counsel and consent is wanting.
 Richard, I will create thee duke of Gloster;—
 And George, of Clarence;—Warwick, as ourself,
 Shall do, and undo, as him pleaseth best.

Rich. Let me be duke of Clarence; George, of Gloster;
 For Gloster's dukedom is too ominous.

War. Tut, that's a foolish observation;
 Richard, be duke of Gloster. Now to London,
 To see these honors in possession. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A Chase in the North of England.*

Enter two Keepers, with crossbows in their hands.

1 *Keep.* Under this thick-grown brake we'll shroud our
 selves;
 For through this laund anon the deer will come;

And in this covert will we make our stand,
Culling the principal of all the deer.

2 *Keep*. I'll stay above the hill, so both may shoot.

1 *Keep*. That cannot be; the noise of thy crossbow
Will scare the herd, and so my shoot is lost.
Here stand we both, and aim we at the best;
And, for the time shall not seem tedious,
I'll tell thee what befell me on a day,
In this self-place where now we mean to stand.

2 *Keep*. Here comes a man; let's stay till he be passed.

Enter KING HENRY, *disguised, with a prayer-book*.

K. Hen. From Scotland am I stolen, even of pure love,
'To greet mine own land with my wishful sight.
No, Harry, Harry, 'tis no land of thine;
Thy place is filled, thy sceptre wrung from thee,
Thy balm washed off, wherewith thou wast anointed,
No bending knee will call thee Cæsar now,
No humble suitors press to speak for right,
No, not a man comes for redress of thee;
For how can I help them, and not myself?

1 *Keep*. Ay, here's a deer whose skin's a keeper's fee:
This is the *quondam* king; let's seize upon him.

K. Hen. Let me embrace these sour adversities;
For wise men say, it is the wisest course.

2 *Keep*. Why linger we? let us lay hands upon him.

1 *Keep*. Forbear awhile; we'll hear a little more.

K. Hen. My queen and son are gone to France for aid;
And, as I hear, the great, commanding Warwick
Is thither gone, to crave the French king's sister
To wife for Edward. If this news be true,
Poor queen, and, son, your labour is but lost;
For Warwick is a subtle orator,
And Lewis a prince soon won with moving words.
By this account, then, Margaret may win him;
For she's a woman to be pitied much;
Her sighs will make a battery in his breast;
Her tears will pierce into a marble heart;
The tiger will be mild, while she doth mourn;
And Nero will be tainted with remorse,
To hear, and see, her complaints, her brinish tears.
Ay, but she's come to beg; Warwick, to give;
She, on his left side, craving aid for Henry;
He, on his right, asking a wife for Edward.
She weeps, and says—her Henry is deposed;
He smiles, and says—his Edward is installed:

That she, poor wretch, for grief can speak no more;
Whiles Warwick tells his title, smooths the wrong,
Inferreth arguments of mighty strength;
And, in conclusion, wins the king from her,
With promise of his sister, and what else,
To strengthen and support king Edward's place.
O, Margaret, thus 'twill be; and thou, poor soul,
Art then forsaken, as thou went'st forlorn.

2 Keep. Say, what art thou, that talk'st of kings and queens?

K. Hen. More than I seem, and less than I was born to;
A man at least, for less I should not be;
And men may talk of kings, and why not I?

2 Keep. Ay, but thou talk'st as if thou wert a king.

K. Hen. Why, so I am, in mind; and that's enough.

2 Keep. But, if thou be a king, where is thy crown?

K. Hen. My crown is in my heart, not on my head;
Not decked with diamonds and Indian stones,
Nor to be seen: my crown is called content;
A crown it is, that seldom kings enjoy.

2 Keep. Well, if you be a king crowned with content,
Your crown content, and you, must be contented
To go along with us; for, as we think,
You are the king king Edward hath deposed,
And we his subjects, sworn in all allegiance,
Will apprehend you as his enemy.

K. Hen. But did you never swear, and break an oath?

2 Keep. No, never such an oath, nor will not now.

K. Hen. Where did you dwell, when I was king of England?

2 Keep. Here in this country, where we now remain.

K. Hen. I was anointed king at nine months old;
My father and my grandfather were kings;
And you were sworn true subjects unto me;
And, tell me then, have you not broke your oaths?

1 Keep. No;
For we were subjects but while you were king.

K. Hen. Why, am I dead? do I not breathe a man?
Ah, simple men, you know not what you swear.
Look, as I blow this feather from my face,
And as the air blows it to me again,
Obeying with my wind when I do blow,
And yielding to another when it blows,
Commanded always by the greater gust;
Such is the lightness of you common men.
But do not break your oaths; for of that sin

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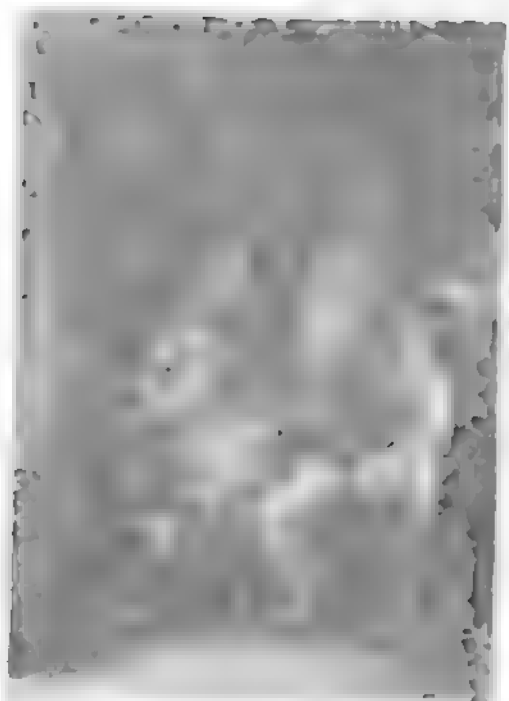
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THE TENNYSONS

THE TENNYSONS

THE TENNYSONS



My mild entreaty shall not make you guilty.
Go where you will, the king shall be commanded;
And be you kings; command, and I'll obey.

1 *Keep*. We are true subjects to the king, king Edward.

K. Hen. So would you be again to Henry,
If he were seated as king Edward is.

1 *Keep*. We charge you, in God's name, and in the king's,
To go with us unto the officers.

K. Hen. In God's name, lead; your king's name be
obeyed:

And what God will, then let your king perform;
And what he will, I humbly yield unto. [*Exeunt*.]

SCENE II. London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING EDWARD, GLOSTER, CLARENCE, and LADY GREY.

K. Edw. Brother of Gloster, at Saint Albans' field
This lady's husband, sir John Grey, was slain,
His lands then seized on by the conqueror:
Her suit is now, to repossess those lands,
Which we in justice cannot well deny,
Because in quarrel of the house of York
The worthy gentleman did lose his life.

Glo. Your highness shall do well to grant her suit;
It were dishonor to deny it her.

K. Edw. It were no less; but yet I'll make a pause.

Glo. Yea! is it so?

I see, the lady hath a thing to grant,
Before the king will grant her humble suit.

Clar. He knows the game; how true he keeps the wind.

Glo. Silence! [*Aside*.]
[*Aside*.]

K. Edw. Widow, we will consider of your suit;
And come some other time, to know our mind.

L. Grey. Right gracious lord, I cannot brook delay:
May it please your highness to resolve me now;
And what your pleasure is, shall satisfy me.

Glo. [*Aside*.] Ay, widow? then I'll warrant you all
your lands,
And if what pleases him shall pleasure you.
Fight closer, or, good faith, you'll catch a blow.

Clar. I fear her not, unless she chance to fall. [*Aside*.]

Glo. God forbid that! for he'll take vantages. [*Aside*.]

K. Edw. How many children hast thou, widow? tell me.

Clar. I think he means to beg a child of her. [*Aside.*

Glo. Nay, whip me then; he'll rather give her two.

[*Aside.*

L. Grey. Three, my most gracious lord.

Glo. You shall have four, if you'll be ruled by him.

[*Aside.*

K. Edw. 'Twere pity they should lose their father's land.

L. Grey. Be pitiful, dread lord, and grant it then.

K. Edw. Lords, give us leave; I'll try this widow's wit.

Glo. Ay, good leave have you; for you will have leave,
Till youth take leave, and leave you to the crutch.

[*GLOSTER and CLARENCE retire to the
other side.*

K. Edw. Now tell me, madam, do you love your children?

L. Grey. Ay, full as dearly as I love myself.

K. Edw. And would you not do much, to do them good?

L. Grey. To do them good, I would sustain some harm.

K. Edw. Then get your husband's lands, to do them
good.

L. Grey. Therefore I came unto your majesty.

K. Edw. I'll tell you how these lands are to be got.

L. Grey. So shall you bind me to your highness' service.

K. Edw. What service wilt thou do me, if I give them?

L. Grey. What you command, that rests in me to do.

K. Edw. But you will take exceptions to my boon.

L. Grey. No, gracious lord, except I cannot do it.

K. Edw. Ay, but thou canst do what I mean to ask.

L. Grey. Why, then I will do what your grace commands.

Glo. He plies her hard; and much rain wears the marble.

[*Aside.*

Clar. As red as fire! nay, then her wax must melt.

[*Aside.*

L. Grey. Why stops my lord? shall I not hear my task?

K. Edw. An easy task; 'tis but to love a king.

L. Grey. That's soon performed, because I am a subject.

K. Edw. Why, then thy husband's lands I freely give
thee.

L. Grey. I take my leave with many thousand thanks.

Glo. The match is made; she seals it with a curt'sy.

K. Edw. But stay thee; 'tis the fruits of love I mean.

L. Grey. The fruits of love I mean, my loving liege.

K. Edw. Ay, but I fear me, in another sense.

What love, think'st thou, I sue so much to get?

L. Grey. My love till death, my humble thanks, my
prayers;

That love which virtue begs and virtue grants.

K. Edw. No, by my troth, I did not mean such love.

L. Grey. Why, then you mean not as I thought you did

K. Edw. But now you partly may perceive my mind.

L. Grey. My mind will never grant what I perceive
Your highness aims at, if I aim aright.

K. Edw. To tell thee plain, I aim to lie with thee.

L. Grey. To tell you plain, I had rather lie in prison.

K. Edw. Why, then thou shalt not have thy husband's
lands.

L. Grey. Why, then mine honesty shall be my dower;
For by that loss I will not purchase them.

K. Edw. Therein thou wrong'st thy children mightily.

L. Grey. Herein your highness wrongs both them and me.
But, mighty lord, this merry inclination
Accords not with the sadness of my suit;
Please you dismiss me, either with ay, or no.

K. Edw. Ay; if thou wilt say ay, to my request:
No; if thou dost say no, to my demand.

L. Grey. Then, no, my lord. My suit is at an end.

Glo. The widow likes him not; she knits her brows.

Clar. He is the bluntest wooer in Christendom. [*Aside.*

K. Edw. [*Aside.*] Her looks do argue her replete with
modesty;

Her words do show her wit incomparable;
All her perfections challenge sovereignty.
One way, or other, she is for a king;
And she shall be my love, or else my queen.—
Say, that king Edward take thee for his queen?

L. Grey. 'Tis better said than done, my gracious lord.
I am a subject fit to jest withal,
But far unfit to be a sovereign.

K. Edw. Sweet widow, by my state I swear to thee,
I speak no more than what my soul intends;
And that is, to enjoy thee for my love.

L. Grey. And that is more than I will yield unto.
I know I am too mean to be your queen;
And yet too good to be your concubine.

K. Edw. You cavil, widow; I did mean, my queen.

L. Grey. 'Twill grieve your grace, my sons should call
you — father.

K. Edw. No more than when my daughters call thee
mother.

Thou art a widow, and thou hast some children;
And, by God's mother, I, being but a bachelor,
Have other some; why, 'tis a happy thing

To be the father unto many sons.

Answer no more, for thou shalt be my queen.

Glo. The ghostly father now hath done his shrift. [*Aside.*

Clar. When he was made a shriver, 'twas for shift.

[*Aside.*

K. Edw. Brothers, you muse what chat we two have had.

Glo. The widow likes it not, for she looks very sad.

K. Edw. You'd think it strange if I should marry her.

Clar. To whom, my lord?

K. Edw. Why, Clarence, to myself.

Glo. That would be ten days' wonder at the least.

Clar. That's a day longer than a wonder lasts.

Glo. By so much is the wonder in extremes.

K. Edw. Well, jest on, brothers; I can tell you both,
Her suit is granted for her husband's lands.

Enter a Nobleman.

Nob. My gracious lord, Henry your foe is taken,
And brought your prisoner to your palace gate.

K. Edw. See that he be conveyed unto the Tower;—
And go we, brothers, to the man that took him,
To question of his apprehension.—

Widow, go you along.—Lords, use her honorably.

[*Exeunt* KING EDWARD, LADY GREY,
CLARENCE, and Lord.

Glo. Ay, Edward will use women honorably.
Would he were wasted, marrow, bones, and all,
That from his loins no hopeful branch may spring,
To cross me from the golden time I look for!
And yet between my soul's desire and me
(The lustful Edward's title buried)
Is Clarence, Henry, and his son, young Edward,
And all the unlooked-for issue of their bodies,
To take their rooms, ere I can place myself.
A cold premeditation for my purpose!
Why, then I do but dream on sovereignty;
Like one that stands upon a promontory,
And spies a far-off shore where he would tread,
Wishing his foot were equal with his eye;
And chides the sea that sunders him from thence,
Saying—he'll lade it dry to have his way.
So do I wish the crown, being so far off;
And so I chide the means that keep me from it;
And so I say—I'll cut the causes off,
Flattering me with impossibilities.—
My eye's too quick, my heart o'erweens too much,

Unless my hand and strength could equal them.
Well, say there is no kingdom then for Richard;
What other pleasure can the world afford?
I'll make my heaven in a lady's lap,
And deck my body in gay ornaments,
And witch sweet ladies with my words and looks.
O miserable thought! and more unlikely,
Than to accomplish twenty golden crowns!
Why, love forswore me in my mother's womb.
And, for I should not deal in her soft laws,
She did corrupt frail nature with some bribe
To shrink mine arm up like a withered shrub;
To make an envious mountain on my back,
Where sits deformity to mock my body;
To shape my legs of an unequal size;
To disproportion me in every part,
Like to a chaos, or an unlicked bear-whelp,
That carries no impression like the dam.
And am I then a man to be beloved?
O, monstrous fault, to harbor such a thought:
Then, since this earth affords no joy to me,
But to command, to check, to o'erbear such
As are of better person than myself,
I'll make my heaven—to dream upon the crown;
And, whiles I live, to account this world but hell,
Until my head, that this misshaped trunk bears,
Be round impaled with a glorious crown.
And yet I know not how to get the crown,
For many lives stand between me and home.
And I—like one lost in a thorny wood,
That rents the thorns, and is rent with the thorns,
Seeking a way, and straying from the way,
Not knowing how to find the open air,
But toiling desperately to find it out—
Torment myself to catch the English crown;
And from that torment I will free myself,
Or hew my way out with a bloody axe.
Why, I can smile, and murder while I smile;
And cry, content, to that which grieves my heart;
And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,
And frame my face to all occasions.
I'll drown more sailors than the mermaid shall;
I'll slay more gazers than the basilisk;
I'll play the orator as well as Nestor,
Deceive more slyly than Ulysses could,
And, like a Sinon, take another Troy.

I can add colors to the chameleon;
Change shapes with Proteus, for advantages.
And set the murderous Machiavel to school.
Can I do this, and cannot get a crown?
'Tut! were it further off, I'll pluck it down. [Exit.

SCENE III. France. *A Room in the Palace.*

Flourish. Enter LEWIS, the French King, and LADY BONA, attended; the King takes his state. Then enter QUEEN MARGARET, PRINCE EDWARD, her Son, and the EARL of OXFORD.

K. Lew. Fair qucen of England, worthy Margaret,
[Rising.

Sit down with us: it ill befits thy state,
And birth, that thou shouldst stand, while Lewis doth sit

Q. Mar. No, mighty king of France; now Margaret
Must strike her sail, and learn awhile to serve,
Where kings command. I was, I must confess,
Great Albion's queen in former golden days.
But now mischance hath trod my title down,
And with dishonor laid me on the ground;
Where I must take like seat unto my fortune,
And to my humble seat conform myself.

K. Lew. Why, say, fair queen, whence springs this deep
despair?

Q. Mar. From such a cause as fills mine eyes with tears,
And stops my tongue, while heart is drowned in cares.

K. Lew. Whate'er it be, be thou still like thyself,
And sit thee by our side: yield not thy neck
[Seats her by him.

To fortune's yoke, but let thy dauntless mind
Still ride in triumph over all mischance.

Be plain, queen Margaret, and tell thy grief;
It shall be eased, if France can yield relief.

Q. Mar. Those gracious words revive my drooping thoughts,
And give my tongue-tied sorrows leave to speak.

Now, therefore, be it known to noble Lewis,
That Henry, sole possessor of my love,
Is, of a king, become a banished man,
And forced to live in Scotland a forlorn;
While proud, ambitious Edward, duke of York,
Usurps the regal title, and the seat
Of England's true, anointed, lawful king.
This is the cause, that I, poor Margaret,

With this my son, prince Edward, Henry's heir,
Am come to crave thy just and lawful aid;
And, if thou fail us, all our hope is done:
Scotland hath will to help, but cannot help;
Our people and our peers are both misled,
Our treasure seized, our soldiers put to flight,
And, as thou seest, ourselves in heavy plight.

K. Lew. Renowned queen, with patience calm the storm,
While we bethink a means to break it off.

Q. Mar. The more we stay, the stronger grows our foe.

K. Lew. The more I stay, the more I'll succor thee.

Q. Mar. O, but impatience waiteth on true sorrow;
And see, where comes the breeder of my sorrow.

Enter WARWICK, attended.

K. Lew. What's he, approacheth boldly to our presence?

Q. Mar. Our earl of Warwick, Edward's greatest friend.

K. Lew. Welcome, brave Warwick! What brings thee
to France?

[Descending from his state, Queen MARGARET rises.]

Q. Mar. Ay, now begins a second storm to rise;
For this is he that moves both wind and tide.

War. From worthy Edward, king of Albion,
My lord and sovereign, and thy vowed friend,
I come,—in kindness, and unfeigned love,—
First, to do greetings to thy royal person;
And, then, to crave a league of amity;
And, lastly, to confirm that amity
With nuptial knot, if thou vouchsafe to grant
That virtuous lady Bona, thy fair sister,
To England's king in lawful marriage.

Q. Mar. If that go forward, Henry's hope is done.

War. And, gracious madam, *[To BONA.]* in our king's
behalf,

I am commanded, with your leave and favor,
Humbly to kiss your hand, and with my tongue
To tell the passion of my sovereign's heart;
Where fame, late entering at his heedful ears,
Hath placed thy beauty's image, and thy virtue.

Q. Mar. King Lewis, and lady Bona, hear me speak,
Before you answer Warwick. His demand
Springs not from Edward's well-meant, honest love,
But from deceit, bred by necessity;
For how can tyrants safely govern home,
Unless abroad they purchase great alliance?
To prove him tyrant, this reason may suffice,—

That Henry liveth still; but were he dead
Yet here prince Edward stands, king Henry's son.
Look therefore, Lewis, that by this league and marriage,
Thou draw not on thy danger and dishonor;
For though usurpers sway the rule awhile,
Yet Heavens are just, and time suppresseth wrongs.

War. Injurious Margaret!

Prince.

And why not queen?

War. Because thy father Henry did usurp;
And thou no more art prince, than she is queen.

Oxf. Then Warwick disannuls great John of Gaunt,
Which did subdue the greatest part of Spain;
And, after John of Gaunt, Henry the Fourth,
Whose wisdom was a mirror to the wisest;
And, after that wise prince, Henry the Fifth,
Who by his prowess conquered all France:
From these our Henry lineally descends.

War. Oxford, how haps it, in this smooth discourse,
You told not, how Henry the Sixth hath lost
All that which Henry the Fifth had gotten?
Methinks these peers of France should smile at that.
But for the rest,—you tell a pedigree
Of threescore and two years; a silly time
To make prescription for a kingdom's worth.

Oxf. Why, Warwick, canst thou speak against thy liege,
Whom thou obey'dst thirty and six years,
And not bewray thy treason with a blush?

War. Can Oxford, that did ever fence the right,
Now buckler falsehood with a pedigree?
For shame, leave Henry, and call Edward king.

Oxf. Call him my king, by whose injurious doom
My elder brother, the lord Aubrey Vere,
Was done to death? and more than so, my father,
Even in the downfall of his mellowed years,
When nature brought him to the door of death?
No, Warwick, no; while life upholds this arm,
This arm upholds the house of Lancaster.

War. And I the house of York.

K. Lew. Queen Margaret, prince Edward, and Oxford,
Vouchsafe, at our request, to stand aside,
While I use further conference with Warwick.

Q. Mar. Heaven grant that Warwick's words bewitch
him not! [*Retiring with the Prince and OXFORD.*]

K. Lew. Now, Warwick, tell me, even upon thy conscience,
Is Edward your true king? for I were loath
To link with him that were not lawful chosen.

War. Thereon I pawn my credit and mine honor.

K. Lew. But is he gracious in the people's eye?

War. The more, that Henry was unfortunate.

K. Lew. Then further,—all dissembling set aside,
Tell me for truth the measure of his love
Unto our sister Bona.

War. Such it seems,
As may beseem a monarch like himself.
Myself have often heard him say, and swear,—
That this his love was an eternal plant;
Whereof the root was fixed in virtue's ground,
The leaves and fruit maintained with beauty's sun;
Exempt from envy, but not from disdain,
Unless the lady Bona quit his pain.

K. Lew. Now, sister, let us hear your firm resolve.

Bona. Your grant, or your denial, shall be mine;
Yet I confess, [*To WAR.*] that often ere this day,
When I have heard your king's desert recounted,
Mine ear hath tempted judgment to desire.

K. Lew. Then, Warwick, thus — Our sister shall be
Edward's;
And now forthwith shall articles be drawn
Touching the jointure that your king must make,
Which with her dowry shall be counterpoised.—
Draw near, queen Margaret; and be a witness,
That Bona shall be wife to the English king.

Prince. To Edward, but not to the English king.

Q. Mar. Deceitful Warwick! it was thy device
By this alliance to make void my suit;
Before thy coming Lewis was Henry's friend.

K. Lew. And still is friend to him and Margaret;
But if your title to the crown be weak,—
As may appear by Edward's good success,—
Then 'tis but reason that I be released
From giving aid, which late I promised.
Yet shall you have all kindness at my hand,
That your estate requires, and mine can yield.

War. Henry now lives in Scotland, at his ease;
Where having nothing, nothing he can lose.
And as for you yourself, our *quondam* queen,—
You have a father able to maintain you;—
And better 'twere, you troubled him than France.

Q. Mar. Peace, impudent and shameless Warwick, peace:
Proud setter-up and puller-down of kings!
I will not hence, till with my talk and tears,
Both full of truth, I make king Lewis behold

Thy sly conveyance, and thy lord's false love;
For both of you are birds of self-same feather.

[*A horn sounded within*

K. Lew. Warwick, this is some post to us, or thee.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord ambassador, these letters are for you,
Sent from your brother, marquis Montague.
These from our king unto your majesty.
And, madam, these for you; from whom I know not.

[*To MARGARET. They all read their letters.*

Oxf. I like it well, that our fair queen and mistress
Smiles at her news, while Warwick frowns at his.

Prince. Nay, mark how Lewis stamps as he were nettled.
I hope all's for the best.

K. Lew. Warwick, what are thy news? and yours, fair
queen?

Q. Mar. Mine, such as fill my heart with unhop'd joys.

War. Mine full of sorrow and heart's discontent.

K. Lew. What! has your king married the lady Grey?
And now, to sooth your forgery and his,
Sends me a paper to persuade me patience?
Is this the alliance that he seeks with France?
Dare he presume to scorn us in this manner?

Q. Mar. I told your majesty as much before.
This proveth Edward's love, and Warwick's honesty.

War. King Lewis, I here protest,—in sight of Heaven,
And by the hope I have of heavenly bliss,
That I am clear from this misdeed of Edward's;
No more my king, for he dishonors me;
But most himself, if he could see his shame.—
Did I forget, that by the house of York
My father came untimely to his death?
Did I let pass the abuse done to my niece?
Did I impale him with the regal crown?
Did I put Henry from his native right;
And am I guerdoned at the last with shame?
Shame on himself! for my desert is honor.
And, to repair my honor lost for him,
I here renounce him, and return to Henry.
My noble queen, let former grudges pass,
And henceforth I am thy true servitor;
I will revenge his wrong to lady Bona,
And replant Henry in his former state.

Q. Mar. Warwick, these words have turned my hate to love;

And I forgive and quite forget old faults,
And joy that thou becom'st king Henry's friend.

War. So much his friend, ay, his unfeigned friend,
That, if king Lewis vouchsafe to furnish us
With some few bands of chosen soldiers,
I'll undertake to land them on our coast,
And force the tyrant from his seat by war.
'Tis not his new-made bride shall succour him.
And as for Clarence,—as my letters tell me,—
He's very likely now to fall from him;
For matching more for wanton lust than honor,
Or than for strength and safety of our country.

Bona. Dear brother, how shall Bona be revenged,
But by thy help to this distressed queen?

Q. Mar. Renowned prince, how shall poor Henry live,
Unless thou rescue him from foul despair?

Bona. My quarrel, and this English queen's, are one.

War. And mine, fair lady Bona, joins with yours.

K. Lew. And mine with hers, and thine, and Margaret's.
Therefore, at last, I firmly am resolved,
You shall have aid.

Q. Mar. Let me give humble thanks for all at once.

K. Lew. Then, England's messenger, return in post;
And tell false Edward, thy supposed king,—
That Lewis of France is sending over maskers,
To revel it with him and his new bride.
Thou seest what's past; go fear thy king withal.

Bona. Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,
I'll wear the willow garland for his sake.

Q. Mar. Tell him, my mourning weeds are laid aside,
And I am ready to put armor on.

War. Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong;
And therefore I'll uncrown him, ere't be long.
There's thy reward; be gone. [Exit Mess.]

K. Lew. But, Warwick, thou,
And Oxford, with five thousand men,
Shall cross the seas, and bid false Edward battle;
And, as occasion serves, this noble queen
And prince shall follow with a fresh supply.
Yet, ere thou go, but answer me one doubt.—
What pledge have we of thy firm loyalty?

War. This shall assure my constant loyalty;—
That if our queen and this young prince agree,
I'll join mine eldest daughter, and my joy,
To him forthwith in holy wedlock bands.

Q. Mar. Yes, I agree, and thank you for your motion.—

Son Edward, she is fair and virtuous.
 Therefore delay not, give thy hand to Warwick;
 And, with thy hand, thy faith irrevocable,
 That only Warwick's daughter shall be thine.

Prince. Yes, I accept her, for she well deserves it;
 And here, to pledge my vow, I give my hand.

[*He gives his hand to WARWICK.*]

K Lew. Why stay we now? These soldiers shall be levied,
 And thou, lord Bourbon, our high admiral,
 Shalt waft them over with our royal fleet.—
 I long, till Edward fall by war's mischance,
 For mocking marriage with a dame of France.

[*Exeunt all but WARWICK*]

War. I came from Edward as ambassador,
 But I return his sworn and mortal foe;
 Matter of marriage was the charge he gave me,
 But dreadful war shall answer his demand.
 Had he none else to make a stale, but me?
 Then none but I shall turn his jest to sorrow.
 I was the chief that raised him to the crown,
 And I'll be chief to bring him down again;
 Not that I pity Henry's misery,
 But seek revenge on Edward's mockery.

[*Exit.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter GLOSTER, CLARENCE, SOMERSET, MONTAGUE, and others.

Glo. Now tell me, brother Clarence, what think you
 Of this new marriage with the lady Grey?
 Hath not our brother made a worthy choice?

Clar. Alas, you know, 'tis far from hence to France;
 How could he stay till Warwick made return?

Som. My lords, forbear this talk; here comes the king.

Flourish. Enter KING EDWARD, attended; LADY GREY, as Queen; PEMBROKE, STAFFORD, HASTINGS, and others.

Glo. And his well-chosen bride.

Clar. I mind to tell him plainly what I think.

K. Edw. Now, brother of Clarence, how like you our
 choice,
 That you stand pensive, as half malcontent?

Clar. As well as Lewis of France, or the earl of Warwick;
Which are so weak of courage, and in judgment,
That they'll take no offence at our abuse.

K. Edw. Suppose they take offence without a cause,
They are but Lewis and Warwick; I am Edward,
Your king and Warwick's; and must have my will.

Glo. And you shall have your will, because our king:
Yet hasty marriage seldom proveth well.

K. Edw. Yea, brother Richard, are you offended too?

Glo. Not I.

No; God forbid that I should wish them severed
Whom God hath joined together; ay, and 'twere pity,
To sunder them that yoke so well together.

K. Edw. Setting your scorns and your mislike aside,
Tell me some reason why the lady Grey
Should not become my wife, and England's queen.—
And you, too, Somerset, and Montague,
Speak freely what you think.

Clar. Then this is my opinion,—That King Lewis
Becomes your enemy, for mocking him
About the marriage of the lady Bona.

Glo. And Warwick, doing what you gave in charge,
Is now dishonored by this new marriage.

K. Edw. What if both Lewis and Warwick be appeased,
By such invention as I can devise?

Mont. Yet to have joined with France in such alliance,
Would more have strengthened this our commonwealth
'Gainst foreign storms, than any home-bred marriage.

Hast. Why, knows not Montague, that of itself
England is safe, if true within itself?

Mont. Yes; but the safer, when 'tis backed with France.

Hast. 'Tis better using France, than trusting France.
Let us be backed with God, and with the seas,
Which he hath given for fence impregnable,
And with their helps only defend ourselves;
In them, and in ourselves, our safety lies.

Clar. For this one speech, lord Hastings well deserves
To have the heir of the lord Hungerford.

K. Edw. Ay, what of that? It was my will, and grant;
And, for this once, my will shall stand for law.

Glo. And yet methinks your grace hath not done well
To give the heir and daughter of lord Scales
Unto the brother of your loving bride;
She better would have fitted me, or Clarence.
But in your bride you bury brotherhood.

Clar. Or else you would not have bestowed the heir

Of the lord Bonville on your new wife's son,
And leave your brothers to go speed elsewhere.

K. Edw. Alas, poor Clarence! Is it for a wife,
That thou art malcontent? I will provide thee.

Clar. In choosing for yourself, you showed your judgment;
Which being shallow, you shall give me leave
To play the broker in mine own behalf;
And to that end, I shortly mind to leave you.

K. Edw. Leave me, or tarry, Edward will be king,
And not be tied unto his brother's will.

Q. Eliz. My lords, before it pleased his majesty
To raise my state to title of a queen,
Do me but right, and you must all confess
That I was not ignoble of descent,
And meaner than myself have had like fortune.
But as this title honors me and mine,
So your dislikes, to whom I would be pleasing,
Do cloud my joys with danger and with sorrow.

K. Edw. My love, forbear to fawn upon their frowns.
What danger, or what sorrow can befall thee,
So long as Edward is thy constant friend,
And their true sovereign, whom they must obey?
Nay, whom they shall obey, and love thee too,
Unless they seek for hatred at my hands;
Which if they do, yet will I keep thee safe,
And they shall feel the vengeance of my wrath.

Glo. I hear, yet say not much, but think the more. [*Aside.*]

Enter a Messenger.

K. Edw. Now, messenger, what letters, or what news,
From France?

Mess. My sovereign liege, no letters; and few words,
But such as I, without your special pardon,
Dare not relate.

K. Edw. Go to, we pardon thee; therefore, in brief,
Tell me their words as near as thou canst guess them.
What answer makes king Lewis unto our letters?

Mess. At my depart, these were his very words:
Go tell false Edward, thy supposed king,—
That Lewis of France is sending over maskers,
To revel it with him and his new bride.

K. Edw. Is Lewis so brave? Belike he thinks me Henry.
But what said lady Bona to my marriage?

Mess. These were her words, uttered with mild disdain:
Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,
I'll wear the willow garland for his sake.

K. Edw. I blame not her; she could say little less;
She had the wrong. But what said Henry's queen?
For I have heard, that she was there in place.

Mess. *Tell him, quoth she, my mourning weeds are done,
And I am ready to put armor on.*

K. Edw. Belike, she minds to play the Amazon.
But what said Warwick to these injuries?

Mess. He, more incensed against your majesty
Than all the rest, discharged me with these words:
*Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore I'll uncrown him, ere't be long.*

K. Edw. Ha! durst the traitor breathe out so proud
words?

Well, I will arm me, being thus forewarned;
They shall have wars, and pay for their presumption.
But say, is Warwick friends with Margaret?

Mess. Ay, gracious sovereign; they are so linked in
friendship,

That young prince Edward marries Warwick's daughter.

Clar. Belike, the elder; Clarence will have the younger.
Now, brother king, farewell, and sit you fast,
For I will hence to Warwick's other daughter;
That though I want a kingdom, yet in marriage
I may not prove inferior to yourself.—
You, that love me and Warwick, follow me.

[*Exit CLARENCE, and SOMERSET follows.*

Glo. Not I.

My thoughts aim at a further matter; I
Stay not for love of Edward, but the crown. [*Aside.*

K. Edw. Clarence and Somerset both gone to Warwick!
Yet am I armed against the worst can happen;
And haste is needful in this desperate case.—
Pembroke, and Stafford, you in our behalf
Go levy men, and make prepare for war;
They are already, or quickly will be landed:
Myself in person will straight follow you.

[*Exeunt PEMBROKE and STAFFORD.*

But ere I go, Hastings,—and Montague,—
Resolve my doubt. You twain, of all the rest,
Are near to Warwick, by blood, and by alliance.
Tell me, if you love Warwick more than me?
If it be so, then both depart to him;
I rather wish you foes, than hollow friends;
But if you mind to hold your true obedience,
Give me assurance with some friendly vow,
That I may never have you in suspect.

Mont. So God help Montague, as he proves true!

Hast. And Hastings, as he favors Edward's cause!

K. Edw. Now, brother Richard, will you stand by us?

Glo. Ay, in despite of all that shall withstand you.

K. Edw. Why so; then am I sure of victory.

Now therefore let us hence; and lose no hour,
Till we meet Warwick with his foreign power. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *A Plain in Warwickshire.*

Enter WARWICK and OXFORD, with French and other Forces.

War. Trust me, my lord, all hitherto goes well;
The common people by numbers swarm to us.

Enter CLARENCE and SOMERSET.

But, see, where Somerset and Clarence come.—
Speak suddenly, my lords, are we all friends?

Clar. Fear not that, my lord.

War. Then, gentle Clarence, welcome unto Warwick;
And welcome, Somerset.—I hold it cowardice
To rest mistrustful where a noble heart
Hath pawned an open hand in sign of love;
Else might I think that Clarence, Edward's brother,
Were but a feigned friend to our proceedings.
But welcome, sweet Clarence; my daughter shall be thine.
And now what rests, but, in night's coverture,
Thy brother being carelessly encamped,
His soldiers lurking in the towns about,
And but attended by a simple guard,
We may surprise and take him at our pleasure?
Our scouts have found the adventure very easy;
That as Ulysses, and stout Diomedes,
With sleight and manhood stole to Rhesus' tents,
And brought from thence the Thracian fatal steeds;
So we, well covered with the night's black mantle,
At unawares may beat down Edward's guard,
And seize himself; I say not—slaughter him,
For I intend but only to surprise him.—
You, that will follow me to this attempt,
Applaud the name of Henry, with your leader.

[*They all cry Henry!*

Why, then, let's on our way in silent sort.

For Warwick and his friends, God and saint George!

[Exeunt.

SCENE III. Edward's *Camp near Warwick.*

Enter certain Watchmen, to guard the King's tent.

1 *Watch.* Come on, my masters; each man take his stand;
The king, by this, is set him down to sleep.

2 *Watch.* What, will he not to bed?

1 *Watch.* Why, no; for he hath made a solemn vow
Never to lie and take his natural rest,
Till Warwick, or himself, be quite suppressed.

2 *Watch.* To-morrow then, belike, shall be the day,
If Warwick be so near as men report.

3 *Watch.* But say, I pray, what nobleman is that
That with the king here resteth in his tent?

1 *Watch.* 'Tis the lord Hastings, the king's chiefest friend.

3 *Watch.* O, is it so? But why commands the king,
That his chief followers lodge in towns about him,
While he himself keepeth in the cold field?

2 *Watch.* 'Tis the more honor because more dangerous.

3 *Watch.* Ay; but give me worship and quietness;
I like it better than a dangerous honor.
If Warwick knew in what estate he stands,
'Tis to be doubted, he would waken him.

1 *Watch.* Unless our halberds did shut up his passage.

2 *Watch.* Ay, wherefore else guard we his royal tent,
But to defend his person from night foes?

Enter WARWICK, CLARENCE, OXFORD, SOMERSET, and Forces.

War. This is his tent; and see, where stand his guard.
Courage, my masters: honor now, or never:
But follow me, and Edward shall be ours.

1 *Watch.* Who goes there?

2 *Watch.* Stay, or thou diest.

[WARWICK, and the rest, cry all—Warwick! Warwick!
and set upon the guard; who fly, crying,
Arm! Arm! Warwick, and the rest, following
them.]

The drum beating, and trumpets sounding. Re-enter WARWICK, and the rest, bringing the King out in a gown, sitting in a chair; GLOSTER and HASTINGS fly.

Som. What are they that fly there?

War. Richard, and Hastings; let them go; here's the duke.

K. Edw. The duke! why, Warwick, when we parted last,
Thou call'dst me king!

War. Ay, but the case is altered;

M *

When you disgraced me in my embassy,
Then I degraded you from being king,
And come now to create you duke of York.
Alas! how should you govern any kingdom,
That know not how to use ambassadors;
Nor how to be contented with one wife;
Nor how to use your brothers brotherly;
Nor how to study for the people's welfare;
Nor how to shroud yourself from enemies?

K. Edw. Yea, brother of Clarence, art thou here too?
Nay, then I see, that Edward needs must down.—
Yet, Warwick, in despite of all mischance,
Of thee thyself, and all thy complices,
Edward will always bear himself as king;
Though fortune's malice overthrow my state,
My mind exceeds the compass of her wheel.

War. Then, for his mind, be Edward England's king.

[*Takes off his crown.*]

But Henry now shall wear the English crown,
And be true king indeed; thou but the shadow.—
My lord of Somerset, at my request,
See that forthwith duke Edward be conveyed
Unto my brother, archbishop of York.
When I have fought with Pembroke and his fellows,
I'll follow you, and tell what answer
Lewis, and the lady Bona, send to him;
Now, for a while, farewell, good duke of York.

K. Edw. What fates impose, that men must needs abide;
It boots not to resist both wind and tide.

[*Exit KING EDWARD, led out; SOMERSET with him.*]

Oxf. What now remains, my lords, for us to do,
But march to London with our soldiers?

War. Ay, that's the first thing that we have to do;
To free king Henry from imprisonment,
And see him seated in the regal throne. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH and RIVERS.

Riv. Madam, what makes you in this sudden change?

Q. Eliz. Why, brother Rivers, are you yet to learn
What late misfortune is befallen king Edward?

Riv. What, loss of some pitched battle against Warwick?

Q. Eliz. No, but the loss of his own royal person.

Riv. Then is my sovereign slain?

Q. Eliz. Ay, almost slain, for he is taken prisoner;
 Either betrayed by falsehood of his guard.
 Or by his foe surprised at unawares;
 And, as I further have to understand,
 Is now committed to the bishop of York,
 Fell Warwick's brother, and by that our foe.

Riv. These news, I must confess, are full of grief;
 Yet, gracious madam, bear it as you may;
 Warwick may lose, that now hath won the day.

Q. Eliz. Till then, fair hope must hinder life's decay.
 And I the rather wean me from despair,
 For love of Edward's offspring in my womb;
 This is it that makes me bridle passion,
 And bear with mildness my misfortune's cross;
 Ay, ay, for this I draw in many a tear,
 And stop the rising of blood-sucking sighs,
 Lest with my sighs or tears I blast or drown
 King Edward's fruit, true heir to the English crown.

Riv. But, madam, where is Warwick then become?

Q. Eliz. I am informed, that he comes towards London.
 To set the crown once more on Henry's head:
 Guess thou the rest; king Edward's friends must down.
 But, to prevent the tyrant's violence,
 (For trust not him that hath once broken faith,)
 I'll hence forthwith unto the sanctuary,
 To save at least the heir of Edward's right;
 There shall I rest secure from force and fraud.
 Come, therefore, let us fly, while we may fly;
 If Warwick take us, we are sure to die. [*Exeunt*

SCENE V. *A Park near Middleham Castle in Yorkshire*

Enter GLOSTER, HASTINGS, SIR WILLIAM STANLEY, *and*
others.

Glo. Now, my lord Hastings, and sir William Stanley,
 Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither,
 Into this chiefest thicket of the park.
 Thus stands the case:—You know, our king, my brother,
 Is prisoner to the bishop here, at whose hands
 He hath good usage and great liberty;
 And often, but attended with weak guard,
 Comes hunting this way to disport himself.
 I have advertised him by secret means,
 That if, about this hour, he make this way,
 Under the color of his usual game,

He shall here find his friends, with horse and men,
To set him free from his captivity.

Enter KING EDWARD and a Huntsman.

Hunt. This way, my lord; for this way lies the game.

K. Edw. Nay, this way, man; see, where the huntsmen stand.—

Now, brother of Gloster, lord Hastings, and the rest,
Stand you thus close to steal the bishop's deer?

Glo. Brother, the time and case requireth haste;
Your horse stands ready at the park corner.

K. Edw. But whither shall we then?

Hast. To Lynn, my lord; and ship from thence to Flanders.

Glo. Well guessed, believe me; for that was my meaning.

K. Edw. Stanley, I will requite thy forwardness.

Glo. But wherefore stay we? 'tis no time to talk.

K. Edw. Huntsman, what say'st thou? wilt thou go along?

Hunt. Better do so, than tarry and be hanged.

Glo. Come then, away; let's have no more ado.

K. Edw. Bishop, farewell: shield thee from Warwick's frown;

And pray that I may repossess the crown. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE VI. *A Room in the Tower.*

Enter KING HENRY, CLARENCE, WARWICK, SOMERSET, Young RICHMOND, OXFORD, MONTAGUE, Lieutenant of the Tower, and Attendants.

K. Hen. Master lieutenant, now that God and friends
Have shaken Edward from the regal seat;
And turned my captive state to liberty,
My fear to hope, my sorrows unto joys;
At our enlargement what are thy due fees?

Lieu. Subjects may challenge nothing of their sovereigns;
But, if an humble prayer may prevail,
I then crave pardon of your majesty.

K. Hen. For what, lieutenant? for well using me?
Nay, be thou sure, I'll well requite thy kindness,
For that it made my imprisonment a pleasure;
Ay, such a pleasure as incaged birds
Conceive, when, after many moody thoughts,
At last, by notes of household harmony,
They quite forget their loss of liberty.—

But, Warwick, after God, thou set'st me free,
And chiefly therefore I thank God, and thee;
He was the author, thou the instrument.
Therefore, that I may conquer fortune's spite,
By living low, where fortune cannot hurt me;
And that the people of this blessed land
May not be punished with my thwarting stars;
Warwick, although my head still wear the crown,
I here resign my government to thee,
For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.

War. Your grace hath still been famed for virtuous;
And now may seem as wise as virtuous,
By spying, and avoiding, fortune's malice,
For few men rightly temper with the stars:
Yet in this one thing let me blame your grace,
For choosing me, when Clarence is in place.

Clar. No, Warwick, thou art worthy of the sway,
To whom the Heavens, in thy nativity,
Adjudged an olive branch and laurel crown,
As likely to be blessed in peace and war;
And therefore I yield thee my free consent.

War. And I choose Clarence only for protector.

K. Hen. Warwick, and Clarence, give me both your hands;
Now join your hands, and, with your hands, your hearts,
That no dissension hinder government:
I make you both protectors of this land;
While I myself will lead a private life,
And in devotion spend my latter days,
To sin's rebuke, and my Creator's praise.

War. What answers Clarence to his sovereign's will?

Clar. That he consents, if Warwick yield consent;
For on thy fortune I repose myself.

War. Why then, though loath, yet must I be content;
We'll yoke together, like a double shadow
To Henry's body, and supply his place;
I mean, in bearing weight of government,
While he enjoys the honor, and his ease.
And, Clarence, now then it is more than needful,
Forthwith that Edward be pronounced a traitor,
And all his lands and goods be confiscate?

Clar. What else? and that succession be determined.

War. Ay, therein Clarence shall not want his part.

K. Hen. But, with the first of all your chief affairs,
Let me entreat (for I command no more)
That Margaret your queen, and my son Edward,
Be sent for, to return from France with speed;

For, till I see them here, by doubtful fear
My joy of liberty is half eclipsed.

Clar. It shall be done, my sovereign, with all speed.

K. Hen. My lord of Somerset, what youth is that,
Of whom you seem to have so tender care?

Som. My liege, it is young Henry, earl of Richmond.

K. Hen. Come hither, England's hope. If secret powers
[*Lays his hand on his head*

Suggest but truth to my divining thoughts,
This pretty lad will prove our country's bliss.
His looks are full of peaceful majesty;
His head by nature framed to wear a crown,
His hand to wield a sceptre; and himself
Likely, in time, to bless a regal throne.
Make much of him, my lords; for this is he,
Must help you more than you are hurt by me.

Enter a Messenger.

War. What news, my friend?

Mess. That Edward is escaped from your brother,
And fled, as he hears since, to Burgundy.

War. Unsavory news; but how made he escape?

Mess. He was conveyed by Richard duke of Gloster,
And the lord Hastings, who attended him
In secret ambush on the forest side,
And from the bishop's huntsmen rescued him;
For hunting was his daily exercise.

War. My brother was too careless of his charge.
But let us hence, my sovereign, to provide
A salve for any sore that may betide.

[*Exeunt* KING HENRY, WAR., CLAR., Lieut., and
Attendants.

Som. My lord, I like not of this flight of Edward's;
For, doubtless, Burgundy will yield him help;
And we shall have more wars, before't be long.
As Henry's late presaging prophecy
Did glad my heart with hope of this young Richmond,
So doth my heart misgive me, in these conflicts
What may befall him, to his harm, and ours.
Therefore, lord Oxford, to prevent the worst,
Forthwith we'll send him hence to Brittany,
Till storms be past of civil enmity.

Oxf. Ay; for if Edward repossess the crown,
'Tis like, that Richmond with the rest shall down.

Som. It shall be so; he shall to Brittany.
Come, therefore, let's about it speedily.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *Before York.*

Enter KING EDWARD, GLOSTER, HASTINGS, *and Forces.*

K. Edw. Now, brother Richard, lord Hastings, and the rest ;

Yet thus far fortune maketh us amends,
And says—that once more I shall interchange
My waned state for Henry's regal crown.
Well have we passed, and now repass the seas,
And brought desired help from Burgundy.
What then remains, we being thus arrived
From Ravenspurg haven before the gates of York,
But that we enter, as into our dukedom?

Glo. The gates made fast!—Brother, I like not this;
For many men, that stumble at the threshold,
Are well foretold—that danger lurks within.

K. Edw. Tush, man! abodements must not now affright us;
By fair or foul means we must enter in,
For hither will our friends repair to us.

Hast. My liege, I'll knock once more, to summon them.

Enter, on the walls, the Mayor of York, and his Brethren.

May. My lords, we were forewarned of your coming,
And shut the gates for safety of ourselves;
For now we owe allegiance unto Henry.

K. Edw. But, master mayor, if Henry be your king,
Yet Edward, at the least, is duke of York.

May. True, my good lord; I know you for no less.

K. Edw. Why, and I challenge nothing but my dukedom;
As being well content with that alone.

Glo. But, when the fox hath once got in his nose,
He'll soon find means to make the body follow. [*Aside.*

Hast. Why, master mayor, why stand you in a doubt?
Open the gates, we are king Henry's friends.

May. Ay, say you so? The gates shall then be opened.
[*Excunt, from above.*

Glo. A wise, stout captain, and persuaded soon!

Hast. The good old man would fain that all were well,
So 'twere not 'long of him; but, being entered,
I doubt not, I, but we shall soon persuade
Both him, and all his brothers, unto reason.

Re-enter the Mayor and Two Aldermen, below.

K. Edw. So, master mayor; these gates must not be shut.
But in the night, or in the time of war

What! fear not, man, but yield me up the keys:

[*Takes his keys.*]

For Edward will defend the town, and thee,
And all those friends that deign to follow me.

Drum. Enter MONTGOMERY and Forces, marching.

Glo. Brother, this is sir John Montgomery
Our trusty friend, unless I be deceived.

K. Edw. Welcome, sir John? But why come you in arms?

Mont. To help king Edward in his time of storm,
As every loyal subject ought to do.

K. Edw. Thanks, good Montgomery. But we now forget
Our title to the crown; and only claim
Our dukedom, till God please to send the rest.

Mont. Then fare you well, for I will hence again;
I came to serve a king, and not a duke.—

Drummer, strike up, and let us march away.

[*A march begun.*]

K. Edw. Nay, stay, sir John, a while; and we'll debate,
By what safe means the crown may be recovered.

Mont. What talk you of debating? In few words,
If you'll not here proclaim yourself our king,
I'll leave you to your fortune; and be gone,
To keep them back that come to succor you.
Why should we fight, if you pretend no title?

Glo. Why, brother, wherefore stand you on nice points?

K. Edw. When we grow stronger, then we'll make our
claim;

Till then, 'tis wisdom to conceal our meaning.

Hast. Away with scrupulous wit! now arms must rule.

Glo. And fearless minds climb soonest unto crowns.
Brother, we will proclaim you out of hand;
The bruit thereof will bring you many friends.

K. Edw. Then be it as you will; for 'tis my right,
And Henry but usurps the diadem.

Mont. Ay, now my sovereign speaketh like himself;
And now will I be Edward's champion.

Hast. Sound, trumpet; Edward shall be here pro-
claimed.—

Come, fellow-soldier, make thou proclamation.

[*Gives him a paper. Flourish.*]

Sold. [*Reads.*] *Edward the Fourth, by the grace of God,
king of England and France, and lord of Ireland, &c.*

Mont. And whosoe'er gainsays king Edward's right,
By this I challenge him to single fight.

[*Throws down his gauntlet.*]

All. Long live Edward the Fourth!

K. Edw. Thanks, brave Montgomery;—and thanks unto you all.

If fortune serve me, I'll requite this kindness.
Now, for this night, let's harbor here in York;
And, when the morning sun shall raise his car
Above the border of this horizon,
We'll forward towards Warwick, and his mates;
For, well I wot, that Henry is no soldier.—
Ah, froward Clarence!—how evil it beseems thee
To flatter Henry, and forsake thy brother!
Yet, as we may, we'll meet both thee and Warwick.—
Come on, brave soldiers; doubt not of the day;
And, that once gotten, doubt not of large pay. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII. London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING HENRY, WARWICK, CLARENCE, MONTAGUE,
EXETER, and OXFORD.

War. What counsel, lords? Edward from Belgia,
With hasty Germans, and blunt Hollanders,
Hath passed in safety through the narrow seas,
And with his troops doth march amain to London;
And many giddy people flock to him.

Oxf. Let's levy men, and beat him back again.

Clar. A little fire is quickly trodden out;
Which, being suffered, rivers cannot quench.

War. In Warwickshire I have true-hearted friends,
Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in war.
Those will I muster up;—and thou, son Clarence,
Shalt stir, in Suffolk, Norfolk, and in Kent,
The knights and gentlemen to come with thee;
Thou, brother Montague, in Buckingham,
Northampton, and in Leicestershire, shalt find
Men well inclined to hear what thou command'st;
And thou, brave Oxford, wondrous well beloved,
In Oxfordshire shalt muster up thy friends.—
My sovereign, with the loving citizens,—
Like to his island, girt in with the ocean,
Or modest Dian, circled with her nymphs,—
Shall rest in London, till we come to him.
Fair lords, take leave, and stand not to reply.—
Farewell, my sovereign.

K. Hen. Farewell, my Hector, and my Troy's true hope.

Clar. In sign of truth, I kiss your highness' hand.

K. Hen. Well-minded Clarence, be thou fortunate!

Mont. Comfort, my lord,—and so I take my leave.

Oxf. And thus, [*Kissing HENRY's hand.*] I seal my truth, and bid adieu.

K. Hen. Sweet Oxford, and my loving Montague,
And all at once, once more a happy farewell.

War. Farewell, sweet lords; let's meet at Coventry

[*Exeunt WAR., CLAR., OXF., and MONT.*]

K. Hen. Here at the palace will I rest awhile.
Cousin of Exeter, what thinks your lordship?
Methinks the power, that Edward hath in field,
Should not be able to encounter mine.

Exe. The doubt is, that he will seduce the rest.

K. Hen. That's not my fear; my meed hath got me fame.
I have not stopped mine ears to their demands,
Nor posted off their suits with slow delays;
My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds,
My mildness hath allayed their swelling griefs,
My mercy dried their water-flowing tears.
I have not been desirous of their wealth,
Nor much oppressed them with great subsidies,
Nor forward of revenge, though they much erred.
Then why should they love Edward more than me?
No, Exeter, these graces challenge grace;
And, when the lion fawns upon the lamb,
The lamb will never cease to follow him.

[*Shout within.* A Lancaster! a Lancaster!]

Exe. Hark, hark, my lord! what shouts are these?

Enter KING EDWARD, GLOSTER, and Soldiers.

K. Edw. Seize on the shame-faced Henry, bear him hence,
And once again proclaim us king of England.—
You are the fount that makes small brooks to flow:
Now stops thy spring; my sea shall suck them dry,
And swell so much the higher by their ebb.—
Hence with him to the Tower; let him not speak.

[*Exeunt some with KING HENRY.*]

And, lords, towards Coventry bend we our course,
Where peremptory Warwick now remains:
The sun shines hot, and if we use delay,
Cold, biting winter mars our hoped-for hay.

Glo. Away betimes, before his forces join,
And take the great-grown traitor unawares:
Brave warriors, march amain towards Coventry. [*Exeunt*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. Coventry.

Enter, upon the walls, WARWICK, the Mayor of Coventry, Two Messengers, and others.

War. Where is the post that came from valiant Oxford?
How far hence is thy lord, mine honest fellow?

1 Mess. By this at Dunsmore, marching hitherward.

War. How far off is our brother Montague?
Where is the post that came from Montague?

2 Mess. By this at Daintry, with a puissant troop.

Enter SIR JOHN SOMERVILLE.

War. Say, Somerville, what says my loving son?
And, by thy guess, how nigh is Clarence now?

Som. At Southam I did leave him with his forces,
And do expect him here some two hours hence.

[Drum heard.]

War. Then Clarence is at hand; I hear his drum.

Som. It is not his, my lord; here Southam lies.
The drum your honor hears, marcheth from Warwick.

War. Who should that be? belike, unlooked-for friends.

Som. They are at hand, and you shall quickly know.

Drums. Enter KING EDWARD, GLOSTER, and Forces, marching.

K. Edw. Go, trumpet, to the walls, and sound a parle.

Glo. See how the surly Warwick mans the wall!

War. O, unbid spite! is sportful Edward come?
Where slept our scouts, or how are they seduced,
That we could hear no news of his repair?

K. Edw. Now, Warwick, wilt thou ope the city gates.
Speak gentle words, and humbly bend thy knee?
Call Edward—king, and at his hands beg mercy,
And he shall pardon thee these outrages.

War. Nay, rather, wilt thou draw thy forces hence,
Confess who set thee up and plucked thee down?
Call Warwick—patron, and be penitent,
And thou shalt still remain the duke of York.

Glo. I thought, at least, he would have said—the king:
Or did he make the jest against his will?

War. Is not a dukedom, sir, a goodly gift?

Glo. Ay, by my faith, for a poor earl to give:
I'll do thee service for so good a gift.

War. 'Twas I that gave the kingdom to thy brother.

K. Edw. Why, then 'tis mine, if but by Warwick's gift.

War. Thou art no Atlas for so great a weight;
And, weakling, Warwick takes his gift again;
And Henry is my king, Warwick his subject.

K. Edw. But Warwick's king is Edward's prisoner;
And, gallant Warwick, do but answer this,—
What is the body, when the head is off?

Glo. Alas, that Warwick had no more forecast,
But, whiles he thought to steal the single ten,
The king was slyly fingered from the deck!
You left poor Henry at the bishop's palace,
And, ten to one, you'll meet him in the Tower.

K. Edw. 'Tis even so; yet you are Warwick still.

Glo. Come, Warwick, take the time, kneel down, kneel
down.

Nay, when? strike now, or else the iron cools.

War. I had rather chop this hand off at a blow,
And with the other fling it at thy face,
Than bear so low a sail, to strike to thee.

K. Edw. Sail how thou canst, have wind and tide thy friend;
This hand, fast wound about thy coal-black hair,
Shall, whiles the head is warm, and new cut off
Write in the dust this sentence with thy blood,—
Wind-changing Warwick now can change no more.

Enter OXFORD, with drum and colors.

War. O, cheerful colors! see, where Oxford comes!

Oxf. Oxford, Oxford, for Lancaster!

[*OXFORD and his Forces enter the city.*]

Glo. The gates are open; let us enter too.

K. Edw. So other foes may set upon our backs.
Stand we in good array; for they, no doubt,
Will issue out again, and bid us battle;
If not, the city, being but of small defence,
We'll quickly rouse the traitors in the same.

War. O, welcome, Oxford, for we want thy help.

Enter MONTAGUE, with drum and colors.

Mont. Montague, Montague, for Lancaster!

[*He and his Forces enter the city.*]

Glo. Thou and thy brother both shall buy this treason
Even with the dearest blood your bodies bear.

K. Edw. The harder matched, the greater victory;
My mind presageth happy gain, and conquest.

Enter SOMERSET, with drum and colors.

Som. Somerset, Somerset, for Lancaster!

[He and his Forces enter the city.]

Glo. Two of thy name, both dukes of Somerset,
Have sold their lives unto the house of York;
And thou shalt be the third, if this sword hold.

Enter CLARENCE, with drum and colors.

War. And lo, where George of Clarence sweeps along,
Of force enough to bid his brother battle;
With whom an upright zeal to right prevails,
More than the nature of a brother's love.—
Come, Clarence, come; thou wilt, if Warwick calls.

Clar. Father of Warwick, know you what this means;

[Taking the red rose out of his cap.]

Look here, I throw my infamy at thee.
I will not ruinate my father's house,
Who gave his blood to lime the stones together,
And set up Lancaster. Why, trow'st thou, Warwick,
That Clarence is so harsh, so blunt, unnatural,
To bend the fatal instruments of war
Against his brother, and his lawful king?
Perhaps thou wilt object my holy oath:
To keep that oath, were more impiety
Than Jephtha's, when he sacrificed his daughter.
I am so sorry for my trespass made,
That, to deserve well at my brother's hands,
I here proclaim myself thy mortal foe;
With resolution, wheresoe'er I meet thee,
(As I will meet thee, if thou stir abroad,)
To plague thee for thy foul misleading me.
And so, proud-hearted Warwick, I defy thee,
And to my brother turn my blushing cheeks.—
Pardon me, Edward, I will make amends;
And, Richard, do not frown upon my faults.
For I will henceforth be no more unconstant.

K. Edw. Now welcome more, and ten times more beloved.
Than if thou never hadst deserved our hate.

Glo. Welcome, good Clarence; this is brotherlike.

War. O, passing traitor, perjured, and unjust!

K. Edw. What, Warwick, wilt thou leave the town, and
fight?

Or shall we beat the stones about thine ears?

War. Alas, I am not cooped here for defence.
I will away towards Barnet presently,
And bid thee battle, Edward, if thou dar'st.

K. Edw. Yes, Warwick, Edward dares, and leads the way.—
Lords, to the field. Saint George, and victory.

[*March. Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A Field of Battle near Barnet.*

*Alarums and Excursions. Enter KING EDWARD, bringing
in WARWICK, wounded.*

K. Edw. So, lie thou there: die thou, and die our fear;
For Warwick was a bug, that feared us all.—
Now, Montague, sit fast; I seek for thee,
That Warwick's bones may keep thine company. [*Exit.*]

War. Ah, who is nigh? Come to me, friend, or foe,
And tell me who is victor, York or Warwick?
Why ask I that? my mangled body shows,
My blood, my want of strength, my sick heart shows
That I must yield my body to the earth,
And, by my fall, the conquest to my foe.
Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,
Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle,
Under whose shade the ramping lion slept;
Whose top-branch overpeered Jove's spreading tree,
And kept low shrubs from winter's powerful wind.
These eyes, that now are dimmed with death's black veil.
Have been as piercing as the mid-day sun,
To search the secret treasons of the world.
The wrinkles in my brows, now filled with blood,
Were likened oft to kingly sepulchres;
For who lived king, but I could dig his grave?
And who durst smile when Warwick bent his brow?
Lo, now my glory smeared in dust and blood!
My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,
Even now forsake me; and, of all my lands,
Is nothing left me, but my body's length!
Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust?
And, live we how we can, yet die we must.

Enter OXFORD and SOMERSET.

Som. Ah, Warwick, Warwick! wert thou as we are,
We might recover all our loss again!
The queen from France hath brought a puissant power;
Even now we heard the news. Ah, couldst thou fly!

War. Why, then I would not fly.—Ah, Montague,
If thou be there, sweet brother, take my hand,
And with thy lips keep in my soul a while!
Thou lov'st me not; for, brother, if thou didst,
Thy tears would wash this cold, congealed blood,
That glues my lips, and will not let me speak.
Come quickly, Montague, or I am dead.

Som. Ah, Warwick, Montague hath breathed his last;
And, to the latest gasp, cried out for Warwick,
And said—*Commend me to my valiant brother.*
And more he would have said; and more he spoke,
Which sounded like a cannon in a vault,
That might not be distinguished; but, at last,
I well might hear delivered with a groan—
O, farewell, Warwick!

War. Sweet rest to his soul!—
Fly, lords, and save yourselves; for Warwick bids
You all farewell, to meet again in heaven. [*Dies.*]

Oxf. Away, away, to meet the queen's great power!
[*Exeunt bearing off WARWICK'S body.*]

SCENE III. *Another Part of the Field. Flourish.*

*Enter KING EDWARD in triumph; with CLARENCE,
GLOSTER, and the rest.*

K. Edw. Thus far our fortune keeps an upward course,
And we are graced with wreaths of victory.
But, in the midst of this bright-shining day,
I spy a black, suspicious, threatening cloud,
That will encounter with our glorious sun,
Ere he attain his easeful, western bed;
I mean, my lords,—those powers, that the queen
Hath raised in Gallia, have arrived our coast,
And, as we hear, march on to fight with us.

Clar. A little gale will soon disperse that cloud,
And blow it to the source from whence it came.
Thy very beams will dry those vapors up;
For every cloud engenders not a storm.

Glo. The queen is valued thirty thousand strong,
And Somerset, with Oxford, fled to her;
If she have time to breathe, be well assured,
Her faction will be full as strong as ours.

K. Edw. We are advertised by our loving friends,
That they do hold their course towards Tewksbury;
We, having now the best at Barnet field,

Will thither straight, for willingness rids way;
And, as we march, our strength will be augmented
In every county as we go along.
Strike up the drum; cry — Courage! and away. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *Plains near Tewksbury. March.*

Enter QUEEN MARGARET, PRINCE EDWARD, SOMERSET,
OXFORD, and Soldiers.

Q. Mar. Great lords, wise men ne'er sit and wail their loss,
But cheerly seek how to redress their harms.
What though the mast be now blown overboard,
The cable broke, the holding anchor lost,
And half our sailors swallowed in the flood?
Yet lives our pilot still. Is't meet, that he
Should leave the helm, and, like a fearful lad,
With tearful eyes add water to the sea,
And give more strength to that which hath too much;
Whiles, in his moan, the ship splits on the rock,
Which industry and courage might have saved?
Ah, what a shame! ah, what a fault were this!
Say, Warwick was our anchor; what of that?
And Montague our top-mast; what of him?
Our slaughtered friends the tackles; what of these?
Why, is not Oxford here another anchor?
And Somerset another goodly mast?
The friends of France our shrouds and tacklings?
And, though unskilful, why not Ned and I
For once allowed the skilful pilot's charge?
We will not from the helm, to sit and weep,
But keep our course, though the rough wind say — no,
From shelves and rocks that threaten us with wreck.
As good to chide the waves, as speak them fair.
And what is Edward, but a ruthless sea?
What Clarence, but a quicksand of deceit?
And Richard, but a ragged, fatal rock?
All these the enemies to our poor bark.
Say, you can swim; alas, 'tis but a while:
Tread on the sand; why, there you quickly sink:
Bestride the rock; the tide will wash you off,
Or else you famish; that's a threefold death.
This speak I, lords, to let you understand,
In case some one of you would fly from us,
That there's no hoped-for mercy with the brothers,
More than with ruthless waves, with sands, and rocks.

Why, courage, then! what cannot be avoided,
'Twere childish weakness to lament, or fear.

Prince. Methinks a woman of this valiant spirit,
Should, if a coward heard her speak these words,
Infuse his breast with magnanimity,
And make him, naked, foil a man at arms.
I speak not this as doubting any here.
For, did I but suspect a fearful man,
He should have leave to go away betimes;
Lest, in our need, he might infect another,
And make him of like spirit to himself.
If any such be here, as God forbid!
Let him depart, before we need his help.

Oxf. Women and children of so high a courage!
And warriors faint! why, 'twere perpetual shame.—
O, brave young prince! thy famous grandfather
Doth live again in thee. Long mayst thou live,
To bear his image, and renew his glories!

Som. And he, that will not fight for such a hope,
Go home to bed, and like the owl by day,
If he arise, be mocked and wondered at.

Q. Mar. Thanks, gentle Somerset;—sweet Oxford, thanks.

Prince. And take his thanks, that yet hath nothing else.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you, lords, for Edward is at hand,
Ready to fight; therefore be resolute.

Oxf. I thought no less; it is his policy,
To haste thus fast, to find us unprovided.

Som. But he's deceived; we are in readiness.

Q. Mar. This cheers my heart, to see your forwardness.

Oxf. Here pitch our battle; hence we will not budge.

March. *Enter, at a distance, KING EDWARD, CLARENCE,
GLOSTER, and Forces.*

K. Edw. Brave followers, yonder stands the thorny wood,
Which, by the Heavens' assistance, and your strength,
Must by the roots be hewn up yet ere night.
I need not add more fuel to your fire,
For well I wot ye blaze to burn them out.
Give signal to the fight, and to it, lords.

Q. Mar. Lords, knights, and gentlemen, what I should
say,
My tears gainsay; for every word I speak,
Ye see, I drink the water of mine eyes.
Therefore, no more but this:—Henry, your sovereign,

Is prisoner to the foe; his state usurped,
His realm a slaughter-house, his subjects slain,
His statutes cancelled, and his treasure spent;
And yonder is the wolf that makes this spoil.
You fight in justice; then, in God's name, lords,
Be valiant, and give signal to the fight.

[*Exeunt both Armies.*]

SCENE V. *Another part of the same.*

Alarums: Excursions: and afterwards a retreat. Then enter
KING EDWARD, CLARENCE, GLOSTER, *and Forces; with*
QUEEN MARGARET, OXFORD, *and SOMERSET, prisoners.*

K. Edw. Now, here a period of tumultuous broils.
Away with Oxford to Hammes castle straight:
For Somerset, off with his guilty head.
Go, bear them hence; I will not hear them speak.

Oxf. For my part, I'll not trouble thee with words.

Som. Nor I, but stoop with patience to my fortune.

[*Exeunt OXF. and SOM., guarded.*]

Q. Mar. So part we sadly in this troublous world,
To meet with joy in sweet Jerusalem.

K. Edw. Is proclamation made,—that who finds Edward,
Shall have a high reward, and he his life?

Glo. It is; and lo, where youthful Edward comes.

Enter Soldiers, with PRINCE EDWARD.

K. Edw. Bring forth the gallant; let us hear him speak.
What! can so young a thorn begin to prick?
Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make,
For bearing arms, for stirring up my subjects,
And all the trouble thou hast turned me to?

Prince. Speak like a subject, proud, ambitious York!
Suppose that I am now my father's mouth;
Resign thy chair, and, where I stand, kneel thou,
Whilst I propose the self-same words to thee,
Which, traitor, thou wouldst have me answer to.

Q. Mar. Ah, that thy father had been so resolved!

Glo. That you might still have worn the petticoat,
And ne'er have stolen the breech from Lancaster.

Prince. Let Æsop fable in the winter's night;
His currish riddles sort not with this place.

Glo. By Heaven, brat, I'll plague you for that word.

Q. Mar. Ay, thou wast born to be a plague to men.

Glo. For God's sake, take away this captive scold.

Prince. Nay, take away this scolding crook-back rather.

K. Edw. Peace, wilful boy, or I will charm your tongue.

Clar. Untutored lad, thou art too malapert.

Prince. I know my duty; you are all undutiful.
Lascivious Edward,—and thou perjured George,
And thou misshapen Dick,—I tell ye all,
I am your better, traitors as ye are;—
And thou usurp'st my father's right and mine.

K. Edw. Take that, the likeness of this railer here.

[*Stabs him.*

Glo. Sprawl'st thou? take that, to end thy agony.

[*GLO. stabs him.*

Cla. And there's for twitting me me with perjury.

[*CLA. stabs him.*

Q. Mar. O, kill me too!

Glo. Marry, and shall.

[*Offers to kill her.*

K. Edw. Hold, Richard, hold, for we have done too much.

Glo. Why should she live, to fill the world with words?

K. Edw. What! doth she swoon? use means for her recovery.

Glo. Clarence, excuse me to the king my brother.

I'll hence to London on a serious matter;

Ere ye come there, be sure to hear some news.

Clar. What? what?

Glo. The Tower, the Tower!

[*Exit.*

Q. Mar. O, Ned, sweet Ned! speak to thy mother, boy!

Canst thou not speak?—O traitors! murderers!—

They that stabbed Cæsar, shed no blood at all,

Did not offend, nor were not worthy blame,

If this foul deed were by, to equal it.

He was a man; this, in respect, a child;

And men ne'er spend their fury on a child.

What's worse than murderer, that I may name it?

No, no; my heart will burst, an if I speak;—

And I will speak, that so my heart may burst.—

Butchers and villains, bloody cannibals!

How sweet a plant have you untimely cropped!

You have no children, butchers! if you had,

The thought of them would have stirred up remorse;

But if you ever chance to have a child,

Look in his youth to have him so cut off,

As, deathsmen! you have rid this sweet young prince!

K. Edw. Away with her; go, bear her hence perforce

Q. Mar. Nay, never bear me hence; despatch me here,

Here sheath thy sword; I'll pardon thee my death.

What! wilt thou not?—Then, Clarence, do it thou.

Clar. By Heaven, I will not do thee so much ease.

Q. Mar. Good Clarence, do; sweet Clarence, do thou do it

Clar. Didst thou not hear me swear I would not do it?

Q. Mar. Ay, but thou usest to forswear thyself;

'Twas sin before, but now 'tis charity.

What! wilt thou not? Where is that devil's butcher,
Hard-favored Richard! Richard, where art thou?

Thou art not here. Murder is thy alms-deed;

Petitioners for blood thou ne'er put'st back.

K. Edw. Away, I say; I charge ye, bear her hence.

Q. Mar. So come to you, and yours, as to this prince!
[*Exit, led out forcibly*]

K. Edw. Where's Richard gone?

Clar. To London, all in post; and, as I guess,
To make a bloody supper in the Tower.

K. Edw. He's sudden, if a thing comes in his head.
Now march we hence; discharge the common sort
With pay and thanks, and let's away to London,
And see our gentle queen how well she fares;
By this, I hope, she hath a son for me. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VI. London. A Room in the Tower.

KING HENRY is discovered sitting with a book in his hand,
the Lieutenant attending. Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Good day, my lord. What, at your book so hard?

K. Hen. Ay, my good lord. My lord, I should say rather;
'Tis sin to flatter; good was little better:
Good Gloster, and good devil, were alike,
And both preposterous; therefore, not good lord.

Glo. Sirrah, leave us to ourselves; we must confer.

[*Exit Lieutenant*]

K. Hen. So flies the reckless shepherd from the wolf:
So first the harmless sheep doth yield his fleece,
And next his throat, unto the butcher's knife.—
What scene of death hath Roscius now to act?

Glo. Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind;
The thief doth fear each bush an officer.

K. Hen. The bird, that hath been limed in a bush,
With trembling wings misdoubteth every bush;
And I, the hapless male to one sweet bird,
Have now the fatal object in my eye,
Where my poor young was limed, was caught, and killed.

Glo. Why, what a peevish fool was that of Crete,
'That taught his son the office of a fowl?
And yet, for all his wings, the fool was drowned.

K. Hen. I, Dædalus; my poor boy, Icarus;
Thy father, Minos, that denied our course;
The sun, that seared the wings of my sweet boy,
Thy brother Edward; and thyself, the sea,
Whose envious gulf did swallow up his life.
Ah, kill me with thy weapon, not with words!
My breast can better brook thy dagger's point,
Than can my ears that tragic history.—
But wherefore dost thou come? is't for my life?

Glo. Think'st thou I am an executioner?

K. Hen. A persecutor, I am sure, thou art;
If murdering innocents be executing,
Why, then thou art an executioner.

Glo. Thy son I killed for his presumption.

K. Hen. Hadst thou been killed, when first thou didst
presume,
Thou hadst not lived to kill a son of mine.
And thus I prophesy,—that many a thousand,
Which now mistrust no parcel of my fear;
And many an old man's sigh, and many a widow's,
And many an orphan's water-standing eye,—
Men for their sons, wives for their husbands' fate,
And orphans for their parents' timeless death,—
Shall rue the hour that ever thou wast born.
The owl shrieked at thy birth, an evil sign;
The night-crow cried, aboding luckless time;
Dogs howled, and hideous tempests shook down trees;
The raven rooked her on the chimney's top,
And chattering pies in dismal discords sung.
Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,
And yet brought forth less than a mother's hope;
To wit,—an indigest, deformed lump,
Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree.
Teeth hadst thou in thy head, when thou wast born,
To signify,—thou cam'st to bite the world;
And, if the rest be true which I have heard,
Thou cam'st—

Glo. I'll hear no more:—Die, prophet, in thy speech.
[Stabs him.]

For this, amongst the rest, was I ordained.

K. Hen. Ay, and for much more slaughter after this
O God! forgive my sins, and pardon thee! [Dies.]

Glo. What, will the aspiring blood of Lancaster
Sink in the ground? I thought it would have mounted.
See, how my sword weeps for the poor king's death!
O, may such purple tears be always shed

From those that wish the downfall of our house!
If any spark of life be yet remaining,
Down, down to hell: and say—I sent thee thither.

[*Stabs him again.*]

I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear.—
Indeed, 'tis true, that Henry told me of;
For I have often heard my mother say,
I came into the world with my legs forward:
Had I not reason, think ye, to make haste,
And seek their ruin that usurped our right?
'The midwife wondered; and the women cried,
O, Jesus bless us, he is born with teeth!
And so I was; which plainly signified—
That I should snarl, and bite, and play the dog.
Then, since the Heavens have shaped my body so,
Let hell make crook'd my mind to answer it.
I have no brother, I am like no brother:
And this word, love, which greybeards call divine,
Be resident in men like one another,
And not in me; I am myself alone.—
Clarence, beware; thou keep'st me from the light;
But I will sort a pitchy day for thee:
For I will buzz abroad such prophecies,
That Edward shall be fearful of his life;
And then, to purge his fear, I'll be thy death.
King Henry, and the prince his son, are gone:
Clarence, thy turn is next, and then the rest;
Counting myself but bad, till I be best.—
I'll throw thy body in another room,
And triumph, Henry, in thy day of doom.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE VII. *The same. A Room in the Palace.*

KING EDWARD *is discovered sitting on his throne*; QUEEN ELIZABETH *with the infant Prince*, CLARENCE, GLOSTER, HASTINGS, *and others, near him.*

K. Edw. Once more we sit in England's royal throne,
Repurchased with the blood of enemies.
What valiant foemen, like to autumn's corn,
Have we mowed down, in tops of all their pride!
Three dukes of Somerset, threefold renowned
For hardy and undoubted champions:
Two Cliffords, as the father and the son
And two Northumberlands; two braver men
Ne'er spurred their coursers at the trumpet's sound:

With them, the two brave bears, Warwick and Montague,
That in their chains fettered the kingly lion.
And made the forest tremble when they roared.
Thus have we swept suspicion from our seat,
And made our footstool of security.—
Come hither, Bess, and let me kiss my boy.—
Young Ned, for thee, thine uncles, and myself,
Have in our armors watched the winter's night;
Went all afoot in summer's scalding heat,
That thou might'st repossess the crown in peace;
And of our labors thou shalt reap the gain.

Glo. I'll blast his harvest, if your head were laid;
For yet I am not looked on in the world.
This shoulder was ordained so thick, to heave;
And heave it shall some weight, or break my back.—
Work thou the way,—and thou shalt execute. [*Aside.*

K. Edw. Clarence, and Gloster, love my lovely queen;
And kiss your princely nephew, brothers both.

Clar. The duty that I owe unto your majesty,
I seal upon the lips of this sweet babe.

K. Edw. Thanks, noble Clarence; worthy brother, thanks.

Glo. And, that I love the tree from whence thou sprang'st,
Witness the loving kiss I give the fruit.—
To say the truth, so Judas kissed his Master;
And cried—All hail! when as he meant—All } *Aside.*
harm.

K. Edw. Now am I seated as my soul delights,
Having my country's peace, and brothers' loves.

Clar. What will your grace have done with Margaret?
Reignier, her father, to the king of France
Hath pawned the Sicils and Jerusalem,
And hither have they sent it for her ransom.

K. Edw. Away with her, and waft her hence to France.
And now what rests, but that we spend the time
With stately triumphs, mirthful comic shows,
Such as befit the pleasures of the court?
Sound, drums and trumpets!—farewell, sour annoy!
For here, I hope, begins our lasting joy. [*Exeunt.*

KING RICHARD THE THIRD.

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PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING EDWARD THE FOURTH.

EDWARD, *Prince of Wales, afterwards* } *Sons to the King.*
 King Edward V.
 RICHARD, *Duke of York.*

RICHARD, Duke of York.

GEORGE. *Duke of Clarence.*

RICHARD, Duke of Gloster, afterwards King Richard III. } *Brothers to the King.*

A young Son of Clarence.

HENRY, *Earl of Richmond, afterwards* King Henry VII.

CARDINAL BOUCHIER, *Archbishop of Canterbury.*

THOMAS ROTHERAM, *Archbishop* of York.

JOHN MORTON, *Bishop of Ely.*

Duke of Buckingham.

Duke of Norfolk : Earl of Surrey, *his Son.*

EARL RIVERS, *Brother to King Edward's Queen.*

Marquis *of* Dorset, and LORD GREY, *her* Sons.

Earl of Oxford. LORD HASTINGS. LORD STANLEY. LORD LOVELL.

SIR THOMAS VAUGHAN. SIR RICHARD RATCLIFF.

SIR WILLIAM CATESBY. SIR JAMES TYRRELL.

SIR JAMES BLOUNT. SIR WALTER HERBERT.

SIR ROBERT BRAKENBURY, *Lieutenant of The Tower.*

CHRISTOPHER URSWICK, a Priest. Another Priest.

Lord Mayor of London. Sheriff of Wiltshire.

ELIZABETH, *Queen of* King Edward IV.

MARGARET, *Widow of King Henry VI.*

Duchess of York, *Mother to* King Edward IV., Clarence, and Gloster.

LADY ANNE, *Widow of Edward, Prince of Wales, Son to King Henry VI.; afterwards married to the Duke of Gloster.*

A young Daughter of Clarence.

Lords, and other Attendants, two Gentlemen, a Pursuivant, Scrivener, Citizens, Murderers, Messengers, Ghosts, Soldiers, &c.

SCENE. England.

KING RICHARD THE THIRD.

ACT I.

SCENE I. London. *A Street.*

Enter GLOSTER.

Gloster. Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of York;
And all the clouds, that lowered upon our house,
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths;
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments;
Our stern alarums changed to merry meetings,
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
Grim-visaged war hath smoothed his wrinkled front;
And now,—instead of mounting barbed steeds,
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.
But I,—that am not shaped for sportive tricks,
Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass;
I, that am rudely stamped, and want love's majesty,
To strut before a wanton, ambling nymph;
I, that am curtailed of this fair proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
Deformed, unfinished, sent before my time
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
And that so lamely and unfashionable,
That dogs bark at me, as I halt by them;—
Why, I, in this weak, piping time of peace,
Have no delight to pass away the time;
Unless to spy my shadow in the sun,
And descant on mine own deformity;
And, therefore,—since I cannot prove a lover,
(163;

To entertain these fair, well-spoken days,—
I am determined to prove a villain,
And hate the idle pleasures of these days.
Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,
By drunken prophecies, libels, and dreams,
To set my brother Clarence, and the king,
In deadly hate the one against the other;
And, if king Edward be as true and just,
As I am subtle, false, and treacherous,
This day should Clarence closely be mewed up,
About a prophecy, which says—that G
Of Edward's heirs the murderer shall be.
Dive, thoughts, down to my soul! here Clarence comes

Enter CLARENCE, guarded, and BRAKENBURY.

Brother, good day. What means this armed guard,
That waits upon your grace?

Clar. His majesty,
Tendering my person's safety, hath appointed
This conduct to convey me to the Tower.

Glo. Upon what cause?

Clar. Because my name is—George.

Glo. Alack, my lord, that fault is none of yours;
He should, for that, commit your godfathers.—
O, belike, his majesty hath some intent,
That you shall be new christened in the Tower.
But what's the matter, Clarence? may I know?

Clar. Yea, Richard, when I know; for, I protest,
As yet I do not. But, as I can learn,
He hearkens after prophecies, and dreams;
And from the cross-row plucks the letter G,
And says—A wizard told him, that by G
His issue disinherited should be;
And, for my name of George begins with G,
It follows in his thought that I am he.
These, as I learn, and such like toys as these,
Have moved his highness to commit me now.

Glo. Why, this it is, when men are ruled by women.—
'Tis not the king that sends you to the Tower;
My lady Grey, his wife, Clarence, 'tis she,
That tempers him to this extremity.
Was it not she, and that good man of worship,
Antony Woodeville, her brother there,
That made him send lord Hastings to the Tower;
From whence this present day he is delivered?
We are not safe, Clarence, we are not safe.

Clar. By Heaven, I think there is no man secure,
But the queen's kindred, and night-walking heralds
That trudge betwixt the king and mistress Shore.
Heard you not what an humble suppliant
Lord Hastings was to her for his delivery?

Glo. Humbly complaining to her deity
Got my lord chamberlain his liberty.
I'll tell you what,—I think it is our way,
If we will keep in favor with the king,
To be her men, and wear her livery.
The jealous, o'er-worn widow, and herself,
Since that our brother dubbed them gentlewomen,
Are mighty gossips in this monarchy.

Brak. I beseech your graces both to pardon me;
His majesty hath strictly given in charge,
That no man shall have private conference
Of what degree soever with his brother.

Glo. Even so? An please your worship, Brakenbury,
You may partake of any thing we say.
We speak no treason, man.—We say, the king
Is wise and virtuous; and his noble queen
Well struck in years; fair, and not jealous.
We say, that Shore's wife hath a pretty foot,
A cherry lip,
A bonny eye, a passing pleasing tongue;
And that the queen's kindred are made gentlefolks.
How say you, sir? can you deny all this?

Brak. With this, my lord, myself have nought to do.

Glo. Naught to do with mistress Shore! I tell thee, fellow,
He that doth naught with her, excepting one,
Were best to do it secretly, alone.

Brak. What one, my lord?

Glo. Her husband, knave.—Would'st thou betray me?

Brak. I beseech your grace to pardon me; and withal,
Forbear your conference with the noble duke.

Clar. We know thy charge, Brakenbury, and will obey.

Glo. We are the queen's abjects, and must obey.
Brother, farewell. I will unto the king;
And whatsoe'er you will employ me in,—
Were it to call king Edward's widow—sister,—
I will perform it to enfranchise you.
Mean time, this deep disgrace in brotherhood,
Touches me deeper than you can imagine.

Clar. I know it pleaseth neither of us well

Glo. Well, your imprisonment shall not be long,

I will deliver you, or else lie for you.
Mean time, have patience.

Clar. I must perforce; farewell.

[*Exeunt* CLARENCE, BRAKENBURY, and Guard.

Glo. Go, tread the path that thou shalt ne'er return,
Simple, plain Clarence!—I do love thee so,
That I will shortly send thy soul to heaven,
If heaven will take the present at our hands.
But who comes here? the new-delivered Hastings?

Enter HASTINGS.

Hast. Good time of day unto my gracious lord!

Glo. As much unto my good lord chamberlain!
Well are you welcome to this open air.
How hath your lordship brooked imprisonment?

Hast. With patience, noble lord, as prisoners must;
But I shall live, my lord, to give them thanks,
That were the cause of my imprisonment.

Glo. No doubt, no doubt; and so shall Clarence too;
For they, that were your enemies, are his,
And have prevailed as much on him, as you.

Hast. More pity that the eagle should be mewed,
While kites and buzzards prey at liberty.

Glo. What news abroad?

Hast. No news so bad abroad as this at home;—
The king is sickly, weak, and melancholy,
And his physicians fear him mightily.

Glo. Now, by saint Paul, this news is bad indeed.
O, he hath kept an evil diet long,
And over-much consumed his royal person;
'Tis very grievous to be thought upon.
What, is he in his bed?

Hast. He is.

Glo. Go you before, and I will follow you.

[*Exit* HASTINGS

He cannot live, I hope; and must not die
Till George be packed with post-horse up to heaven.
I'll in, to urge his hatred more to Clarence,
With lies well steeled with weighty arguments;
And, if I fail not in my deep intent,
Clarence hath not another day to live;
Which done, God take king Edward to his mercy,
And leave the world for me to bustle in!
For then I'll marry Warwick's youngest daughter.
What though I killed her husband and her father?
The readiest way to make the wench amends,

Is—to become her husband, and her father;
The which will I; not all so much for love,
As for another secret, close intent,
By marrying her, which I must reach unto.
But yet I run before my horse to market;
Clarence still breathes; Edward still lives and reigns;
When they are gone, then must I count my gains. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *The same. Another Street.*

Enter the corpse of KING HENRY THE SIXTH, borne in an open coffin, Gentlemen bearing halberds, to guard it; and LADY ANNE as mourner.

Anne. Set down, set down your honorable load,—
If honor may be shrouded in a hearse,—
Whilst I awhile obsequiously lament
The untimely fall of virtuous Lancaster —
Poor key-cold figure of a holy king!
Pale ashes of the house of Lancaster!
Thou bloodless remnant of that royal blood!
Be it lawful that I invoke thy ghost,
To hear the lamentations of poor Anne,
Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughtered son,
Stabbed by the self-same hand that made these wounds
Lo, in these windows, that let forth thy life,
I pour the helpless balm of my poor eyes.—
O, cursed be the hand that made these holes!
Cursed the heart, that had the heart to do it!
Cursed the blood, that let this blood from hence!
More direful hap betide that hated wretch,
That makes us wretched by the death of thee,
Than I can wish to adders, spiders, toads,
Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives!
If ever he have child, abortive be it,
Prodigious and untimely brought to light,
Whose ugly and unnatural aspect
May fright the hopeful mother at the view;
And that be heir to his unhappiness!
If ever he have wife, let her be made
More miserable by the death of him,
Than I am made by my young lord and thee!—
Come, now, toward Chertsey with your holy load,
Taken from Paul's to be interred there;
And, still as you are weary of the weight,
Rest you, whilst I lament king Henry's corse.
[*The bearers take up the corpse, and advance.*]

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Stay you, that bear the corse, and set it down.

Anne. What black magician conjures up this fiend,
To stop devoted, charitable deeds?

Glo. Villains, set down the corse; or, by saint Paul,
I'll make a corse of him that disobeys.

1 *Gent.* My lord, stand back, and let the coffin pass.

Glo. Unmannered dog! stand thou when I command:
Advance thy halberd higher than my breast,
Or, by saint Paul, I'll strike thee to my foot,
And spurn upon thee, beggar, for thy boldness.

[The bearers set down the coffin.]

Anne. What, do you tremble? are you all afraid?
Alas, I blame you not; for you are mortal,
And mortal eyes cannot endure the devil.—
Avaunt, thou dreadful minister of hell!
Thou hadst but power over his mortal body;
His soul thou canst not have; therefore, be gone.

Glo. Sweet saint, for charity, be not so curst.

Anne. Foul devil, for God's sake, hence, and trouble us not;
For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell,
Filled it with cursing cries, and deep exclaims.
If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,
Behold this pattern of thy butcheries;
O, gentlemen, see, see! dead Henry's wounds
Open their congealed mouths, and bleed afresh!—
Blush, blush, thou lump of foul deformity;
For 'tis thy presence that exhales this blood
From cold and empty veins, where no blood dwells;
Thy deed, inhuman and unnatural,
Provokes this deluge most unnatural.—
O, God, which this blood mad'st, revenge his death!
O, earth, which this blood drink'st, revenge his death!
Either, heaven, with lightning strike the murderer dead,
Or, earth, gape open wide, and eat him quick;
As thou dost swallow up this good king's blood,
Which his hell-governed arm hath butchered!

Glo. Lady, you know no rules of charity,
Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses.

Anne. Villain, thou know'st no law of God nor man;
No beast so fierce, but knows some touch of pity.

Glo. But I know none, and therefore am no beast.

Anne. O, wonderful, when devils tell the truth!

Glo. More wonderful, when angels are so angry.—
Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman,

Of these supposed evils, to give me leave,
By circumstance, but to acquit myself.

Anne. Vouchsafe, diffused infection of a man,
For these known evils, but to give me leave,
By circumstance, to curse thy cursed self.

Glo. Fairer than tongue can name thee, let me have
Some patient leisure to excuse myself.

Anne. Fouler than heart can think thee, thou canst make
No excuse current, but to hang thyself.

Glo. By such despair, I should accuse myself.

Anne. And, by despairing, shalt thou stand excused;
For doing worthy vengeance on thyself,
That didst unworthy slaughter upon others.

Glo. Say, that I slew them not?

Anne. Why, then they are not dead;
But dead they are, and, devilish slave, by thee.

Glo. I did not kill your husband.

Anne. Why, then he is alive.

Glo. Nay, he is dead; and slain by Edward's hand.

Anne. In thy foul throat thou liest. Queen Margaret saw
Thy murderous falchion smoking in his blood;
The which thou once didst bend against her breast,
But that thy brothers beat aside the point.

Glo. I was provoked by her slanderous tongue,
That laid their guilt upon my guiltless shoulders.

Anne. Thou wast provoked by thy bloody mind,
That never dreamt on aught but butcheries.
Didst thou not kill this king?

Glo. I grant ye.

Anne. Dost grant me, hedge-hog? then, God grant me too,
Thou mayst be damned for that wicked deed!
O, he was gentle, mild, and virtuous.

Glo. The fitter for the King of heaven, that hath him.

Anne. He is in heaven, where thou shalt never come.

Glo. Let him thank me, that help to send him thither;
For he was fitter for that place than earth.

Anne. And thou unfit for any place but hell.

Glo. Yes, one place else, if you will hear me name it.

Anne. Some dungeon.

Glo. Your bed-chamber.

Anne. Ill rest betide the chamber where thou liest!

Glo. So will it, madam, till I lie with you.

Anne. I hope so.

Glo. I know so.—But, gentle lady Anne,—
To leave this keen encounter of our wits,
And fall somewhat into a slower method,—

Is not the causer of the timeless deaths
Of these Plantagenets, Henry and Edward,
As blameful as the executioner?

Anne. Thou wast the cause, and most accursed effect

Glo. Your beauty was the cause of that effect;
Your beauty, which did haunt me in my sleep,
To undertake the death of all the world,
So I might live one hour in your sweet bosom.

Anne. If I thought that, I tell thee, homicide,
These nails should rend that beauty from my cheeks.

Glo. These eyes could not endure that beauty's wreck
You should not blemish it, if I stood by;
As all the world is cheered by the sun,
So I by that; it is my day, my life.

Anne. Black night o'ershade thy day, and death thy life!

Glo. Curse not thyself, fair creature, thou art both.

Anne. I would I were, to be revenged on thee.

Glo. It is a quarrel most unnatural,
To be revenged on him that loveth thee.

Anne. It is a quarrel just and reasonable,
To be revenged on him that killed my husband.

Glo. He that bereft thee, lady, of thy husband,
Did it to help thee to a better husband.

Anne. His better doth not breathe upon the earth.

Glo. He lives, that loves you better than he could.

Anne. Name him.

Glo. Plantagenet.

Anne. Why, that was he.

Glo. The self-same name, but one of better nature.

Anne. Where is he?

Glo. Here. [She spits at him.]
Why dost thou spit at me?

Anne. 'Would it were mortal poison, for thy sake!

Glo. Never came poison from so sweet a place.

Anne. Never hung poison on a fouler toad.
Out of my sight! thou dost infect mine eyes.

Glo. Thine eyes, sweet lady, have infected mine.

Anne. 'Would they were basilisks, to strike thee dead!

Glo. I would they were, that I might die at once;
For now they kill me with a living death.

Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt tears,
Shamed their aspects with store of childish drops.

These eyes, which never shed remorseful tear,—

No,—when my father York and Edward wept,

To hear the piteous moan that Rutland made,

When black-faced Clifford shook his sword at him;

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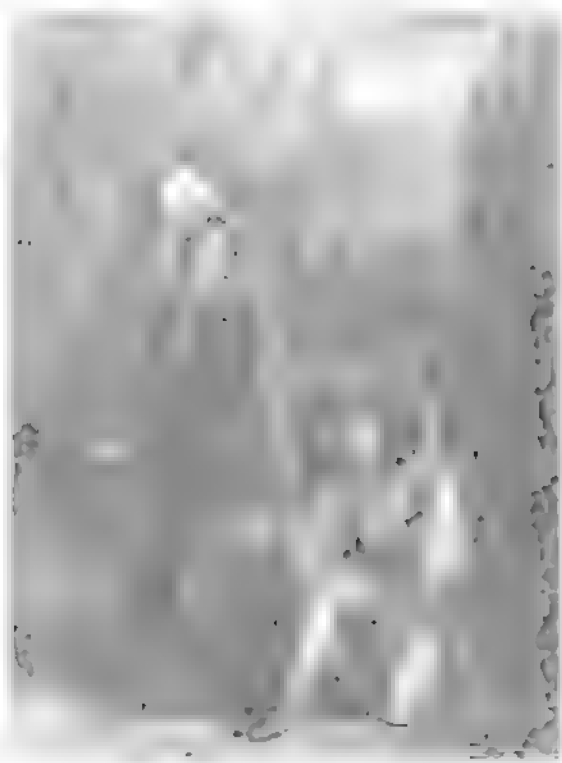
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RICHARD THE THIRD

I have been thinking of you a great deal lately,
 and wondering how you are getting on.
 I hope you are well and happy.
 I have been very busy lately,
 but I have managed to find some time
 to write you a few lines.
 I have been thinking of you a great deal lately,
 and wondering how you are getting on.
 I hope you are well and happy.
 I have been very busy lately,
 but I have managed to find some time
 to write you a few lines.
 I have been thinking of you a great deal lately,
 and wondering how you are getting on.
 I hope you are well and happy.
 I have been very busy lately,
 but I have managed to find some time
 to write you a few lines.



Nor when thy warlike father, like a child,
Told the sad story of my father's death;
And twenty times made pause, to sob, and weep,
That all the standers-by had wet their cheeks,
Like trees bedashed with rain;—in that sad time,
My manly eyes did scorn an humble tear;
And what these sorrows could not thence exhale,
Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with weeping.
I never sued to friend, nor enemy;
My tongue could never learn sweet soothing word;
But now thy beauty is proposed my fee,
My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to speak.

[She looks scornfully at him.]

Teach not thy lip such scorn; for it was made
For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.
If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive,
Lo! here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword;
Which if thou please to hide in this true breast,
And let the soul forth that adoreth thee,
I lay it naked to the deadly stroke,
And humbly beg the death upon my knee.

[He lays his breast open; she offers at it with his sword.]

Nay, do not pause; for I did kill king Henry;—
But 'twas thy beauty that provoked me.
Nay, now despatch; 'twas I that stabbed young Edward;—

[She again offers at his breast.]

But 'twas thy heavenly face that set me on.

[She lets fall the sword.]

Take up the sword again, or take up me.

Anne. Arise, dissembler: though I wish thy death,
I will not be thy executioner.

Glo. Then bid me kill myself, and I will do it.

Anne. I have already.

Glo. That was in thy rage.

Speak it again, and, even with the word,
This hand, which, for thy love, did kill thy love,
Shall, for thy love, kill a far truer love;
To both their deaths shalt thou be accessory.

Anne. I would I knew thy heart.

Glo. 'Tis figured in my tongue.

Anne. I fear me, both are false.

Glo. Then never man was true.

Anne. Well, well, put up your sword.

Glo. Say, then, my peace is made.

Anne. That shall you know hereafter.

Glo. But shall I live in hope?

Anne. All men, I hope, live so.

Glo. Vouchsafe to wear this ring.

Anne. To take, is not to give. [*She puts on the ring.*]

Glo. Look, how this ring encompasseth thy finger;
Even so thy breast encloseth my poor heart;
Wear both of them, for both of them are thine.
And if thy poor devoted servant may
But beg one favor at thy gracious hand,
Thou dost confirm his happiness forever.

Anne. What is it?

Glo. That it may please you leave these sad designs
To him that hath more cause to be a mourner,
And presently repair to Crosby-place;
Where—after I have solemnly interred,
At Chertsey monast'ry, this noble king,
And wet his grave with my repentant tears—
I will with all expedient duty see you.
For divers unknown reasons, I beseech you,
Grant me this boon.

Anne. With all my heart; and much it joys me too,
To see you are become so penitent.—
Tressel, and Berkley, go along with me.

Glo. Bid me farewell.

Anne. 'Tis more than you deserve;
But, since you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine I have said farewell already.

[*Exeunt* LADY ANNE, TRESSEL, and
BERKLEY.]

Glo. Sirs, take up the corse.

Gent. Towards Chertsey, noble lord?

Glo. No, to White Friars; there attend my coming.

[*Exeunt the rest, with the corse.*]

Was ever woman in this humor wooed?

Was ever woman in this humor won?

I'll have her,—but I will not keep her long.

What! I, that killed her husband, and his father,

To take her in her heart's extremest hate;

With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,

The bleeding witness of her hatred by;

With God, her conscience, and these bars against me,

And I no friends to back my suit withal,

But the plain devil, and dissembling looks,

And yet to win her,—all the world to nothing!

Ha!

Hath she forgot already that brave prince,

Edward, her lord, whom I, some three months since,
Stabbed in my angry mood at Tewksbury?
A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman—
Framed in the prodigality of nature,
Young, valiant, wise, and, no doubt, right royal—
The spacious world cannot again afford.
And will she yet abase her eyes on me,
That cropped the golden prime of this sweet prince,
And made her widow to a woful bed?
On me, whose all not equals Edward's moiety?
On me, that halt, and am misshapen thus?
My dukedom to a beggarly denier,
I do mistake my person all this while;
Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,
Myself to be a marvellous proper man.
I'll be at charges for a looking-glass;
And entertain a score or two of tailors,
To study fashions to adorn my body:
Since I am crept in favor with myself,
I will maintain it with some little cost.
But, first, I'll turn yon fellow in his grave;
And then return lamenting to my love.—
Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass,
That I may see my shadow as I pass. [Exit.

SCENE III. *The same. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH, LORD RIVERS, and LORD GREY.

Riv. Have patience, madam; there's no doubt his majesty
Will soon recover his accustomed health.

Grey. In that you brook it ill, it makes him worse;
Therefore, for God's sake, entertain good comfort,
And cheer his grace with quick and merry words.

Q. Eliz. If he were dead, what would betide of me?

Grey. No other harm, but loss of such a lord.

Q. Eliz. The loss of such a lord includes all harms.

Grey. The Heavens have blessed you with a goodly son,
To be your comforter when he is gone.

Q. Eliz. Ah, he is young; and his minority
Is put unto the trust of Richard Gloster,
A man that loves not me, nor none of you.

Riv. Is it concluded he shall be protector?

Q. Eliz. It is determined, not concluded yet;
But so it must be, if the king miscarry.

Enter BUCKINGHAM *and* STANLEY.

Grey. Here come the lords of Buckingham and Stanley.

Buck. Good time of day unto your royal grace!

Stan. God make your majesty joyful as you have been!

Q. Eliz. The countess Richmond, good my lord of Stanley,
To your good prayer will scarcely say—Amen.
Yet, Stanley, notwithstanding she's your wife,
And loves not me, be you, good lord, assured,
I hate not you for her proud arrogance.

Stan. I do beseech you, either not believe
The envious slanders of her false accusers;
Or, if she be accused on true report,
Bear with her weakness, which, I think, proceeds
From wayward sickness, and no grounded malice.

Q. Eliz. Saw you the king to-day, my lord of Stanley?

Stan. But now, the duke of Buckingham, and I,
Are come from visiting his majesty.

Q. Eliz. What likelihood of his amendment, lords?

Buck. Madam, good hope; his grace speaks cheerfully.

Q. Eliz. God grant him health! Did you confer with
him?

Buck. Ay, madam; he desires to make atonement
Between the duke of Gloster and your brothers,
And between them and my lord chamberlain;
And sent to warn them to his royal presence.

Q. Eliz. 'Would all were well!—But that will never be;—
I fear our happiness is at the height.

Enter GLOSTER, HASTINGS, *and* DORSET.

Glo. They do me wrong, and I will not endure it.—
Who are they, that complain unto the king,
That I, forsooth, am stern, and love them not?
By holy Paul, they love his grace but lightly,
That fill his ears with such dissensious rumors.
Because I cannot flatter, and speak fair,
Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive, and cog,
Duck with French nods and apish courtesy,
I must be held a rancorous enemy.
Cannot a plain man live, and think no harm,
But thus his simple truth must be abused
By silken, sly, insinuating Jacks?

Grey. To whom in all this presence speaks your grace?

Glo. To thee, that hast nor honesty, nor grace.
When have I injured thee? when done thee wrong?
Or thee?—or thee?—or any of your faction?

A plague upon you all! His royal grace—
Whom God preserve better than you would wish!—
Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing while,
But you must trouble him with lewd complaints.

Q. Eliz. Brother of Gloster, you mistake the matter.
The king, of his own royal disposition,
And not provoked by any suitor else;
Aiming, belike, at your interior hatred,
That in your outward action shows itself,
Against my children, brothers, and myself,
Makes him to send; that thereby he may gather
The ground of your ill will, and so remove it.

Glo. I cannot tell;—the world is grown so bad,
That wrens may prey where eagles dare not perch:
Since every Jack became a gentleman,
There's many a gentle person made a Jack.

Q. Eliz. Come, come, we know your meaning, brother
Gloster;

You envy my advancement, and my friends';
God grant we never may have need of you!

Glo. Meantime, God grants that we have need of you.
Our brother is imprisoned by your means,
Myself disgraced, and the nobility
Held in contempt; while great promotions
Are daily given, to ennoble those
That scarce, some two days since, were worth a noble.

Q. Eliz. By Him, that raised me to this careful height,
From that contented hap which I enjoyed,
I never did incense his majesty
Against the duke of Clarence, but have been
An earnest advocate to plead for him.
My lord, you do me shameful injury,
Falsely to draw me in these vile suspects.

Glo. You may deny that you were not the cause
Of my lord Hastings' late imprisonment.

Riv. She may, my lord; for——

Glo. She may, lord Rivers?—why, who knows not so?
She may do more, sir, than denying that.
She may help you to many fair preferments;
And then deny her aiding hand therein,
And lay those honors on your high desert.
What may she not? She may,—ay, marry, may she,—

Riv. What, marry, may she?

Glo. What, marry, may she? marry with a king,
A bachelor, a handsome stripling too;
I wis, your grandam had a worser match.

Q. Eliz. My lord of Gloster, I have too long borne
Your blunt upbraidings, and your bitter scoffs.
By Heaven, I will acquaint his majesty,
Of those gross taunts I often have endured.
I had rather be a country servant-maid,
Than a great queen, with this condition—
To be so baited, scorned, and stormed at;
Small joy have I in being England's queen.

Enter QUEEN MARGARET, behind.

Q. Mar. And lessened be that small, God, I beseech thee!
Thy honor, state, and seat, is due to me.

Glo. What? threat you me with telling of the king?
Tell him, and spare not; look, what I have said
I will avouch, in presence of the king:
I dare adventure to be sent to the Tower.

'Tis time to speak, my pains are quite forgot.

Q. Mar. Out, devil! I remember them too well.
Thou kill'dst my husband Henry in the Tower,
And Edward, my poor son, at Tewksbury.

Glo. Ere you were queen, ay, or your husband king,
I was a packhorse in his great affairs;
A weeder-out of his proud adversaries,
A liberal rewarder of his friends.
To royalize his blood, I spilt mine own.

Q. Mar. Ay, and much better blood than his, or thine.

Glo. In all which time, you, and your husband Grey,
Were factious for the house of Lancaster;—
And, Rivers, so were you.—Was not your husband
In Margaret's battle at Saint Albans slain?
Let me put in your minds, if you forget,
What you have been ere now, and what you are;
Withal, what I have been, and what I am.

Q. Mar. A murderous villain, and so still thou art.

Glo. Poor Clarence did forsake his father Warwick,
Ay, and forswore himself,—which Jesu pardon!

Q. Mar. Which God revenge!

Glo. To fight on Edward's party, for the crown;
And, for his meed, poor lord, he is mewed up.
I would to God, my heart were flint, like Edward's,
Or Edward's soft and pitiful, like mine;
I am too childish-foolish for this world.

Q. Mar. Hie thee to hell for shame, and leave this world,
Thou cacodæmon! there thy kingdom is.

Riv. My lord of Gloster, in those busy days,
Which here you urge, to prove us enemies,

We followed then our lord, our lawful king;
So should we you, if you should be our king.

Glo. If I should be?—I had rather be a pedler.
Far be it from my heart, the thought thereof!

Q. Eliz. As little joy, my lord, as you suppose
You should enjoy, were you this country's king;
As little joy you may suppose in me,
That I enjoy, being the queen thereof.

Q. Mar. A little joy enjoys the queen thereof;
For I am she, and altogether joyless.
I can no longer hold me patient.— [Advancing.
Hear me, you wrangling pirates, that fall out
In sharing that which you have pilled from me:
Which of you trembles not, that looks on me?
If not, that, I being queen, you bow like subjects;
Yet that, by you deposed, you quake like rebels?—
Ah, gentle villain, do not turn away!

Glo. Foul, wrinkled witch, what mak'st thou in my sight?

Q. Mar. But repetition of what thou hast marred;
That will I make, before I let thee go.

Glo. Wert thou not banished on pain of death?

Q. Mar. I was; but I do find more pain in banishment,
Than death can yield me here by my abode.
A husband, and a son, thou ows't to me,—
And thou a kingdom;—all of you, allegiance.
This sorrow that I have, by right is yours;
And all the pleasures you usurp are mine.

Glo. The curse my noble father laid on thee,—
When thou didst crown his warlike brows with paper,
And with thy scorns drew'st rivers from his eyes;
And then, to dry them, gav'st the duke a clout,
Steeped in the faultless blood of pretty Rutland;—
His curses, then from bitterness of soul
Denounced against thee, are all fallen upon thee;
And God, not we, hath plagued thy bloody deed.

Q. Eliz. So just is God, to right the innocent.

Hast. O, 'twas the foulest deed to slay that babe,
And the most merciless, that e'er was heard of.

Riv. Tyrants themselves wept when it was reported.

Dors. No man but prophesied revenge for it.

Buck. Northumberland, then present, wept to see it.

Q. Mar. What! were you snarling all, before I came,
Ready to catch each other by the throat,
And turn you all your hatred now on me!

Did York's dread curse prevail so much with Heaven,
That Henry's death, my lovely Edward's death,

Their kingdom's loss, my woful banishment,
 Could all but answer for that peevish brat?
 Can curses pierce the clouds, and enter heaven?—
 Why, then give way, dull clouds, to my quick curses!—
 Though not by war, by surfeit die your king,
 As ours by murder, to make him a king!
 Edward, thy son, that now is prince of Wales,
 For Edward, my son, that was prince of Wales,
 Die in his youth, by like untimely violence!
 Thyself a queen, for me that was a queen,
 Outlive thy glory, like my wretched self!
 Long mayst thou live, to wail thy children's loss;
 And see another, as I see thee now,
 Decked in thy rights, as thou art stalled in mine!
 Long die thy happy days before thy death;
 And, after many lengthened hours of grief,
 Die, neither mother, wife, nor England's queen!—
 Rivers,—and Dorset,—you were standers by,—
 And so wast thou, lord Hastings,—when my son
 Was stabbed with bloody daggers; God, I pray him,
 That none of you may live your natural age,
 But by some unlooked accident be cut off!

Glo. Have done thy charm, thou hateful, withered hag.

Q. Mar. And leave out thee? Stay, dog, for thou shalt hear me.

If Heaven have any grievous plague in store,
 Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,
 O, let them keep it till thy sins be ripe,
 And then hurl down their indignation
 On thee, the troubler of the poor world's peace!
 The worm of conscience still begnaw thy soul!
 Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou liv'st,
 And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends!
 No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,
 Unless it be while some tormenting dream
 Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils!
 Thou elvish-marked, abortive, rooting hog!
 Thou that was sealed in thy nativity
 The slave of nature, and the son of hell!
 Thou slander of thy mother's heavy womb!
 Thou loathed issue of thy father's loins!
 Thou rag of honor! thou detested——

Glo. Margaret!

Q. Mar. Richard!

Glo. Ha!

Q. Mar. I call thee not.

Glo. I cry thee mercy then ; for I did think
That thou hadst called me all these bitter names.

Q. Mar. Why, so I did ; but looked for no reply.
O, let me make the period to my curse.

Glo. 'Tis done by me ; and ends in — Margaret.

Q. Eliz. Thus have you breathed your curse against yourself.

Q. Mar. Poor painted queen, vain flourish of my fortune !
Why strew'st thou sugar on that bottled spider,
Whose deadly web ensnareth thee about ?

Fool, fool ! thou whet'st a knife to kill thyself.

The day will come, that thou shalt wish for me
To help thee curse this poisonous, bunch-backed toad.

Hast. False-boding woman, end thy frantic curse ;
Lest, to thy harm, thou move our patience.

Q. Mar. Foul shame upon you ! you have all moved mine.

Riv. Were you well served, you would be taught your
duty.

Q. Mar. To serve me well, you all should do me duty,
Teach me to be your queen, and you my subjects.
O, serve me well, and teach yourselves that duty.

Dors. Dispute not with her, she is lunatic.

Q. Mar. Peace, master marquis, you are malapert.
Your fire-new stamp of honor is scarce current ;
O that your young nobility could judge,
What 'twere to lose it, and be miserable !
They that stand high, have many blasts to shake them ;
And, if they fall, they dash themselves to pieces.

Glo. Good counsel, marry ; — learn it, learn it, marquis.

Dors. It touches you, my lord, as much as me.

Glo. Ay, and much more. But I was born so high,
Our aiery buildeth in the cedar's top,
And dallies with the wind, and scorns the sun.

Q. Mar. And turns the sun to shade ! — alas ! alas ! —
Witness my son, now in the shade of death ;
Whose bright, outshining beams thy cloudy wrath
Hath in eternal darkness folded up.
Your aiery buildeth in our aiery's nest. —
O, God, that seest it, do not suffer it ;
As it was won with blood, lost be it so !

Buck. Peace, peace, for shame, if not for charity.

Q. Mar. Urge neither charity nor shame to me ;
Uncharitably with me have you dealt,
And shamefully by you my hopes are butchered.
My charity is outrage, life my shame, —
And in my shame still live my sorrow's rage !

Buck. Have done, have done.

Q. Mar. O, princely Buckingham, I kiss thy hand,
In sign of league and amity with thee.
Now fair befall thee, and thy noble house!
Thy garments are not spotted with our blood,
Nor thou within the compass of my curse.

Buck. Nor no one here; for curses never pass
The lips of those that breathe them in the air.

Q. Mar. I'll not believe but they ascend the sky,
And there awake God's gentle-sleeping peace.
O, Buckingham, beware of yonder dog;
Look, when he fawns, he bites; and, when he bites,
His venom tooth will rankle to the death.
Have not to do with him, beware of him;
Sin, death, and hell have set their marks on him;
And all their ministers attend on him.

Glo. What doth she say, my lord of Buckingham?

Buck. Nothing that I respect, my gracious lord.

Q. Mar. What, dost thou scorn me for my gentle counsel?
And soothe the devil that I warn thee from?
O, but remember this another day,
When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow;
And say, poor Margaret was a prophetess.—
Live each of you the subjects to his hate,
And he to yours, and all of you to God's! [Exit.

Hast. My hair doth stand on end to hear her curses.

Riv. And so doth mine; I muse, why she's at liberty.

Glo. I cannot blame her, by God's holy mother;
She hath had too much wrong, and I repent
My part thereof, that I have done to her.

Q. Eliz. I never did her any, to my knowledge.

Glo. Yet you have all the vantage of her wrong.
I was too hot to do somebody good,
That is too cold in thinking of it now.
Marry, as for Clarence, he is well repaid.
He is franked up to fattening for his pains;—
God pardon them that are the cause thereof!

Riv. A virtuous and a Christianlike conclusion,
To pray for them that have done scath to us.

Glo. So do I ever, being well advised;—
For had I cursed now, I had cursed myself. [Aside.

Enter CATESBY.

Cates. Madam, his majesty doth call for you,—
And for your grace,—and you, my noble lords

Q. Eliz. Catesby, I come.—Lords, will you go with me?

Riv. Madam, we will attend upon your grace.

[*Exeunt all but GLOSTER.*]

Glo. I do the wrong, and first begin to brawl.
The secret mischiefs that I set abroad,
I lay unto the grievous charge of others.
Clarence,—whom I, indeed, have laid in darkness,
I do beweepe to many simple gulls;
Namely, to Stanley, Hastings, Buckingham;
And tell them — 'tis the queen and her allies,
That stir the king against the duke my brother.
Now they believe it; and withal whet me
To be revenged on Rivers, Vaughan, Grey.
But then I sigh, and, with a piece of Scripture,
Tell them—that God bids us do good for evil;
And thus I clothe my naked villany
With old odd ends, stolen forth of holy writ;
And seem a saint, when most I play the devil.

Enter two Murderers.

But soft, here come my executioners.
How now, my hardy, stout, resolved mates?
Are you now going to despatch this thing?

1 Murd. We are, my lord; and come to have the warrant,
That we may be admitted where he is.

Glo. Well thought upon; I have it here about me;

[*Gives the warrant.*]

When you have done, repair to Crosby-place.
But, sirs, be sudden in the execution,
Withal obdurate, do not hear him plead;
For Clarence is well spoken, and, perhaps,
May move your hearts to pity, if you mark him.

1 Murd. Tut, tut, my lord, we will not stand to prate;
Talkers are no good doers; be assured,
We go to use our hands, and not our tongues.

Glo. Your eyes drop mill-stones, when fools' eyes drop
tears.

I like you, lads;—about your business straight.
Go, go, despatch.

1 Murd. We will, my noble lord. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. London. *A Room in the Tower.*

Enter CLARENCE and BRAKENBURY.

Brak. Why looks your grace so heavily to-day?

Clar. O, I have passed a miserable night,
So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,

That, as I am a Christian faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days;
So full of dismal terror was the time.

Brak. What was your dream, my lord? I pray you, tell me.

Clar. Methought that I had broken from the Tower,
And was embarked to cross to Burgundy;
And, in my company, my brother Gloster;
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches; thence we looked toward England.
And cited up a thousand heavy times,
During the wars of York and Lancaster,
That had befallen us. As we paced along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought that Gloster stumbled; and, in falling,
Struck me, that thought to stay him, overboard,
Into the tumbling billows of the main.
O lord! methought what pain it was to drown!
What dreadful noise of water in mine ears!
What sights of ugly death within mine eyes!
Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;
A thousand men, that fishes gnawed upon;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
All scattered in the bottom of the sea.
Some lay in dead men's skulls; and in those holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept
(As 'twere in scorn of eyes) reflecting gems,
That wooed the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mocked the dead bones that lay scattered by.

Brak. Had you such leisure in the time of death,
To gaze upon these secrets of the deep?

Clar. Methought I had: and often did I strive
To yield the ghost; but still the envious flood
Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth
To seek the empty, vast, and wandering air;
But smothered it within my panting bulk,
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

Brak. Awaked you not with this sore agony?

Clar. O, no, my dream was lengthened after life;
O, then began the tempest to my soul!
I passed, methought, the melancholy flood,
With that grim ferryman which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
The first that there did greet my stranger soul,
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick;

Who cried aloud,—*What scourge for perjury
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?*
And so he vanished. Then came wandering by
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood, and he shrieked out aloud,—
*Clarence is come,—false, fleeting, perjured Clarence,
That stabbed me in the field by Tewksbury;—
Seize on him, furies, take him to your torments!*
With that, methought a legion of foul fiends
Environed me, and howled in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that, with the very noise,
I trembling waked, and, for a season after,
Could not believe but that I was in hell;
Such terrible impression made my dream.

Brak. No marvel, lord, though it affrighted you!
I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.

Clar. O, Brakenbury, I have done these things—
That now give evidence against my soul—
For Edward's sake; and, see, how he requites me!
O God! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,
But thou wilt be avenged on my misdeeds,
Yet execute thy wrath on me alone;
O, spare my guiltless wife, and my poor children.—
I pray thee, gentle keeper, stay by me;
My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

Brak. I will, my lord; God give your grace good rest:—

[CLARENCE *reposes himself on a chair.*

Sorrow breaks seasons and reposing hours,
Makes the night morning, and the noontide night.
Princes have but their titles for their glories,
An outward honor for an inward toil;
And, for unfelt imaginations,
They often feel a world of restless cares;
So that, between their titles, and low name,
There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

Enter the two Murderers.

1 Murd. Ho! who's here?

Brak. What wouldst thou, fellow? and how cam'st thou
hither?

1 Murd. I would speak with Clarence, and I came hither
on my legs.

Brak. What, so brief?

2 Murd. O, sir, 'tis better to be brief than tedious.—
Let him see our commission; talk no more.

[*A paper is delivered to BRAKENBURY, who reads it.*

Brak. I am, in this, commanded to deliver
The noble duke of Clarence to your hands;
I will not reason what is meant hereby,
Because I will be guiltless of the meaning.
Here are the keys;—there sits the duke asleep.
I'll to the king; and signify to him,
That thus I have resigned to you my charge.

1 Murd. You may, sir; 'tis a point of wisdom.
Fare you well.

[*Erit* BRAKENBURY

2 Murd. What, shall we stab him as he sleeps?

1 Murd. No; he'll say, 'twas done cowardly, when he wakes.

2 Murd. When he wakes! why, fool, he shall never wake
until the great judgment day.

1 Murd. Why, then he'll say, we stabbed him sleeping.

2 Murd. The urging of that word, judgment, hath bred
a kind of remorse in me.

1 Murd. What? art thou afraid?

2 Murd. Not to kill him, having a warrant for it; but to
be damned for killing him, from the which no warrant can
defend me.

1 Murd. I thought thou hadst been resolute.

2 Murd. So I am, to let him live.

1 Murd. I'll back to the duke of Gloster, and tell him so.

2 Murd. Nay, I pr'ythee, stay a little. I hope this holy
humor of mine will change; it was wont to hold me but
while one would tell twenty.

1 Murd. How dost thou feel thyself now?

2 Murd. 'Faith, some certain dregs of conscience are yet
within me.

1 Murd. Remember our reward, when the deed's done.

2 Murd. Come, he dies; I had forgot the reward.

1 Murd. Where's thy conscience now?

2 Murd. In the duke of Gloster's purse.

1 Murd. So, when he opens his purse to give us our
reward, thy conscience flies out.

2 Murd. 'Tis no matter; let it go; there's few, or none,
will entertain it.

1 Murd. What if it come to thee again?

2 Murd. I'll not meddle with it; it is a dangerous thing;
it makes a man a coward; a man cannot steal, but it accuseth
him; a man cannot swear, but it checks him; a man cannot
lie with his neighbor's wife, but it detects him. 'Tis a
blushing, shame-faced spirit, that mutinies in a man's bosom;
it fills one full of obstacles; it made me once restore a purse
of gold that by chance I found; it beggars any man that
keeps it; it is turned out of all towns and cities for a dan-

gerous thing; and every man that means to live well endeavors to trust to himself, and live without it.

1 *Murd.* 'Zounds, it is even now at my elbow, persuading me not to kill the duke.

2 *Murd.* Take the devil in thy mind, and believe him not; he would insinuate with thee, but to make thee sigh.

1 *Murd.* I am strong-framed; he cannot prevail with me.

2 *Murd.* Spoke like a tall fellow, that respects his reputation. Come, shall we fall to work?

1 *Murd.* Take him over the costard with the hilts of thy sword, and then throw him into the malmsey butt, in the next room.

2 *Murd.* O, excellent device! and make a sop of him.

1 *Murd.* Soft! he wakes.

2 *Murd.* Strike.

1 *Murd.* No, we'll reason with him.

Clar. Where art thou, keeper? give me a cup of wine.

1 *Murd.* You shall have wine enough, my lord, anon.

Clar. In God's name, what art thou?

1 *Murd.* A man, as you are.

Clar. But not, as I am, royal.

1 *Murd.* Nor you, as we are, loyal.

Clar. Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are humble.

1 *Murd.* My voice is now the king's, my looks, mine own.

Clar. How darkly, and how deadly dost thou speak!
Your eyes do menace me. Why look you pale?
Who sent you hither? Wherefore do you come?

Both Murd. To, to, to,——

Clar. To murder me?

Both Murd. Ay, ay.

Clar. You scarcely have the hearts to tell me so,
And therefore cannot have the hearts to do it.
Wherein, my friends, have I offended you?

1 *Murd.* Offended us you have not, but the king.

Clar. I shall be reconciled to him again.

2 *Murd.* Never, my lord; therefore prepare to die.

Clar. Are you called forth from out a world of men,
To slay the innocent? What is my offence?
Where is the evidence that doth accuse me?
What lawful quest have given their verdict up
Unto the frowning judge? or who pronounced
The bitter sentence of poor Clarence' death?
Before I be convict by course of law,
To threaten me with death is most unlawful.
I charge you, as you hope to have redemption
By Christ's dear blood, shed for our grievous sins,

That you depart and lay no hands on me.

The deed you undertake is damnable.

1 *Murd.* What we will do, we do upon command.

2 *Murd.* And he, that hath commanded, is our king.

Clar. Erroneous vassal! the great King of kings
Hath in the table of his law commanded

That thou shalt do no murder. Wilt thou then
Spurn at his edict, and fulfil a man's?

Take heed; for he holds vengeance in his hand,
To hurl upon their heads that break his law.

2 *Murd.* And that same vengeance doth he hurl on thee,
For false forswearing, and for murder too.
Thou didst receive the sacrament to fight
In quarrel of the house of Lancaster.

1 *Murd.* And, like a traitor to the name of God,
Didst break that vow; and, with thy treacherous blade,
Unrip'dst the bowels of thy sovereign's son.

2 *Murd.* Whom thou wast sworn to cherish and defend.

1 *Murd.* How canst thou urge God's dreadful law to us,
When thou hast broke it in such dear degree?

Clar. Alas! for whose sake did I that ill deed?
For Edward, for my brother, for his sake.
He sends you not to murder me for this;
For in that sin he is as deep as I.
If God will be avenged for the deed,
O, know you, that he doth it publicly;
Take not the quarrel from his powerful arm;
He needs no indirect nor lawless course,
To cut off those that have offended him.

1 *Murd.* Who made thee then a bloody minister,
When gallant springing, brave Plantagenet,
That princely novice, was struck dead by thee?

Clar. My brother's love, the devil, and my rage.

1 *Murd.* Thy brother's love, our duty, and thy fault,
Provoke us hither now to slaughter thee.

Clar. If you do love my brother, hate not me;
I am his brother, and I love him well.
If you are hired for meed, go back again,
And I will send you to my brother Gloster;
Who shall reward you better for my life,
Than Edward will for tidings of my death.

2 *Murd.* You are deceived; your brother Gloster hates you.

Clar. O, no; he loves me, and he holds me dear.
Go you to him from me.

Both Murd. Ay, so we will.

Clar. Tell him, when that our princely father York-

Blessed his three sons with his victorious arm,
And charged us from his soul to love each other,
He little thought of this divided friendship.
Bid Gloster think on this, and he will weep.

1 *Murd.* Ay, mill-stones; as he lessoned us to weep

Clar. O, do not slander him, for he is kind.

1 *Murd.* Right, as snow in harvest.— Come, you deceive
yourself;

'Tis he that sends us to destroy you here.

Clar. It cannot be; for he hewept my fortune,
And hugged me in his arms, and swore, with sobs,
That he would labor my delivery.

1 *Murd.* Why, so he doth, when he delivers you
From this earth's thralldom to the joys of heaven.

2 *Murd.* Make peace with God, for you must die, my lord.

Clar. Hast thou that holy feeling in thy soul,
To counsel me to make my peace with God,
And art thou yet to thy own soul so blind,
That thou wilt war with God by murdering me?—
Ah, sirs, consider, he that set you on
To do this deed, will hate you for the deed.

2 *Murd.* What shall we do?

Clar. Relent, and save your souls.

1 *Murd.* Relent! 'tis cowardly, and womanish.

Clar. Not to relent, is beastly, savage, devilish.
Which of you, if you were a prince's son,
Being pent from liberty, as I am now,
If two such murderers as yourselves came to you,
Would not entreat for life?—

My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks;
O, if thine eye be not a flatterer,
Come thou on my side, and entreat for me,
As you would beg, were you in my distress.
A begging prince what beggar pities not?

2 *Murd.* Look behind you, my lord.

1 *Murd.* Take that, and that; if all this will not do,
[Stabs him.

I'll drown you in the malmsey-butt within.

[Exit, with the body.

2 *Murd.* A bloody deed, and desperately despatched!
How fain, like Pilate, would I wash my hands
Of this most grievous, guilty murder done!

Re-enter first Murderer.

1 *Murd.* How now? what mean'st thou, that thou help'st me not?

By Heaven, the duke shall know how slack you have been.

2 *Murd.* I would he knew that I had saved his brother
Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say;
For I repent me that the duke is slain. *[Exit.*

1 *Murd.* So do not I; go, coward, as thou art.—
Well, I'll go hide the body in some hole,
Till that the duke give order for his burial;
And when I have my meed, I will away;
For this will out, and then I must not stay. *[Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING EDWARD, (*led in sick,*) QUEEN ELIZABETH,
DORSET, RIVERS, HASTINGS, BUCKINGHAM, GREY, and
others.

K. Edw. Why, so;—now have I done a good day's
work;—

You peers, continue this united league.
I every day expect an embassy
From my Redeemer to redeem me hence;
And now in peace my soul shall part to heaven,
Since I have made my friends at peace on earth.
Rivers, and Hastings, take each other's hand;
Dissemble not your hatred, swear your love.

Riv. By Heaven, my soul is purged from grudging hate;
And with my hand I seal my true heart's love.

Hast. So thrive I, as I truly swear the like!

K. Edw. Take heed, you dally not before your king,
Lest he that is the supreme King of kings,
Confound your hidden falsehood, and award
Either of you to be the other's end.

Hast. So prosper I, as I swear perfect love!

Riv. And I, as I love Hastings with my heart!

K. Edw. Madam, yourself are not exempt in this,—
Nor your son Dorset,—Buckingham, nor you;—
You have been factious one against the other.

Wife, love lord Hastings; let him kiss your hand;
And what you do, do it unfeignedly.

Q. Eliz. There, Hastings;—I will never more remember
Our former hatred, so thrive I, and mine!

K. Edw. Dorset, embrace him,—Hastings, love lord
marquis.

Dor. This interchange of love, I here protest,
Upon my part shall be inviolable.

Hast. And so swear I. [*Embraces* DORSET.]

K. Edw. Now, princely Buckingham, seal thou this league
With thy embracements to my wife's allies,
And make me happy in your unity.

Buck. Whenever Buckingham doth turn his hate
Upon your grace, [*To the Queen.*] but with all duteous love
Doth cherish you, and yours, God punish me
With hate in those where I expect most love!
When I have most need to employ a friend,
And most assured that he is a friend,
Deep, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile,
Be he unto me! This do I beg of Heaven,
When I am cold in love to you, or yours.

[*Embracing* RIVERS, &c.]

K. Edw. A pleasing cordial, princely Buckingham,
Is this thy vow unto my sickly heart.
There wanteth now our brother Gloster here,
To make the blessed period of this peace.

Buck. And, in good time, here comes the noble duke.

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Good-morrow to my sovereign king, and queen;
And, princely peers, a happy time of day!

K. Edw. Happy, indeed, as we have spent the day.—
Brother, we have done deeds of charity;
Made peace of enmity, fair love of hate,
Between these swelling, wrong-incensed peers.

Glo. A blessed labor, my most sovereign liege.—
Among this princely heap, if any here,
By false intelligence, or wrong surmise,
Hold me a foe;
If I unwittingly, or in my rage,
Have aught committed that is hardly borne
By any in this presence, I desire
To reconcile me to his friendly peace:
'Tis death to me to be at enmity;
I hate it, and desire all good men's love.—
First, madam, I entreat true peace of you,

Which I will purchase with my duteous service;—
Of you, my noble cousin Buckingham,
If ever any grudge were lodged between us;—
Of you, lord Rivers, and lord Grey, of you,—
That all without desert have frowned on me;—
Dukes, earls, lords, gentlemen; indeed, of all.
I do not know that Englishman alive,
With whom my soul is any jot at odds,
More than the infant that is born to-night;
I thank my God for my humility.

Q. Eliz. A holiday shall this be kept hereafter:—
I would to God all strifes were well compounded.—
My sovereign lord, I do beseech your highness
To take our brother Clarence to your grace.

Glo. Why, madam, have I offered love for this,
To be so flouted in this royal presence?
Who knows not that the gentle duke is dead?

[*They all start.*]

You do him injury to scorn his corse.

K. Edw. Who knows not he is dead! who knows he is?

Q. Eliz. All-seeing Heaven, what a world is this!

Buck. Look I so pale, lord Dorset, as the rest?

Dor. Ay, my good lord; and no man in the presence,
But his red color hath forsook his cheeks.

K. Edw. Is Clarence dead? The order was reversed.

Glo. But he, poor man, by your first order died,
And that a winged Mercury did bear;
Some tardy cripple bore the countermand,
That came too lag to see him buried:—
God grant that some, less noble, and less loyal,
Nearer in bloody thoughts, and not in blood,
Deserve not worse than wretched Clarence did,
And yet go current from suspicion.

Enter STANLEY.

Stan. A boon, my sovereign, for my service done!

K. Edw. I pr'ythee, peace; my soul is full of sorrow.

Stan. I will not rise, unless your highness hear me.

K. Edw. Then say at once, what is it thou request'st?

Stan. The forfeit, sovereign, of my servant's life;
Who slew to-day a riotous gentleman,
Lately attendant on the duke of Norfolk.

K. Edw. Have I a tongue to doom my brother's death,
And shall that tongue give pardon to a slave?
My brother killed no man; his fault was thought;
And yet his punishment was bitter death.

Who sued to me for him? who, in my wrath,
 Kneeled at my feet, and bade me be advised?
 Who spoke of brotherhood? who spoke of love?
 Who told me how the poor soul did forsake
 The mighty Warwick, and did fight for me?
 Who told me, in the field at Tewksbury,
 When Oxford had me down, he rescued me,
 And said, *Dear brother, live, and be a king?*
 Who told me, when we both lay in the field,
 Frozen almost to death, how he did lap me
 Even in his garments; and did give himself,
 All thin and naked, to the numb-cold night?
 All this from my remembrance brutish wrath
 Sinfully plucked, and not a man of you
 Had so much grace to put it in my mind.
 But when your carters, or your waiting vassals,
 Have done a drunken slaughter, and defaced
 The precious image of our dear Redeemer,
 You straight are on your knees for pardon, pardon;
 And I, unjustly too, must grant it you:—
 But for my brother, not a man would speak,—
 Nor I (ungracious) speak unto myself
 For him, poor soul.—The proudest of you all
 Have been beholden to him in his life;
 Yet none of you would once plead for his life.—
 O, God! I fear thy justice will take hold
 On me, and you, and mine, and yours, for this.—
 Come, Hastings, help me to my closet. O,
 Poor Clarence! [*Exeunt* King, Queen, HASTINGS, RIVERS,
 DORSET, and GREY.]

Glo. This is the fruit of rashness!—Marked you not,
 How that the guilty kindred of the queen
 Looked pale, when they did hear of Clarence' death?
 O! they did urge it still unto the king:
 God will revenge it. Come, lords; will you go,
 To comfort Edward with our company?

Buck. We wait upon your grace. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same.*

Enter the DUCHESS of YORK, *with a Son and Daughter of*
 CLARENCE.

Son. Good grandam, tell us, is our father dead?

Duch. No, boy.

Daugh. Why do you weep so oft? and beat your breast.
 And cry—O, Clarence, my unhappy son!

Son. Why do you look on us, and shake your head,
And call us—orphans, wretches, cast-aways,
If that our noble father be alive?

Duch. My pretty cousins, you mistake me both;
I do lament the sickness of the king,
As loath to lose him, not your father's death;
It were lost sorrow, to wail one that's lost.

Son. Then, grandam, you conclude that he is dead.
The king my uncle is to blame for this:
God will revenge it; whom I will importune
With earnest prayers all to that effect.

Daugh. And so will I.

Duch. Peace, children, peace! the king doth love you well:
Incapable and shallow innocents,
You cannot guess who caused your father's death.

Son. Grandam, we can; for my good uncle Gloster
Told me, the king, provoked to't by the queen,
Devised impeachments to imprison him;
And when my uncle told me so, he wept,
And pitied me, and kindly kissed my cheek;
Bade me rely on him, as on my father,
And he would love me dearly as his child.

Duch. Ah, that deceit should steal such gentle shapes,
And with a virtuous visor hide deep vice!
He is my son, ay, and therein my shame,
Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit.

Son. Think you, my uncle did dissemble, grandam?

Duch. Ay, boy.

Son. I cannot think it. Hark! what noise is this?

Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH, *distractedly*; RIVERS, and
DORSET, *following her*.

Q. Eliz. Ah! who shall hinder me to wail and weep?
To chide my fortune, and torment myself?
I'll join with black despair against my soul,
And to myself become an enemy.

Duch. What means this scene of rude impatience?

Q. Eliz. To make an act of tragic violence:—
Edward, my lord, thy son, our king, is dead.
Why grow the branches, when the root is gone?
Why wither not the leaves that want their sap?—
If you will live, lament; if die, be brief;
That our swift-winged souls may catch the king's;
Or, like obedient subjects, follow him
To his new kingdom of perpetual rest.

Duch. Ah, so much interest have I in thy sorrow,
As I had title in thy noble husband!
I have bewept a worthy husband's death,
And lived by looking on his images:
But now two mirrors of his princely semblance
Are cracked in pieces by malignant death;
And I for comfort have but one false glass,
That grieves me when I see my shame in him.
Thou art a widow; yet thou art a mother,
And hast the comfort of thy children left thee;
But death hath snatched my husband from my arms,
And plucked two crutches from my feeble hands,
Clarence and Edward. O, what cause have I
(Thine being but a moiety of my grief)
To overgo thy plaints, and drown thy cries!

Son. Ah, aunt! you wept not for our father's death
How can we aid you with our kindred tears?

Daugh. Our fatherless distress was left unmoaned;
Your widow-dolor likewise be unwept!

Q. Eliz. Give me no help in lamentation;
I am not barren to bring forth laments:
All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,
That I, being governed by the watery moon,
May send forth plenteous tears to drown the world!
Ah, for my husband, for my dear lord Edward!

Chil. Ah, for our father, for our dear lord Clarence!

Duch. Alas, for both, both mine, Edward and Clarence!

Q. Eliz. What stay had I, but Edward? and he's gone.

Chil. What stay had we, but Clarence? and he's gone.

Duch. What stays had I, but they? and they are gone?

Q. Eliz. Was never widow had so dear a loss.

Chil. Were never orphans had so dear a loss.

Duch. Was never mother had so dear a loss.

Alas! I am the mother of these griefs;
Their woes are parcelled, mine are general,
She for an Edward weeps, and so do I;
I for a Clarence weep, so doth not she:
These babes for Clarence weep, and so do I:
I for an Edward weep, so do not they:—
Alas, you three, on me, threefold distressed,
Pour all your tears, I am your sorrow's nurse,
And I will pamper it with lamentations.

Dor. Comfort, dear mother, God is much displeased,
That you take with unthankfulness his doing;
In common, worldly things, 'tis called ungrateful,
With dull unwillingness to repay a debt,

Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent;
Much more to be thus opposite with Heaven,
For it requires the royal debt it lent you.

Riv. Madam, bethink you, like a careful mother,
Of the young prince your son: send straight for him;
Let him be crowned; in him your comfort lives:
Drown desperate sorrow in dead Edward's grave,
And plant your joys in living Edward's throne.

Enter GLOSTER, BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY, HASTINGS, RAT-
CLIFF, and others.

Glo. Sister, have comfort: all of us have cause
To wail the dimming of our shining star;
But none can cure their harms by wailing them.—
Madam, my mother, I do cry you mercy,
I did not see your grace;—humbly on my knee
I crave your blessing.

Duch. God bless thee; and put meekness in thy breast,
Love, charity, obedience, and true duty!

Glo. Amen; and make me die a good old man!—
That is the butt-end of a mother's blessing; [*Aside.*
I marvel that her grace did leave it out.

Buck. You cloudy princes, and heart-sorrowing peers,
That bear this mutual, heavy load of moan,
Now cheer each other in each other's love;
Though we have spent our harvest of this king,
We are to reap the harvest of his son.
The broken rancor of your high-swollen hearts,
But lately splinted, knit, and joined together,
Must gently be preserved, cherished, and kept.
Me seemeth good, that, with some little train,
Forthwith from Ludlow the young prince be fetched
Hither to London, to be crowned our king.

Riv. Why with some little train, my lord of Buckingham?

Buck. Marry, my lord, lest, by a multitude,
The new-healed wound of malice should break out;
Which would be so much the more dangerous,
By how much the estate is green, and yet ungoverned;
Where every horse bears his commanding rein,
And may direct his course as please himself,
As well the fear of harm, as harm apparent,
In my opinion, ought to be prevented.

Glo. I hope the king made peace with all of us;
And the compact is firm, and true, in me.

Riv. And so in me; and so, I think, in all;
Yet, since it is but green, it should be put

To no apparent likelihood of breach,
Which, haply, by much company might be urged.
Therefore I say, with noble Buckingham,
That it is meet so few should fetch the prince.

Hast. And so say I.

Glo. Then be it so; and go we to determine
Who they shall be that straight shall post to Ludlow.
Madam,—and you my mother,—will you go
To give your censures in this weighty business?

[*Exeunt all but BUCKINGHAM and GLOSTER.*

Buck. My lord, whoever journeys to the prince,
For God's sake, let not us two stay at home;
For, by the way, I'll sort occasion,
As index to the story we late talked of,
To part the queen's proud kindred from the prince.

Glo. My other self, my counsel's consistory,
My oracle, my prophet!—My dear cousin,
I, as a child, will go by thy direction.
Towards Ludlow then, for we'll not stay behind. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same. A Street.*

Enter two Citizens, meeting.

1 *Cit.* Good morrow, neighbor. Whither away so fast?

2 *Cit.* I promise you, I scarcely know myself.
Hear you the news abroad?

1 *Cit.* Yes; that the king's dead.

2 *Cit.* Ill news, by'r lady; seldom comes the better.
I fear, I fear, 'twill prove a giddy world.

Enter another Citizen.

3 *Cit.* Neighbors, God speed.

1 *Cit.* Give you good morrow, sir.

3 *Cit.* Doth the news hold of good king Edward's death?

2 *Cit.* Ay, sir, it is too true; God help the while!

3 *Cit.* Then, masters, look to see a troublous world.

1 *Cit.* No, no; by God's good grace, his son shall reign.

3 *Cit.* Woe to that land that's governed by a child!

2 *Cit.* In him there is a hope of government;
That, in his nonage, council under him,
And, in his full and ripened years, himself,
No doubt, shall then, and till then, govern well.

1 *Cit.* So stood the state, when Henry the Sixth
Was crowned in Paris but at nine months old.

3 *Cit.* Stood the state so? No, no, good friends, God wot;

For then this land was famously enriched
With politic, grave counsel; then the king
Had virtuous uncles to protect his grace.

1 *Cit.* Why so hath this, both by his father and mother,

3 *Cit.* Better it were they all came by his father,
Or, by his father, there were none at all;
For emulation now, who shall be nearest,
Will touch us all too near, if God prevent not.

O, full of danger is the duke of Gloster;
And the queen's sons, and brothers, haught and proud:
And were they to be ruled, and not to rule,
This sickly land might solace as before.

1 *Cit.* Come, come, we fear the worst: all will be well.

3 *Cit.* When clouds are seen, wise men put on their cloaks;
When great leaves fall, then winter is at hand;
When the sun sets, who doth not look for night?
Untimely storms make men expect a dearth.
All may be well; but, if God sort it so,
'Tis more than we deserve, or I expect.

2 *Cit.* Truly, the hearts of men are full of fear:
You cannot reason almost with a man
That looks not heavily, and full of dread.

3 *Cit.* Before the days of change, still is it so.
By a divine instinct, men's minds mistrust
Ensuing danger; as, by proof, we see
The water swell before a boisterous storm.
But leave it all to God. Whither away?

2 *Cit.* Marry, we were sent for to the justices.

3 *Cit.* And so was I; I'll bear you company. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The same. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter the ARCHBISHOP of YORK, the young DUKE of YORK,
QUEEN ELIZABETH, and the DUCHESS of YORK.*

Arch. Last night, I heard, they lay at Stony-Stratford;
And at Northampton they do rest to-night:
To-morrow, or next day, they will be here.

Duch. I long with all my heart to see the prince;
I hope he is much grown since last I saw him.

Q. Eliz. But I hear, no; they say, my son of York
Hath almost overta'en him in his growth.

York. Ay, mother, but I would not have it so.

Duch. Why, my young cousin? It is good to grow.

York. Grandam, one night, as we did sit at supper,
My uncle Rivers talked how I did grow

More than my brother: *Ay*, quoth my uncle Gloster,
Small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow apace;
 And since, methinks, I would not grow so fast,
 Because sweet flowers are slow, and weeds make haste.

Duch. 'Good faith, 'good faith, the saying did not hold
 In him that did object the same to thee.

He was the wretched'st thing, when he was young;
 So long a growing, and so leisurely,
 That, if his rule were true, he should be gracious.

Arch. And so, no doubt, he is, my gracious madam.

Duch. I hope he is; but yet let mothers doubt.

York. Now, by my troth, if I had been remembered,
 I could have given my uncle's grace a flout,
 To touch his growth, nearer than he touched mine.

Duch. How, my young York? I pr'ythee, let me hear it.

York. Marry, they say, my uncle grew so fast,
 That he could gnaw a crust at two hours old;
 'Twas full two years ere I could get a tooth.

Grandam, this would have been a biting jest.

Duch. I pry'thee, pretty York, who told thee this?

York. Grandam, his nurse.

Duch. His nurse? Why, she was dead ere thou wast born.

York. If 'twere not she, I cannot tell who told me.

Q. Eliz. A parlous boy. Go to, you are too shrewd.

Arch. Good madam, be not angry with the child.

Q. Eliz. Pitchers have ears.

Enter a Messenger.

Arch. Here comes a messenger;
 What news?

Mess. Such news, my lord,
 As grieves me to unfold.

Q. Eliz. How doth the prince?

Mess. Well, madam, and in health.

Duch. What is thy news?

Mess. Lord Rivers, and lord Grey, are sent to Pomfret,
 With them sir Thomas Vaughan, prisoners.

Duch. Who hath committed them?

Mess. The mighty dukes.
 Gloster and Buckingham.

Q. Eliz. For what offence?

Mess. The sum of all I can, I have disclosed;
 Why, or for what, the nobles were committed,
 Is all unknown to me, my gracious lady.

Q. Eliz. Ah me, I see the ruin of my house!
 The tiger now hath seized the gentle kind;

Insulting tyranny begins to jut
 Upon the innocent and awless throne.—
 Welcome destruction, blood, and massacre!
 I see, as in a map, the end of all.

Duch. Accursed and unquiet, wrangling days
 How many of you have mine eyes beheld!
 My husband lost his life to get the crown;
 And often up and down my sons were tost,
 For me to joy, and weep, their gain, and loss;
 And being seated, and domestic broils
 Clean overblown, themselves, the conquerors,
 Make war upon themselves; brother to brother,
 Blood to blood, self 'gainst self.—O, preposterous
 And frantic courage, end thy damned spleen;
 Or let me die, to look on death no more!

Q. Eliz. Come, come, my boy, we will to sanctuary.—
 Madam, farewell.

Duch. Stay, I will go with you.

Q. Eliz. You have no cause.

Arch. My gracious lady, go,
 [To the Queen.

And thither bear your treasure and your goods.
 For my part, I'll resign unto your grace
 The seal I keep; and so betide to me,
 As well I tender you, and all of yours
 Come, I'll conduct you to the sanctuary. [Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE I. London. *A Street. The trumpets sound.*

Enter the PRINCE OF WALES, GLOSTER, BUCKINGHAM, CARDINAL BOURCHIER, and others.

Buck. Welcome, sweet prince, to London, to your chamber.

Glo. Welcome, dear cousin, my thoughts' sovereign.
 The weary way hath made you melancholy.

Prince. No, uncle; but our crosses on the way
 Have made it tedious, wearisome, and heavy:
 I want more uncles here to welcome me.

Glo. Sweet prince, the untainted virtue of your years
 Hath not yet dived into the world's deceit:
 No more can you distinguish of a man,
 Than of his outward show; which, God he knows,

Seldom, or never, jumpeth with the heart.
Those uncles, which you want, were dangerous;
Your grace attended to their sugared words,
But looked not on the poison of their hearts:
God keep you from them, and from such false friends!

Prince. God keep me from false friends! But they were
none.

Glo. My lord, the mayor of London comes to greet you.

Enter the Lord Mayor, and his Train.

May. God bless your grace with health and happy days!

Prince. I thank you, good my lord;—and thank you all.—
[*Exeunt Mayor, &c.*

I thought my mother, and my brother York,
Would long ere this have met us on the way.
Fie, what a slug is Hastings! that he comes not
To tell us whether they will come, or no.

Enter HASTINGS.

Buck. And in good time, here comes the sweating lord.

Prince. Welcome, my lord. What, will our mother come?

Hast. On what occasion, God he knows, not I,
The queen your mother, and your brother York,
Have taken sanctuary. The tender prince
Would fain have come with me to meet your grace,
But by his mother was perforce withheld.

Buck. Fie! what an indirect and peevish course
Is this of hers!—Lord cardinal, will your grace
Persuade the queen to send the duke of York
Unto his princely brother presently?
If she deny,—lord Hastings, go with him,
And from her jealous arms pluck him perforce.

Car. My lord of Buckingham, if my weak oratory
Can from his mother win the duke of York,
Anon expect him here. But if she be obdurate
To mild entreaties, God in heaven forbid
We should infringe the holy privilege
Of blessed sanctuary! Not for all this land,
Would I be guilty of so deep a sin.

Buck. You are too senseless-obstinate, my lord,
Too ceremonious, and traditional;
Weigh it but with the grossness of this age,
You break not sanctuary in seizing him.
The benefit thereof is always granted
To those whose dealings have deserved the place,
And those who have the wit to claim the place.

This prince hath neither claimed it, nor deserved it;
 And therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it:
 Then, taking him from thence, that is not there,
 You break no privilege nor charter there.
 Oft have I heard of sanctuary men;
 But sanctuary children, ne'er till now.

Card. My lord, you shall o'errule my mind for once.—
 Come on, lord Hastings, will you go with me?

Hast. I go, my lord.

Prince. Good lords, make all the speedy haste you may.

[*Exeunt Cardinal and Hast.*]

Say, uncle Gloster, if our brother come,
 Where shall we sojourn till our coronation?

Glo. Where it seems best unto your royal self.
 If I may counsel you, some day, or two,
 Your highness shall repose you at the Tower;
 Then where you please, and shall be thought most fit
 For your best health and recreation.

Prince. I do not like the Tower, of any place.—
 Did Julius Cæsar build that place, my lord?

Glo. He did, my gracious lord, begin that place;
 Which, since, succeeding ages have reëdified.

Prince. Is it upon record? or else reported
 Successively from age to age he built it?

Buck. Upon record, my gracious lord.

Prince. But say, my lord, it were not registered;
 Methinks the truth should live from age to age,
 As 'twere retailed to all posterity,
 Even to the general all-ending day.

Glo. So wise so young, they say, do ne'er live long.
 [*Aside.*]

Prince. What say you, uncle?

Glo. I say, without charácters, fame lives long.
 Thus, like the formal vice, Iniquity, } *Aside.*
 I moralize two meanings in one word.

Prince. That Julius Cæsar was a famous man;
 With what his valor did enrich his wit,
 His wit set down to make his valor live.
 Death makes no conquest of this conqueror;
 For now he lives in fame, though not in life.—
 I'll tell you what, my cousin Buckingham—

Buck. What, my gracious lord?

Prince. An if I live until I be a man,
 I'll win our ancient right in France again,
 Or die a soldier, as I lived a king.

Glo. Short summers lightly have a forward spring.
[*Aside.*

Enter YORK, HASTINGS, and the Cardinal.

Buck. Now in good time, here comes the duke of York.

Prince. Richard of York! how fares our loving brother?

York. Well, my dread lord; so I must call you now.

Prince. Ay, brother; to our grief, as it is yours.
Too late he died, that might have kept that title,
Which by his death hath lost much majesty.

Glo. How fares our cousin, noble lord of York?

York. I thank you, gentle uncle. O, my lord,
You said that idle weeds are fast in growth.
The prince my brother hath outgrown me far.

Glo. He hath, my lord.

York. And therefore is he idle?

Glo. O, my fair cousin, I must not say so.

York. Then he is more beholden to you, than I.

Glo. He may command me, as my sovereign;
But you have power in me, as in a kinsman.

York. I pray you, uncle, give me this dagger.

Glo. My dagger, little cousin? with all my heart.

Prince. A beggar, brother?

York. Of my kind uncle, that I know will give;
And, being but a toy, which is no grief to give.

Glo. A greater gift than that I'll give my cousin.

York. A greater gift! O, that's the sword to it?

Glo. Ay, gentle cousin, were it light enough.

York. O then, I see, you'll part with but light gifts.
In weightier things you'll say a beggar, nay.

Glo. It is too weighty for your grace to wear.

York. I weigh it lightly, were it heavier.

Glo. What, would you have my weapon, little lord?

York. I would, that I might thank you as you call me.

Glo. How?

York. Little.

Prince. My lord of York will still be cross in talk;—
Uncle, your grace knows how to bear with him.

York. You mean to bear me, not to bear with me.—
Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me;
Because that I am little, like an ape,
He thinks that you should bear me on your shoulders.

Buck. With what a sharp, provided wit he reasons!
To mitigate the scorn he gives his uncle,
He prettily and aptly taunts himself.
So cunning, and so young, is wonderful.

Glo. My gracious lord, will't please you pass along?
Myself, and my good cousin Buckingham,
Will to your mother; to entreat of her
To meet you at the Tower, and welcome you.

York. What, will you go unto the Tower, my lord?

Prince. My lord protector needs will have it so.

York. I shall not sleep in quiet at the Tower.

Glo. Why, sir, what should you fear?

York. Marry my uncle Clarence' angry ghost;
My grandam told me, he was murdered there.

Prince. I fear no uncles dead.

Glo. Nor none that live, I hope.

Prince. An if they live, I hope, I need not fear.
But come, my lord, and, with a heavy heart,
Thinking on them, go I unto the Tower.

[*Exeunt Prince, YORK, HASTINGS, Cardinal, and Attendants.*]

Buck. Think you, my lord, this little prating York
Was not incensed by his subtle mother,
To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously?

Glo. No doubt, no doubt. O, 'tis a parlous boy;
Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable;
He's all the mother's, from the top to toe.

Buck. Well, let them rest.—

Come hither, gentle Catesby; thou art sworn
As deeply to effect what we intend,
As closely to conceal what we impart.
Thou know'st our reasons urged upon the way;
What think'st thou? is it not an easy matter
To make William lord Hastings of our mind,
For the instalment of this noble duke
In the seat royal of this famous isle?

Cate. He for his father's sake so loves the prince,
That he will not be won to aught against him.

Buck. What think'st thou then of Stanley? will not he?

Cate. He will do all in all as Hastings doth.

Buck. Well, then, no more but this; go, gentle Catesby,
And, as it were far off, sound thou lord Hastings,
How he doth stand affected to our purpose;
And summon him to-morrow to the Tower,
To sit about the coronation.
If thou dost find him tractable to us,
Encourage him, and tell him all our reasons;
If he be leaden, icy, cold, unwilling,
Be thou so too; and so break off the talk,
And give us notice of his inclination;

For we to-morrow hold divided councils,
Wherein thyself shalt highly be employed.

Glo. Commend me to lord William; tell him, Catesby,
His ancient knot of dangerous adversaries
To-morrow are let blood at Pomfret castle;
And bid my friend, for joy of this good news,
Give mistress Shore one gentle kiss the more.

Buck. Good Catesby, go, effect this business soundly.

Cate. My good lords both, with all the heed I can.

Glo. Shall we hear from you, Catesby, ere we sleep?

Cate. You shall, my lord.

Glo. At Crosby-place, there shall you find us both.

[*Exit CATESBY.*

Buck. Now, my lord, what shall we do, if we perceive
Lord Hastings will not yield to our complots?

Glo. Chop off his head, man;—somewhat we will do.—
And, look, when I am king, claim thou of me
The earldom of Hereford, and all the movables
Whereof the king my brother was possessed.

Buck. I'll claim that promise at your grace's hand.

Glo. And look to have it yielded with all kindness.
Come, let us sup betimes; that afterwards
We may digest our complots in some form. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Before Lord Hastings' House.*

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, my lord,— [*Knocking.*

Hast. [*Within.*] Who knocks?

Mess. One from lord Stanley.

Hast. [*Within.*] What is't o'clock?

Mess. Upon the stroke of four.

Enter HASTINGS.

Hast. Cannot my lord Stanley sleep these tedious nights?

Mess. So it should seem by that I have to say.
First, he commends him to your noble lordship.

Hast. And then,—

Mess. And then he sends you word, he dreamt
To-night the boar had rased off his helm.
Besides, he says, there are two councils held:
And that may be determined at the one,
Which may make you and him to rue at the other.
Therefore he sends to know your lordship's pleasure,—
If, presently, you will take horse with him,

And with all speed post with him toward the north,
To shun the danger that his soul divines.

Hast. Go, fellow, go, return unto thy lord;
Bid him not fear the separated councils.
His honor, and myself, are at the one;
And at the other is my good friend Catesby;
Where nothing can proceed, that toucheth us,
Whereof I shall not have intelligence.
Tell him, his fears are shallow, wanting instance;
And for his dreams—I wonder he's so fond
To trust the mockery of unquiet slumbers.
To fly the boar, before the boar pursues,
Were to incense the boar to follow us,
And make pursuit, where he did mean no chase.
Go, bid thy master rise and come to me;
And we will both together to the Tower,
Where, he shall see, the boar will use us kindly.

Mess. I'll go, my lord, and tell him what you say. [*Exit.*]

Enter CATESBY.

Cate. Many good morrows to my noble lord!

Hast. Good morrow, Catesby; you are early stirring.
What news, what news in this our tottering state?

Cate. It is a reeling world, indeed, my lord;
And, I believe, will never stand upright,
Till Richard wear the garland of the realm.

Hast. How! wear the garland? dost thou mean the
crown?

Cate. Ay, my good lord.

Hast. I'll have this crown of mine cut from my shoulders,
Before I'll see the crown so foul misplaced.
But canst thou guess that he doth aim at it?

Cate. Ay, on my life; and hopes to find you forward
Upon his party, for the gain thereof:
And, thereupon, he sends you this good news,—
That, this same very day, your enemies,
The kindred of the queen, must die at Pomfret.

Hast. Indeed, I am no mourner for that news,
Because they have been still my adversaries;
But, that I'll give my voice on Richard's side,
To bar my master's heirs in true descent,
God knows, I will not do it, to the death.

Cate. God keep your lordship in that gracious mind!

Hast. But I shall laugh at this a twelvemonth hence,
That they, who brought me in my master's hate,
I live to look upon their tragedy.

Well, Catesby, ere a fortnight make me older,
I'll send some packing, that yet think not on't.

Cate. 'Tis a vile thing to die, my gracious lord,
When men are unprepared, and look not for it.

Hast. O monstrous, monstrous! And so falls it out
With Rivers, Vaughan, Grey; and so 'twill do
With some men else, who think themselves as safe
As thou, and I; who, as thou know'st, are dear
To princely Richard, and to Buckingham.

Cate. The princes both make high account of you,—
For they account his head upon the bridge. [*Aside.*]

Hast. I know they do; and I have well deserved it.

Enter STANLEY.

Come on, come on, where is your boar-spear, man?
Fear you the boar, and go so unprovided?

Stan. My lord, good morrow! and good morrow,
Catesby:—

You may jest on, but, by the holy rood,
I do not like these several councils, I.

Hast. My lord, I hold my life as dear as you do yours;
And never, in my life, I do protest,
Was it more precious to me than 'tis now:
Think you, but that I know our state secure,
I would be so triumphant as I am?

Stan. The lords at Pomfret, when they rode from London,
Were jocund, and supposed their states were sure,
And they, indeed, had no cause to mistrust;
But yet, you see, how soon the day o'ercast.
This sudden stab of rancor I misdoubt;
Pray God, I say, I prove a needless coward!
What, shall we toward the Tower? The day is spent.

Hast. Come, come, have with you.—Wot you what, my lord?
To-day, the lords you talk of are beheaded.

Stan. They, for their truth, might better wear their heads,
Than some, that have accused them, wear their hats.
But come, my lord, let's away.

Enter a Pursuivant.

Hast. Go on before; I'll talk with this good fellow.

[*Exeunt STAN. and CATESBY.*]

How now, sirrah? how goes the world with thee?

Purs. The better, that your lordship please to ask.

Hast. I tell thee, man, 'tis better with me now,
Than when thou met'st me last where now we meet:
Then was I going prisoner to the Tower,

By the suggestion of the queen's allies;
But now I tell thee, (keep it to thyself,)
This day those enemies are put to death,
And I in better state than ere I was.

Purs. God hold it, to your honor's good content!

Hast. Gramercy, fellow. There, drink that for me.

[*Throwing him his purse*

Purs. I thank your honor.

[*Exit Pursuivant*

Enter a Priest.

Pr. Well met, my lord; I am glad to see your honor.

Hast. I thank thee, good sir John, with all my heart.
I am in your debt for your last exercise;
Come the next Sabbath, and I will content you.

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

Buck. What, talking with a priest, lord chamberlain?
Your friends at Pomfret, they do need the priest:
Your honor hath no shriving work in hand.

Hast. 'Good faith, and when I met this holy man,
The men you talk of came into my mind.
What, go you toward the Tower?

Buck. I do, my lord; but long I cannot stay there.
I shall return before your lordship thence.

Hast. Nay, like enough, for I stay dinner there.

Buck. And supper too, although thou know'st it not.

[*Aside.*

Come, will you go?

Hast. I'll wait upon your lordship.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. Pomfret. *Before the Castle.*

Enter RATCLIFF, with a Guard, conducting RIVERS, GREY, and VAUGHAN, to execution.

Rat. Come, bring forth the prisoners.

Riv. Sir Richard Ratcliff, let me tell thee this,--
To-day shalt thou behold a subject die,
For truth, for duty, and for loyalty.

Grey. God keep the prince from all the pack of you!
A knot you are of damned blood-suckers.

Vaugh. You live, that shall cry woe for this hereafter.

Rat. Despatch; the limit of your lives is out.

Riv. O, Pomfret, Pomfret! O, thou bloody prison,
Fatal and ominous to noble peers!
Within the guilty closure of thy walls,

Richard the Second here was hacked to death;
And, for more slander to thy dismal seat,
We give thee up our guiltless blood to drink.

Grey. Now Margaret's curse is fallen upon our heads,
When she exclaimed on Hastings, you, and I,
For standing by when Richard stabbed her son.

Riv. Then cursed she Hastings, then cursed she Buck-
ingham,
Then cursed she Richard:—O, remember, God,
To hear her prayers for them, as now for us!
And for my sister, and her princely sons,—
Be satisfied, dear God, with our true bloods,
Which, as thou know'st, unjustly must be spilt!

Rat. Make haste, the hour of death is expiate.

Riv. Come, Grey,—come, Vaughan,—let us here embrace:
Farewell, until we meet again in heaven. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. London. *A Room in the Tower.*

BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY, HASTINGS, *the* BISHOP of ELY,
CATESBY, LOVEL, *and others, sitting at a table: Officers*
of the Council attending.

Hast. Now, noble peers, the cause why we are met
Is—to determine of the coronation:

In God's name, speak, when is the royal day?

Buck. Are all things ready for that royal time?

Stan. They are; and wants but nomination.

Ely. To-morrow then I judge a happy day.

Buck. Who knows the lord protector's mind, herein?
Who is most inward with the noble duke?

Ely. Your grace, we think, should soonest know his mind.

Buck. We know each other's faces; for our hearts,—
He knows no more of mine, than I of yours;
Nor I of his, my lord, than you of mine:
Lord Hastings, you and he are near in love.

Hast. I thank his grace, I know he loves me well;
But for his purpose in the coronation,
I have not sounded him, nor he delivered
His gracious pleasure any way therein:
But you, my noble lord, may name the time;
And in the duke's behalf I'll give my voice,
Which, I presume, he'll take in gentle part.

Enter GLOSTER.

Ely. In happy time, here comes the duke himself.

Glo. My noble lords and cousins, all, good morrow:
I have been long a sleeper; but, I trust,
My absence doth neglect no great design,
Which by my presence might have been concluded.

Buck. Had you not come upon your cue, my lord,
William lord Hastings had pronounced your part,—
I mean your voice,—for crowning of the king.

Glo. Than my lord Hastings, no man might be bolder;
His lordship knows me well, and loves me well.

Hast. I thank your grace.

Glo. My lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn,
I saw good strawberries in your garden there;
I do beseech you, send for some of them.

Ely. Marry, and will, my lord, with all my heart.

[*Exit ELY.*]

Glo. Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you.

[*Takes him aside.*]

Catesby hath sounded Hastings in our business;
And finds the testy gentleman so hot,
That he will lose his head, ere give consent,
His master's child, as worshipfully he terms it,
Shall lose the royalty of England's throne.

Buck. Withdraw yourself awhile; I'll go with you.

[*Exeunt GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM.*]

Stan. We have not yet set down this day of triumph.
To-morrow, in my judgment, is too sudden;
For I myself am not so well provided,
As else I would be, were the day prolonged.

Re-enter BISHOP of ELY.

Ely. Where is my lord protector? I have sent
For these strawberries.

Hast. His grace looks cheerfully and smooth this morning;
There's some conceit or other likes him well,
When he doth bid good morrow with such spirit.
I think there's ne'er a man in Christendom,
Can lesser hide his love, or hate, than he;
For by his face, straight shall you know his heart.

Stan. What of his heart perceive you in his face,
By any likelihood he showed to-day?

Hast. Marry, that with no man here he is offended;
For, were he, he had shown it in his looks.

Re-enter GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM.

Glo. I pray you all, tell me what they deserve
That do conspire my death with devilish plots

Of damned witchcraft, and that have prevailed
Upon my body with their hellish charms?

Hast. The tender love I bear your grace, my lord,
Makes me most forward in this noble presence
To doom the offenders. Whosoe'er they be,
I say, my lord, they have deserved death.

Glo. Then be your eyes the witness of their evil.
Look how I am bewitched; behold mine arm
Is, like a blasted sapling, withered up.
And this is Edward's wife, that monstrous witch,
Consorted with that harlot, strumpet Shore,
That by their witchcraft thus have marked me.

Hast. If they have done this deed, my noble lord,—

Glo. If! thou protector of this damned strumpet,
Talk'st thou to me of ifs?—Thou art a traitor:—
Off with his head: now, by saint Paul, I swear,
I will not dine until I see the same.—
Lovel, and Catesby, look that it be done;
The rest that love me, rise, and follow me.

[*Exeunt Council, with GLO. and BUCK.*]

Hast. Woe, woe, for England, not a whit for me:
For I, too fond, might have prevented this:
Stanley did dream the boar did rase his helm;
But I disdained it, and did scorn to fly.
Three times to-day my foot-cloth horse did stumble,
And startled, when he looked upon the Tower,
As loath to bear me to the slaughter-house.
O, now I want the priest that spake to me:
I now repent I told the pursuivant,
As too triumphing, how mine enemies
To-day at Pomfret bloodily were butchered,
And I myself secure in grace and favor.
O, Margaret, Margaret, now thy heavy curse
Is lighted on poor Hastings' wretched head.

Cate. Despatch, my lord; the duke would be at dinner;
Make a short shrift; he longs to see your head.

Hast. O, momentary grace of mortal men,
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God!
Who builds his hope in air of your fair looks,
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast;
Ready, with every nod, to tumble down
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

Lov. Come, come, despatch; 'tis bootless to exclaim.

Hast. O, bloody Richard!—miserable England!
I prophesy the fearful'st time to thee,
That ever wretched age hath looked upon.

Come, lead me to the block; bear him my head;
They smile at me, who shortly shall be dead. [*Exeunt*

SCENE V. *The same. The Tower Walls.*

Enter GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM, in rusty armor, and marvellous ill-favored.

Glo. Come, cousin, canst thou quake, and change thy color?
Murder thy breath in middle of a word,—
And then again begin, and stop again,
As if thou wert distraught, and mad with terror?

Buck. Tut, I can counterfeit the deep tragedian;
Speak, and look back, and pry on every side,
Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,
Intending deep suspicion: ghastly looks
Are at my service, like enforced smiles;
And both are ready in their offices,
At any time to grace my stratagems.
But what, is Catesby gone?

Glo. He is; and, see, he brings the mayor along.

Enter the Lord Mayor and CATESBY.

Buck. Let me alone to entertain him.—Lord mayor,——

Glo. Look to the drawbridge there.

Buck. Hark, hark! a drum.

Glo. Catesby, o'erlook the walls.

Buck. Lord mayor, the reason we have sent for you,——

Glo. Look back; defend thee; here are enemies

Buck. God and our innocence defend and guard us!

Enter LOVEL and RATCHIFF, with HASTING'S head.

Glo. Be patient; they are friends; Ratcliff, and Lovel.

Lov. Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,
The dangerous and unsuspected Hastings.

Glo. So dear I loved the man, that I must weep.
I took him for the plainest, harmless't creature,
That breathed upon the earth a Christian;
Made him my book, wherein my soul recorded
The history of all her secret thoughts.
So smooth he daubed his vice with show of virtue,
That, his apparent, open guilt omitted,—
I mean his conversation with Shore's wife,—
He lived from all attainder of suspect.

Buck. Well, well, he was the covert'st, sheltered traitor
That ever lived.—Look you, my lord mayor,

Would you imagine, or almost believe,
(Were't not, that by great preservation
We live to tell it you,) the subtle traitor
This day had plotted, in the council-house,
To murder me, and my good lord of Gloster?

May. What! had he so?

Glo. What! think you we are Turks, or infidels?
Or that we would, against the form of law,
Proceed thus rashly in the villain's death;
But that the extreme peril of the case,
The peace of England, and our persons' safety,
Enforced us to this execution?

May. Now, fair befall you! he deserved his death;
And your good graces both have well proceeded,
To warn false traitors from the like attempts.
I never looked for better at his hands,
After he once fell in with mistress Shore.

Buck. Yet had we not determined he should die,
Until your lordship came to see his end;
Which now the loving haste of these our friends,
Somewhat against our meaning, hath prevented;
Because, my lord, we would have had you hear
The traitor speak, and timorously confess
The manner and the purpose of his treasons;
That you might well have signified the same
Unto the citizens, who, haply, may
Misconstrue us in him, and wail his death.

May. But, my good lord, your grace's word shall serve,
As well as I had seen, and heard him speak;
And do not doubt, right noble princes both,
But I'll acquaint our duteous citizens
With all your just proceedings in this case.

Glo. And to that end we wished your lordship here,
To avoid the censures of the carping world.

Buck. But since you came too late of our intent,
Yet witness what you hear we did intend;
And so, my good lord mayor, we bid farewell.

[*Exit Lord Mayor.*

Glo. Go after, after, cousin Buckingham.
The mayor towards Guildhall hies him in all post;—
There, at your meetest vantage of the time,
Infer the bastardy of Edward's children.
Tell them, how Edward put to death a citizen,
Only for saying—he would make his son
Heir to the crown; meaning, indeed, his house,
Which, by the sign thereof, was termed so.

Morcover, urge his hateful luxury,
And bestial appetite in change of lust;
Which stretched unto their servants, daughters, wives,
Even where his raging eye, or savage heart,
Without control, lusted to make his prey.
Nay, for a need, thus far come near my person:
Tell them, when that my mother went with child
Of that insatiate Edward, noble York,
My princely father, then had wars in France;
And, by just computation of the time,
Found that the issue was not his begot;
Which well appeared in his lineaments,
Being nothing like the noble duke my father.
Yet touch this sparingly, as 'twere far off;
Because, my lord, you know, my mother lives.

Buck. Doubt not, my lord: I'll play the orator,
As if the golden fee for which I plead,
Were for myself; and so, my lord, adieu.

Glo. If you thrive well, bring them to Baynard's castle;
Where you shall find me well accompanied,
With reverend fathers, and well-learned bishops.

Buck. I go; and, towards three or four o'clock,
Look for the news that the Guildhall affords.

[*Exit* BUCKINGHAM.]

Glo. Go, Lovel, with all speed to doctor Shaw,—
Go thou [*To CAT.*] to friar Penker;—bid them both
Meet me, within this hour, at Baynard's castle.

[*Exeunt* LOVEL and CATESBY.]

Now will I in, to take some privy order
To draw the brats of Clarence out of sight;
And to give notice, that no manner of person
Have, any time, recourse unto the princes.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE VI. *A Street.*

Enter a Scrivener.

Scriv. Here is the indictment of the good lord Hastings;
Which in a set hand fairly is engrossed,
That it may be to-day read o'er in Paul's.
And mark how well the sequel hangs together.—
Eleven hours I have spent to write it over,
For yesternight by Catesby was it sent me;
The precedent was full as long a doing;
And yet within these five hours Hastings lived,
Untainted, unexamined, free, at liberty.

Here's a good world the while!—Who is so gross,
That cannot see this palpable device?
Yet who so bold, but says—he sees it not?
Bad is the world; and all will come to nought,
When such bad dealing must be seen in thought. *[Exit.*

SCENE VII. *The same. Court of Baynard's Castle.*

Enter GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM, meeting.

Glo. How now, how now? what say the citizens?

Buck. Now, by the holy mother of our Lord,
The citizens are mum, say not a word.

Glo. Touched you the bastardy of Edward's children?

Buck. I did; with his contract with lady Lucy,
And his contract by deputy in France;
The insatiate greediness of his desires,
And his enforcement of the city wives;
His tyranny for trifles; his own bastardy,—
As being got, your father then in France;
And his resemblance, being not like the duke;
Withal, I did infer your lineaments,—
Being the right idea of your father,
Both in your form and nobleness of mind;
Laid open all your victories in Scotland,
Your discipline in war, wisdom in peace,
Your bounty, virtue, fair humility;
Indeed, left nothing, fitting for your purpose,
Untouched, or slightly handled, in discourse.
And, when my oratory grew to an end,
I bade them, that did love their country's good,
Cry—*God save Richard, England's royal king!*

Glo. And did they so?

Buck. No, so God help me, they spake not a word,
But, like dumb statues, or breathless stones,
Stared on each other, and looked deadly pale.
Which when I saw, I reprehended them,
And asked the mayor what meant this wilful silence:
His answer was—the people were not used
To be spoke to, but by the recorder.
Then he was urged to tell my tale again:
Thus saith the duke, thus hath the duke inferred;
But nothing spoke in warrant from himself.
When he had done, some followers of mine own,
At lower end o' the hall, hurled up their caps,
And some ten voices cried, *God save king Richard!*

And thus I took the vantage of those few,--
*Thanks, gentle citizens, and friends, quoth I;
This general applause, and cheerful shout,
Argues your wisdom, and your love to Richard;
And even here brake off and came away.*

Glo. What tongueless blocks were they! Would they
not speak?

Will not the mayor then, and his brethren, come?

Buck. The mayor is here at hand; intend some fear;
Be not you spoke with, but by mighty suit.
And look you get a prayer-book in your hand,
And stand between two churchmen, good my lord;
For on that ground I'll make a holy descant,
And be not easily won to our requests;
Play the maid's part, still answer nay, and take it.

Glo. I go; and if you plead as well for them,
As I can say nay to thee for myself,
No doubt we'll bring it to a happy issue.

Buck. Go, go, up to the leads: the lord mayor knocks.
[*Exit GLOSTER*]

Enter the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Citizens.

Welcome, my lord; I dance attendance here.
I think the duke will not be spoke withal.—

Enter, from the castle, CATESBY.

Now, Catesby! what says your lord to my request?

Cate. He doth entreat your grace, my noble lord,
To visit him to-morrow, or next day.
He is within, with two right reverend fathers,
Divinely bent to meditation;
And in no worldly suit would he be moved,
To draw him from his holy exercise.

Buck. Return, good Catesby, to the gracious duke;
Tell him, myself, the mayor and aldermen,
In deep designs, in matter of great moment,
No less importing than our general good,
Are come to have some conference with his grace.

Cate. I'll signify so much unto him straight. [*Exit.*]

Buck. Ah, ha, my lord, this prince is not an Edward!
He is not lolling on a lewd day-bed,
But on his knees at meditation;
Not dallying with a brace of courtesans,
But meditating with two deep divines;
Not sleeping, to engross his idle body,
But praying, to enrich his watchful soul.

Happy were England, would this virtuous prince
Take on himself the sovereignty thereof;
But, sure, I fear, we shall ne'er win him to it.

May. Marry, God defend, his grace should say us nay:

Buck. I fear he will. Here Catesby comes again;

Re-enter CATESBY.

Now, Catesby, what says his grace?

Cate. He wonders to what end you have assembled
Such troops of citizens to come to him,
His grace not being warned thereof before.
He fears, my lord, you mean no good to him.

Buck. Sorry I am, my noble cousin should
Suspect me, that I mean no good to him.
By Heaven, we come to him in perfect love;
And so once more return and tell his grace. [*Exit CATESBY.*
When holy and devout, religious men
Are at their beads, 'tis hard to draw them thence;
So sweet is zealous contemplation.

Enter GLOSTER, in a gallery above, between two Bishops.
CATESBY returns.

May. See, where his grace stands 'tween two clergymen!

Buck. Two props of virtue for a Christian prince,
To stay him from the fall of vanity.
And, see, a book of prayer in his hand;
True ornaments to know a holy man.—
Famous Plantagenet, most gracious prince,
Lend favorable ear to our request;
And pardon us the interruption
Of thy devotion, and right-Christian zeal.

Glo. My lord, there needs no such apology;
I rather do beseech you pardon me,
Who, earnest in the service of my God,
Neglect the visitation of my friends.
But, leaving this, what is your grace's pleasure?

Buck. Even that, I hope, which pleaseth God above,
And all good men of this ungoverned isle.

Glo. I do suspect, I have done some offence,
That seems disgracious in the city's eye;
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.

Buck. You have, my lord. Would it might please your
grace,
On our entreaties, to amend your fault:

Glo. Else wherefore breathe I in a Christian land?

Buck. Know, then, it is your fault, that you resign.

The supreme seat, the throne majestic,
The sceptred office of your ancestors,
Your state of fortune, and your due of birth.
The lineal glory of your royal house,
To the corruption of a blemished stock;
Whilst, in the mildness of your sleepy thoughts,
(Which here we waken to our country's good,)
The noble isle doth want her proper limbs;
Her face defaced with scars of infamy,
Her royal stock graft with ignoble plants,
And almost shouldered in the swallowing gulf
Of dark forgetfulness and deep oblivion.
Which to recure, we heartily solicit
Your gracious self to take on you the charge
And kingly government of this your land;
Not as protector, steward, substitute,
Or lowly factor for another's gain;
But as successively, from blood to blood,
Your right of birth, your empery, your own.
For this, consorted with the citizens,
Your very worshipful and loving friends,
And by their vehement instigation,
In this just suit come I to move your grace.

Glo. I cannot tell, if to depart in silence,
Or bitterly to speak in your reproof,
Best fitteth my degree or your condition:
If, not to answer,—you might haply think,
Tongue-tied ambition, not replying, yielded
To bear the golden yoke of sovereignty,
Which fondly you would here impose on me;
If to reprove you for this suit of yours,
So seasoned with your faithful love to me,
Then, on the other side, I checked my friends.
Therefore,—to speak, and to avoid the first;
And, then in speaking, not to incur the last,—
Definitively thus I answer you.
Your love deserves my thanks; but my desert
Unmeritable, shuns your high request.
First, if all obstacles were cut away,
And that my path were even to the crown,
As the ripe revenue and due of birth,
Yet so much is my poverty of spirit,
So mighty, and so many, my defects,
That I would rather hide me from my greatness,—
Being a bark to brook no mighty sea,—
Than in my greatness covet to be hid,

And in the vapor of my glory smothered.
But, God be thanked, there is no need of me;
(And much I need to help you, if need were;)
The royal tree hath left us royal fruit,
Which, mellowed by the stealing hours of time,
Will well become the seat of majesty,
And make, no doubt, us happy by his reign
On him I lay what you would lay on me,
The right and fortune of his happy stars,—
Which, God defend that I should wring from him!

Buck. My lord, this argues conscience in your grace;
But the respects thereof are nice and trivial,
All circumstances well considered.
You say, that Edward is your brother's son;
So say we too, but not by Edward's wife.
For first he was contract to lady Lucy;
Your mother lives a witness to his vow;
And afterwards by substitute betrothed
To Bona, sister to the king of France.
These both put by, a poor petitioner,
A care-crazed mother to a many sons,
A beauty-waning and distressed widow,
Even in the afternoon of her best days,
Made prize and purchase of his wanton eye.
Seduced the pitch and height of all his thoughts
To base declension and loathed bigamy.
By her, in his unlawful bed, he got
This Edward, whom our manners call—the prince.
More bitterly could I expostulate,
Save that, for reverence to some alive,
I give a sparing limit to my tongue.
Then, good my lord, take to your royal self
This proffered benefit of dignity;
If not to bless us and the land withal,
Yet to draw forth your noble ancestry
From the corruption of abusing time,
Unto a lineal, true-derived course.

May. Do, good my lord; your citizens entreat you.

Buck. Refuse not, mighty lord, this proffered love.

Cate. O, make them joyful, grant their lawful suit.

Glo. Alas, why would you heap these cares on me?
I am unfit for state and majesty.—
I do beseech you, take it not amiss;
I cannot, nor I will not, yield to you.

Buck. If you refuse it,—as in love and zeal,
Loath to depose the child, your brother's son;
As well we know your tenderness of heart,
And gentle, kind, effeminate remorse,
Which we have noted in you to your kindred,
And equally, indeed, to all estates,—
Yet know, whe'r you accept our suit or no,
Your brother's son shall never reign our king;
But we will plant some other in your throne;
To the disgrace and downfall of your house.
And, in this resolution, here we leave you;
Come, citizens, we will entreat no more.

[*Exeunt* BUCKINGHAM and Citizens.]

Cate. Call them again, sweet prince, accept their suit;
If you deny them, all the land will rue it.

Glo. Will you enforce me to a world of cares?
Well, call them again; I am not made of stone,
But penetrable to your kind entreaties, [*Exit* CATESBY.
Albeit against my conscience and my soul.

Re-enter BUCKINGHAM and the rest.

Cousin of Buckingham,—and you sage, grave men,—
Since you will buckle fortune on my back,
To bear her burden, whe'r I will or no,
I must have patience to endure the load.
But if black scandal, or foul-faced reproach,
Attend the sequel of your imposition,
Your mere enforcement shall acquittance me
From all the impure blots and stains thereof;
For God he knows, and you may partly see,
How far I am from the desire of this.

May. God bless your grace! We see it, and will say it

Glo. In saying so, you shall but say the truth.

Buck. Then I salute you with this royal title,—
Long live king Richard, England's worthy king!

All. Amen.

Buck. To-morrow may it please you to be crowned?

Glo. Even when you please, since you will have it so.

Buck. To-morrow then we will attend your grace;
And so, most joyfully, we take our leave.

Glo. Come, let us to our holy work again.—

[*To the Bishops.*
Farewell, good cousin;—farewell, gentle friends.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Before the Tower.*

Enter, on one side, QUEEN ELIZABETH, DUCHESS of YORK, and MARQUIS of DORSET; on the other, ANNE, DUCHESS of GLOSTER, leading LADY MARGARET PLANTAGENET, Clarence's young daughter.

Duch. Who meets us here?—My niece Plantagenet
Led in the hand of her kind aunt of Gloster?
Now, for my life, she's wandering to the Tower,
On pure heart's love, to greet the tender prince.—
Daughter, well met.

Anne. God give your graces both
A happy and a joyful time of day!

Q. Eliz. As much to you, good sister! Whither away?

Anne. No further than the Tower; and, as I guess,
Upon the like devotion as yourselves,
To gratulate the gentle princes there.

Q. Eliz. Kind sister, thanks; we'll enter all together.

Enter BRAKENBURY.

And, in good time, here the lieutenant comes.—
Master lieutenant, pray you, by your leave,
How doth the prince, and my young son of York?

Brak. Right well, dear madam. By your patience,
I may not suffer you to visit them;
The king hath strictly charged the contrary.

Q. Eliz. The king! who's that?

Brak. I mean the lord protector.

Q. Eliz. The Lord protect him from that kingly title!
Hath he set bounds between their love and me?
I am their mother; who shall bar me from them?

Duch. I am their father's mother; I will see them.

Anne. Their aunt I am in law, in love their mother.
Then bring me to their sights; I'll bear thy blame,
And take thy office from thee, on my peril.

Brak. No, madam, no, I may not leave it so;
I am bound by oath, and therefore pardon me.

[Exit BRAKENBURY]

Enter STANLEY.

Stan. Let me but meet you, ladies, one hour hence,
And I'll salute your grace of York as mother,

And reverend looker-on of two fair queens.—

Come, madam, you must straight to Westminster,

[*To the DUCHESS of GLOSTER.*

There to be crowned Richard's royal queen.

Q. Eliz. Ah, cut my lace asunder!

That my pent heart may have some scope to beat,

Or else I swoon with this dead killing news!

Anne. Despiteful tidings! O, unpleasing news!

Dor. Be of good cheer.—Mother, how fares your grace?

Q. Eliz. O, Dorset, speak not to me; Get thee gone
Death and destruction dog thee at the heels;
Thy mother's name is ominous to children.

If thou wilt outstrip death, go cross the seas,

And live with Richmond from the reach of hell.

Go, hie thee, hie thee, from this slaughter-house,

Lest thou increase the number of the dead;

And make me die the thrall of Margaret's curse,—

Nor mother, wife, nor England's counted queen.

Stan. Full of wise care is this your counsel, madam.

Take all the swift advantage of the hours;

You shall have letters from me to my son

In your behalf, to meet you on the way;

Be not ta'en tardy by unwise delay.

Duch. O, ill-dispersing wind of misery!—

O, my accursed womb, the bed of death;

A cockatrice hast thou hatched to the world,

Whose unavowed eye is murderous!

Stan. Come, madam, come; I in all haste was sent.

Anne. And I with all unwillingness will go.—

O, would to God, that the inclusive verge

Of golden metal, that must round my brow,

Were red-hot steel, to sear me to the brain!

Anointed let me be with deadly venom;

And die, ere men can say—*God save the queen!*

Q. Eliz. Go, go, poor soul; I envy not thy glory;

To feed my humor, wish thyself no harm.

Anne. No! why?—When he, that is my husband now,

Came to me, as I followed Henry's corse;

When scarce the blood was well washed from his hands,

Which issued from my other angel husband,

And that dead saint which then I weeping followed;

O, when, I say, I looked on Richard's face,

This was my wish,—*Be thou, quoth I, accursed,*

For making me, so young, so old a widow!

And, when thou wed'st let sorrow haunt thy bed;

And be thy wife (if any be so mad)

*More miserable by the life of thee,
Than thou hast made me by my dear lord's death!*
Lo, ere I can repeat this curse again,
Even in so short a space, my woman's heart
Grossly grew captive to his honey words,
And prove the subject of mine own soul's curse;
Which ever since hath held mine eyes from rest;
For never yet one hour in his bed
Did I enjoy the golden dew of sleep,
But with his timorous dreams was still awaked.
Besides, he hates me for my father Warwick;
And will, no doubt, shortly be rid of me.

Q. Eliz. Poor heart, adieu; I pity thy complaining.

Anne. No more than with my soul I mourn for yours

Dor. Farewell, thou woful welcomer of glory!

Anne. Adieu, poor soul, that tak'st thy leave of it!

Duch. Go thou to Richmond, and good fortune guide thee!

[*To DORSET.*

Go thou to Richard, and good angels tend thee!—

[*To ANNE*

Go thou to sanctuary, and good thoughts possess thee!

[*To Q. ELIZABETH.*

I to my grave, where peace and rest lie with me!

Eighty odd years of sorrow have I seen,

And each hour's joy wrecked with a week of teen.

Q. Eliz. Stay yet; look back, with me, unto the Tower.—

Pity, you ancient stones, those tender babes,

Whom envy hath immured within your walls!

Rough cradle for such little pretty ones!

Rude, ragged nurse! old sullen playfellow

For tender princes, use my babies well!

So foolish sorrow bids your stones farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. A Room of State in the Palace.

Flourish of trumpets. RICHARD, as king, upon his throne;
BUCKINGHAM, CATESBY, a Page, and others.

K. Rich. Stand all apart.—Cousin of Buckingham,—

Buck. My gracious sovereign.

K. Rich. Give me thy hand. Thus high, by thy advice,
And thy assistance, is king Richard seated.—

But shall we wear these glories for a day?

Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them?

Buck. Still live they, and forever let them last!

K. Rich. Ah, Buckingham, now do I play the touch,

To try if thou be current gold, in leed.—

Young Edward lives;—think now what I would speak.

Buck. Say on, my loving lord.

K. Rich. Why, Buckingham, I say, I would be king.

Buck. Why, so you are, my thrice-renowned liege.

K. Rich. Ha! am I king? 'Tis so; but Edward lives.

Buck. True, noble prince.

K. Rich. O bitter consequence,

That Edward still should live,—true, noble prince!

Cousin, thou wast not wont to be so dull:

Shall I be plain? I wish the bastards dead;

And I would have it suddenly performed.

What say'st thou now? Speak suddenly; be brief.

Buck. Your grace may do your pleasure.

K. Rich. Tut, tut, thou art all ice; thy kindness freezes.
Say, have I thy consent, that they shall die?

Buck. Give me some breath, some little pause, dear lord,
Before I positively speak in this:

I will resolve your grace immediately. [*Exit* BUCKINGHAM.]

Cate. The king is angry; see, he gnaws his lip. [*Aside.*

K. Rich. I will converse with iron-witted fools,
[*Descends from his throne.*

And unrespective boys; none are for me,

That look into me with considerate eyes;—

High-reaching Buckingham grows circumspect.—

Boy,——

Page. My lord.

K. Rich. Know'st thou not any, whom corrupting gold
Would tempt unto a close exploit of death?

Page. I know a discontented gentleman,
Whose humble means match not his haughty mind.
Gold were as good as twenty orators,
And will no doubt tempt him to any thing.

K. Rich. What is his name?

Page. His name, my lord, is—Tyrrel.

K. Rich. I partly know the man; go, call him hither, boy.—
[*Exit* Page.]

The deep-revolving, witty Buckingham

No more shall be the neighbor to my counsels.

Hath he so long held out with me untired,

And stops he now for breath?—Well, be it so.—

Enter STANLEY.

How now, lord Stanley? what's the news!

Stan. Know, my loving lord,

The marquis Dorset, as I hear, is fled
To Richmond, in the parts where he abide.

K. Rich. Come hither, Catesby; rumor it abroad,
That Anne, my wife, is very grievous sick;
I will take order for her keeping close.

Inquire me out some mean-born gentleman,
Whom I will marry straight to Clarence' daughter.
The boy is foolish, and I fear not him.—

Look, how thou dream'st!—I say again, give out,
That Anne my queen is sick, and like to die:

About it; for it stands me much upon,
To stop all hopes, whose growth may damage me.

[*Exit. CATESBY.*]

I must be married to my brother's daughter,
Or else my kingdom stands on brittle glass.—

Murder her brothers, and then marry her!

Uncertain way of gain! But I am in
So far in blood, that sin will pluck on sin.

Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye.—

Re-enter Page, with TYRREL.

Is thy name—Tyrrel?

Tyr. James Tyrrel, and your most obedient subject.

K. Rich. Art thou, indeed?

Tyr.

Prove me, my gracious lord.

K. Rich. Dar'st thou resolve to kill a friend of mine?

Tyr. Please you; but I had rather kill two enemies.

K. Rich. Why, then thou hast it; two deep enemies,
Foes to my rest, and my sweet sleep's disturbers,
Are they that I would have thee deal upon.

Tyrrel, I mean those bastards in the Tower.

Tyr. Let me have open means to come to them,
And soon I'll rid you from the fear of them.

K. Rich. Thou sing'st sweet music. Hark, come hither,
Tyrrel;

Go, by this token.—Rise, and lend thine ear; [*Whispers.*]

There is no more but so;—say, it is done,
And I will love thee, and prefer thee for it.

Tyr. I will despatch it straight. [*Exit.*]

Re-enter BUCKINGHAM.

Buck. My lord, I have considered in my mind
The late demand that you did sound me in.

K. Rich. Well, let that rest. Dorset is fled to Richmond.

Buck. I hear the news, my lord.

K. Rich. Stanley, he's your wife's son.—Well, look to it.

Buck. My lord, I claim the gift, my due by promise,
For which your honor and your faith is pawned;
The earldom of Hereford, and the movables,
Which you have promised I shall possess.

K. Rich. Stanley, look to your wife; if she convey
Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it.

Buck. What says your highness to my just request?

K. Rich. I do remember me,—Henry the Sixth
Did prophesy, that Richmond should be king,
When Richmond was a little peevish boy.

A king?—perhaps——

Buck. My lord,—

K. Rich. How chance, the prophet could not, at that time,
Have told me, I being by, that I should kill him?

Buck. My lord, your promise for the earldom,—

K. Rich. Richmond!—When last I was at Exeter,
The mayor in courtesy showed me the castle,
And called it—Rouge-mont; at which name, I started;
Because a bard of Ireland told me once,
I should not live long after I saw Richmond.

Buck. My lord,—

K. Rich. Ay, what's o'clock?

Buck. I am thus bold
To put your grace in mind of what you promised me.

K. Rich. Well, but what is't o'clock?

Buck. Upon the stroke
Of ten.

K. Rich. Well, let it strike.

Buck. Why let it strike?

K. Rich. Because that, like a Jack, thou keep'st the stroke
Betwixt thy begging and my meditation.

I am not in the giving vein to-day.

Buck. Why, then resolve me whe'r you will or no.

K. Rich. Thou troublest me; I am not in the vein.

[*Exeunt* KING RICHARD and Train.

Buck. And is it thus? Repays he my deep service
With such contempt? Made I him king for this?

O, let me think on Hastings; and be gone
To Brecknock, while my fearful head is on.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III. *The same.*

Enter TYRREL.

Tyr. The tyrannous and bloody act is done:
The most arch deed of piteous massacre,

That ever yet this land was guilty of.
Dighton, and Forrest, whom I did suborn
To do this piece of ruthless butchery,
Albeit they were fleshed villains, bloody dogs,
Melting with tenderness and mild compassion,
Wept like two children, in their death's sad story.
O thus, quoth Dighton, lay the gentle babes,—
Thus, thus, quoth Forrest, girdling one another
Within their alabaster, innocent arms:
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
Which, in their summer beauty, kissed each other.
A book of prayers on their pillow lay;
Which once, quoth Forrest, almost changed my mind;
*But, O, the devil—*There the villain stopped;
When Dighton thus told on—*we smothered*
The most replenished, sweet work of nature,
That, from the prime creation, e'er she framed.—
Hence both are gone with conscience and remorse,
They could not speak, and so I left them both,
To bear this tidings to the bloody king.

Enter KING RICHARD.

And here he comes:—All health, my sovereign lord!

K. Rich. Kind Tyrrel! am I happy in thy news?

Tyr. If to have done the thing you gave in charge
Beget your happiness, be happy then,
For it is done.

K. Rich. But didst thou see them dead?

Tyr. I did, my lord.

K. Rich. And buried, gentle Tyrrel?

Tyr. The chaplain of the Tower hath buried them;
But where, to say the truth, I do not know.

K. Rich. Come to me, Tyrrel, soon, at after supper,
When thou shalt tell the process of their death.
Mean time, but think how I may do thee good,
And be inheritor of thy desire.
Farewell, till then.

Tyr. I humbly take my leave. [*Exit.*]

K. Rich. The son of Clarence have I penned up close.
His daughter meanly have I matched in marriage;
The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's bosom,
And Anne my wife hath bid the world good night.
Now, for I know the Bretagne Richmond aims
At young Elizabeth, my brother's daughter,
And, by that knot, looks proudly on the crown,
To her go I, a jolly, thriving wooer.

Enter CATESBY.

Cate. My lord,—

K. Rich. Good news or bad, that thou com'st in so bluntly?

Cate. Bad news, my lord; Morton is fled to Richmond;
And Buckingham, backed with the hardy Welshmen,
Is in the field, and still his power increaseth.

K. Rich. Ely with Richmond troubles me more near
Than Buckingham and his rash-levied strength.

Come,—I have learned that fearful commenting
Is leaden servitor to dull delay;

Delay leads impotent and snail-paced beggary:

Then fiery expedition be my wing,

Jove's Mercury, and herald for a king!

Go, muster men. My counsel is my shield;

We must be brief when traitors brave the field. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The same. Before the Palace.*

Enter QUEEN MARGARET.

Q. Mar. So, now prosperity begins to mellow,
And drop into the rotten mouth of death.

Here in these confines slyly have I lurked,
To watch the waning of mine enemies.

A dire induction am I witness to,

And will to France, hoping the consequence

Will prove as bitter, black, and tragical.

Withdraw thee, wretched Margaret! Who comes here?

Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH and the DUCHESS of YORK.

Q. Eliz. Ah, my poor princes! ah, my tender babes
My unblown flowers, new-appearing sweets!

If yet your gentle souls fly in the air,

And be not fixed in doom perpetual,

Hover about me with your airy wings,

And hear your mother's lamentation!

Q. Mar. Hover about her; say, that right for right
Hath dimmed your infant morn to aged night.

Duch. So many miseries have crazed my voice,
That my woe-wearied tongue is still and mute!—
Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?

Q. Mar. Plantagenet doth quit Plantagenet,
Edward for Edward pays a dying debt.

Q. Eliz. Wilt thou, O God, fly from such gentle lambs,
And throw them in the entrails of the wolf?

Why didst thou sleep, when such a deed was done?

Q. Mar. When holy Harry died, and my sweet son.

Duch. Dead life, blind sight, poor, mortal-living ghost,
Woe's scene, world's shame, grave's due by life usurped,
Brief abstract and record of tedious days,
Rest thy unrest on England's lawful earth, [*Sitting down*
Unlawfully made drunk with innocent blood!

Q. Eliz. Ah, that thou wouldst as soon afford a grave,
As thou canst yield a melancholy seat;
Then would I hide my bones, not rest them here!
Ah, who hath any cause to mourn, but we?

[*Sitting down by her.*

Q. Mar. If ancient sorrow be most reverent,
Give mine the benefit of seniory,
And let my griefs frown on the upper hand.
If sorrow can admit society, [*Sitting down with them.*
Tell o'er your woes again by viewing mine:—
I had an Edward, till a Richard killed him!
I had a husband, till a Richard killed him:
Thou hadst an Edward, till a Richard killed him:
Thou hadst a Richard, till a Richard killed him.

Duch. I had a Richard too, and thou didst kill him;
I had a Rutland too, thou help'st to kill him.

Q. Mar. Thou hadst a Clarence too, and Richard killed him;
From forth the kennel of thy womb hath crept
A hell-hound, that doth hunt us all to death:
That dog that had his teeth before his eyes,
To worry lambs, and lap their gentle blood;
That foul defacer of God's handiwork;
That excellent grand tyrant of the earth,
That reigns in galled eyes of weeping souls,
Thy womb let loose, to chase us to our graves.—
O, upright, just, and true-disposing God,
How do I thank thee, that this carnal cur
Preys on the issue of his mother's body,
And makes her pew-fellow with others' moan!

Duch. O, Harry's wife, triumph not in my woes;
God witness with me, I have wept for thine.

Q. Mar. Bear with me, I am hungry for revenge,
And now I cloy me with beholding it.
Thy Edward he is dead, that killed my Edward;
Thy other Edward dead, to quit my Edward;
Young York he is but boot, because both they
Match not the high perfection of my loss.
Thy Clarence he is dead, that stabbed my Edward;
And the beholders of this tragic play,
The adulterate Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Grey,

Untimely smothered in their dusky graves.
Richard yet lives, hell's black intelligencer;
Only reserved their factor, to buy souls,
And send them thither. But at hand, at hand,
Ensues his piteous and unpitied end:
Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar, saints pray,
To have him suddenly conveyed from hence:—
Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray,
That I may live to say, *The dog is dead!*

Q. Eliz. O, thou didst prophesy, the time would come,
That I should wish for thee to help me curse
That bottled spider, that foul, bunch-backed toad.

Q. Mar. I called thee then, vain flourish of my fortune;
I called thee then, poor shadow, painted queen;
The presentation of but what I was,
The flattering index of a direful pageant,
One heaved a-high, to be hurled down below;
A mother only mocked with two fair babes;
A dream of what thou wast; a garish flag,
To be the aim of every dangerous shot;
A sign of dignity, a breath, a bubble;
A queen in jest, only to fill the scene.
Where is thy husband now? where be thy brothers?
Where be thy two sons? wherein dost thou joy?
Who sues, and kneels, and says—*God save the queen!*
Where be the bending peers that flattered thee?
Where be the thronging troops that followed thee?
Decline all this, and see what now thou art.
For happy wife, a most distressed widow;
For joyful mother, one that wails the name;
For one being sued to, one that humbly sues;
For queen, a very caitiff crowned with care;
For one that scorned at me, now scorned of me;
For one being feared of all, now fearing one;
For one commanding all, obeyed of none.
Thus hath the course of justice wheeled about,
And left thee but a very prey to time;
Having no more but thought of what thou wert,
To torture thee the more, being what thou art.
Thou didst usurp my place; and dost thou not
Usurp the just proportion of my sorrow?
Now thy proud neck bears half my burdened yoke;
From which even here I slip my wearied head,
And leave the burden of it all on thee.
Farewell, York's wife,—and queen of sad mischance,—
These English woes shall make me smile in France.

Q. Eliz. O, thou well skilled in curses, stay a while,
And teach me how to curse mine enemies.

Q. Mar. Forbear to sleep the night, and fast the day;
Compare dead happiness with living woe:
Think that thy babes were fairer than they were,
And he that slew them, fouler than he is:
Bettering thy loss makes the bad causer worse;
Revolving this will teach thee how to curse.

Q. Eliz. My words are dull; O, quicken them with thine!

Q. Mar. Thy woes will make them sharp, and pierce
like mine. *[Exit Q. MARGARET.]*

Duch. Why should calamity be full of words?

Q. Eliz. Windy attorneys to their client woes,
Airy succeeders of intestate joys,
Poor breathing orators of miseries!

Let them have scope: though what they do impart
Help nothing else, yet do they ease the heart.

Duch. If so, then be not tongue-tied: go with me,
And in the breath of bitter words let's smother
My damned son, that thy two sweet sons smothered.

[Drum within.]
I hear his drum,—be copious in exclams.

Enter KING RICHARD and his Train, marching.

K. Rich. Who intercepts me in my expedition?

Duch. O, she, that might have intercepted thee,
By strangling thee in her accursed womb,
From all the slaughters, wretch, that thou hast done.

Q. Eliz. Hid'st thou that forehead with a golden crown,
Where should be branded, if that right were right,
The slaughter of the prince that owed that crown,
And the dire death of my poor sons, and brothers?
Tell me, thou villain slave, where are my children?

Duch. Thou toad, thou toad, where is thy brother Clarence?
And little Ned Plantagenet, his son?

Q. Eliz. Where is the gentle Rivers, Vaughan, Grey?

Duch. Where is kind Hastings?

K. Rich. A flourish, trumpets!—strike alarum, drums;
Let not the heavens hear these telltale women
Rail on the Lord's anointed. Strike, I say.—

[Flourish. Alarums.]
Either be patient and entreat me fair,
Or with the clamorous report of war
Thus will I drown your exclamations.

Duch. Art thou my son?

K. Rich. Ay; I thank God, my father, and yourself

Duch. Then patiently hear my impatience.

K. Rich. Madam, I have a touch of your condition,
That cannot brook the accent of reproof.

Duch. O, let me speak.

K. Rich. Do, then; but I'll not hear

Duch. I will be mild and gentle in my words.

K. Rich. And brief, good mother; for I am in haste

Duch. Art thou so hasty? I have staid for thee,
God knows, in torment and in agony.

K. Rich. And came I not at last to comfort you?

Duch. No, by the holy rood, thou know'st it well,
Thou cam'st on earth to make the earth my hell.
A grievous burden was thy birth to me;
Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy;
Thy school-days, frightful, desperate, wild, and furious;
Thy prime of manhood, daring, bold, and venturous;
Thy age confirmed, proud, subtle, sly, and bloody,
More mild, but yet more harmful, kind in hatred;
What comfortable hour canst thou name
That ever graced me in thy company?

K. Rich. 'Faith, none, but Humphrey Hour, that called
your grace
To breakfast once, forth of my company.
If I be so disgracious in your sight,
Let me march on, and not offend you, madam.—
Strike up the drum.

Duch. I pr'ythee, hear me speak.

K. Rich. You speak too bitterly.

Duch. Hear me a word;
For I shall never speak to thee again.

K. Rich. So.

Duch. Either thou wilt die, by God's just ordinance,
Ere from this war thou turn a conqueror;
Or I with grief and extreme age shall perish,
And never look upon thy face again.
Therefore take with thee my most heavy curse;
Which, in the day of battle, tire thee more,
Than all the complete armor that thou wear'st!
My prayers on the adverse party fight;
And there the little souls of Edward's children
Whisper the spirits of thine enemies,
And promise them success and victory.
Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end;
Shame serves thy life, and doth thy death attend. [Exit

Q. Eliz. Though far more cause, yet much less spirit to curse
Abides in me; I say amen to her. [Going.

K. Rich. Stay, madam ; I must speak a word with you.

Q. Eliz. I have no more sons of the royal blood
For thee to murder. For my daughters, Richard,—
They shall be praying nuns, not weeping queens ;
And therefore level not to hit their lives.

K. Rich. You have a daughter called—Elizabeth,
Virtuous and fair, royal and gracious.

Q. Eliz. And must she die for this ? O, let her live,
And I'll corrupt her manners, stain her beauty ;
Slander myself, as false to Edward's bed ;
Throw over her the veil of infamy ;
So she may live unscarred of bleeding slaughter,
I will confess she was not Edward's daughter.

K. Rich. Wrong not her birth ; she is of royal blood.

Q. Eliz. To save her life, I'll say she is not so.

K. Rich. Her life is safest only in her birth.

Q. Eliz. And only in that safety died her brothers.

K. Rich. Lo, at their births, good stars were opposite.

Q. Eliz. No, to their lives bad friends were contrary.

K. Rich. All unavoided is the doom of destiny.

Q. Eliz. True, when avoided grace makes destiny.
My babes were destined to a fairer death,
If grace had blest thee with a fairer life.

K. Rich. You speak as if that I had slain my cousins.

Q. Eliz. Cousins, indeed ; and by their uncle cozened
Of comfort, kingdom, kindred, freedom, life.
Whose hands soever lanced their tender hearts,
Thy head, all indirectly, gave direction.
No doubt the murderous knife was dull and blunt,
Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart,
To revel in the entrails of my lambs.
But that still use of grief makes wild grief tame,
My tongue should to thy ears not name my boys,
Till that my nails were anchored in thine eyes ;
And I, in such a desperate bay of death,
Like a poor bark, of sails and tackling reft,
Rush all to pieces on thy rocky bosom.

K. Rich. Madam, so thrive I in my enterprise,
And dangerous success of bloody wars,
As I intend more good to you and yours,
Than ever you or yours by me were harmed !

Q. Eliz. What good is covered with the face of heaven,
To be discovered, that can do me good ?

K. Rich. The advancement of your children, gentle lady.

Q. Eliz. Up to some scaffold, there to lose their heads ?

K. Rich. No, to the dignity and height of fortune,
The high, imperial type of this earth's glory.

Q. Eliz. Flatter my sorrows with report of it.
Tell me, what state, what dignity, what honor,
Canst thou demise to any child of mine?

K. Rich. Even all I have; ay, and myself and all,
Will I withal endow a child of thine;
So in the Letho of thy angry soul
Thou drown the sad remembrance of those wrongs,
Which thou supposest I have done to thee.

Q. Eliz. Be brief, lest that the process of thy kindness
Last longer telling than thy kindness' date.

K. Rich. Then know, that from my soul, I love thy
daughter.

Q. Eliz. My daughter's mother thinks it with her soul.

K. Rich. What do you think?

Q. Eliz. That thou dost love my daughter, from thy soul:
So, from thy soul's love, didst thou love her brothers;
And from my heart's love, I do thank thee for it.

K. Rich. Be not so hasty to confound my meaning.
I mean, that with my soul I love thy daughter,
And do intend to make her queen of England.

Q. Eliz. Well then, who dost thou mean shall be her
king?

K. Rich. Even he that makes her queen. Who else
should be?

Q. Eliz. What, thou?

K. Rich. Even so. How think you of it?

Q. Eliz. How canst thou woo her?

K. Rich. That I would learn of you,
As one being best acquainted with her humor.

Q. Eliz. And wilt thou learn of me?

K. Rich. Madam, with all my heart.

Q. Eliz. Send to her, by the man that slew her brothers,
A pair of bleeding hearts; thereon engrave,
Edward, and York; then, haply, will she weep.
Therefore present to her—as sometime Margaret
Did to thy father, steeped in Rutland's blood—
A handkerchief; which, say to her, did drain
The purple sap from her sweet brothers' body,
And bid her wipe her weeping eyes withal
If this inducement move her not to love,
Send her a letter of thy noble deeds;
Tell her, thou mad'st away her uncle Clarence,
Her uncle Rivers; ay, and, for her sake,
Mad'st quick conveyance with her good aunt Anne

K. Rich. You mock me, madam; this is not the way
To win your daughter.

Q. Eliz. There is no other way;
Unless thou couldst put on some other shape,
And not be Richard that hath done all this.

K. Rich. Say that I did all this for love of her?

Q. Eliz. Nay, then, indeed, she cannot choose but hate thee,
Having bought love with such a bloody spoil.

K. Rich. Look, what is done cannot be now amended;
Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes,
Which after-hours give leisure to repent.
If I did take the kingdom from your sons,
To make amends, I'll give it to your daughter.
If I have killed the issue of your womb,
To quicken your increase, I will beget
Mine issue of your blood upon your daughter.
A grandam's name is little less in love,
Than is the doting title of a mother;
They are as children, but one step below
Even of your mettle, of your very blood;
Of all one pain,—save for a night of groans
Endured of her, for whom you bid like sorrow
Your children were vexation to your youth,
But mine shall be a comfort to your age.
The loss you have, is but—a son being king.
And, by that loss, your daughter is made queen.
I cannot make you what amends I would,
Therefore accept such kindness as I can.
Dorset, your son, that with a fearful soul
Leads discontented steps in foreign soil,
This fair alliance quickly shall call home
To high promotions and great dignity.
The king, that calls your beauteous daughter,—wife,
Familiarly shall call thy Dorset—brother;
Again shall you be mother to a king,
And all the ruins of distressful times
Repaired with double riches of content.
What! we have many goodly days to see;
The liquid drops of tears that you have shed,
Shall come again, transformed to orient pearl;
Advantaging their loan, with interest
Of ten times double gain of happiness.
Go then, my mother, to thy daughter go;
Make bold her bashful years with your experience;
Prepare her ears to hear a wooer's tale;
Put in her tender heart the aspiring flame

Of golden sovereignty; acquaint the princess
With the sweet silent hours of marriage joys;
And when this arm of mine hath chastised
The petty rebel, dull-brained Buckingham,
Bound with triumphant garlands will I come,
And lead thy daughter to a conqueror's bed;
To whom I will retail my conquest won,
And she shall be sole victress, Cæsar's Cæsar.

Q. Eliz. What were I best to say? Her father's brother
Would be her lord? Or shall I say, her uncle?
Or, he that slew her brothers, and her uncles?
Under what title shall I woo for thee,
That God, the law, my honor, and her love,
Can make seem pleasing to her tender years?

K. Rich. Infer fair England's peace by this alliance.

Q. Eliz. Which she shall purchase with still lasting war.

K. Rich. Tell her, the king, that may command, entreats.

Q. Eliz. That at her hands, which the king's King forbids.

K. Rich. Say, she shall be a high and mighty queen

Q. Eliz. To wail the title, as her mother doth.

K. Rich. Say, I will love her everlastingly.

Q. Eliz. But how long shall that title, ever, last?

K. Rich. Sweetly in force unto her fair life's end.

Q. Eliz. But how long fairly shall her sweet life last?

K. Rich. As long as Heaven, and nature, lengthens it.

Q. Eliz. As long as hell, and Richard, likes of it.

K. Rich. Say, I, her sovereign, am her subject low.

Q. Eliz. But she, your subject, loathes such sovereignty.

K. Rich. Be eloquent in my behalf to her.

Q. Eliz. An honest tale speeds best, being plainly told.

K. Rich. Then in plain terms tell her my loving tale.

Q. Eliz. Plain, and not honest, is too harsh a style.

K. Rich. Your reasons are too shallow, and too quick.

Q. Eliz. O, no, my reasons are too deep and dead;—
Too deep and dead, poor infants, in their graves.

K. Rich. Harp not on that string, madam; that is past.

Q. Eliz. Harp on it still shall I, till heartstrings break.

K. Rich. Now, by my George, my garter, and my crown,—

Q. Eliz. Profaned, dishonored, and the third usurped.

K. Rich. I swear—

Q. Eliz. By nothing; for this is no oath.
Thy George, profaned, hath lost his holy honor;
Thy garter, blemished, pawned his knightly virtue;
Thy crown, usurped, disgraced his kingly glory:
If something thou wouldst swear to be believed,
Swear then by something that thou hast not wronged.

K. Rich. Now by the world,——

Q. Eliz. 'Tis full of thy foul wrongs.

K. Rich. My father's death,——

Q. Eliz. Thy life hath that dishonored.

K. Rich. Then, by myself,——

Q. Eliz. Thyself is self misused.

K. Rich. Why then, by God,——

Q. Eliz. God's wrong is most of all

If thou hadst feared to break an oath by him,
The unity, the king thy brother made,
Had not been broken, nor my brother slain.
If thou hadst feared to break an oath by him,
The imperial metal, circling now thy head,
Had graced the tender temples of my child;
And both the princes had been breathing here,
Which now, two tender bedfellows for dust,
'Thy broken faith hath made a prey for worms.
What canst thou swear by now?

K. Rich. By the time to come.

Q. Eliz. That thou hast wronged in the time o'erpast;
For I myself have many tears to wash
Hereafter time, for time past, wronged by thee.
The children live, whose parents thou hast slaughtered,
Ungoverned youth, to wail it in their age.
The parents live, whose children thou hast butchered,
Old, barren plants, to wail it with their age.
Swear not by time to come; for that thou hast
Misused ere used, by times ill used o'erpast.

K. Rich. As I intend to prosper, and repent!
So thrive I in my dangerous attempt
Of hostile arms! myself myself confound!
Heaven, and fortune, bar me happy hours!
Day, yield me not thy light; nor, night, thy rest.
Be opposite all planets of good luck
To my proceeding, if, with pure heart's love,
Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts,
I tender not thy beauteous, princely daughter!
In her consists my happiness, and thine.
Without her, follows to myself, and thee,
Herself, the land, and many a Christian soul,
Death, desolation, ruin, and decay.
It cannot be avoided but by this;
It will not be avoided but by this;
Therefore, dear mother, (I must call you so,)
Be the attorney of my love to her.
Plead what I will be, not what I have been;

Not my deserts, but what I will deserve.

Urge the necessity and state of times,

And be not peevish found in great designs.

Q. Eliz. Shall I be tempted of the devil thus?

K. Rich. Ay, if the devil tempt thee to do good.

Q. Eliz. Shall I forget myself to be myself?

K. Rich. Ay, if yourself's remembrance wrong yourself.

Q. Eliz. But thou didst kill my children.

K. Rich. But in your daughter's womb I bury them;
Where, in that nest of spicery, they shall breed
Selves of themselves, to your recomforture.

Q. Eliz. Shall I go win my daughter to thy will?

K. Rich. And be a happy mother by the deed.

Q. Eliz. I go.—Write to me very shortly,
And you shall understand from me her mind.

K. Rich. Bear her my true love's kiss, and so farewell.

[*Kissing her. Exit Q. ELIZABETH*

Relenting fool, and shallow, changing—woman!

How now? what news?

Enter RATCLIFF; CATESBY following.

Rat. Most mighty sovereign, on the western coast
Rideth a puissant navy; to the shore
Throng many doubtful, hollow-hearted friends,
Unarmed, and unresolved to beat them back;
'Tis thought, that Richmond is their admiral;
And there they hull, expecting but the aid
Of Buckingham, to welcome them ashore.

K. Rich. Some light-foot friend post to the duke of Norfolk;
Ratcliff, thyself,—or Catesby; where is he?

Cate. Here, my good lord.

K. Rich. Catesby, fly to the duke.

Cate. I will, my lord, with all convenient haste.

K. Rich. Ratcliff, come hither; post to Salisbury;
When thou com'st thither,—Dull, unmindful villain,
[*To CATESBY.*

Why stay'st thou here, and go'st not to the duke?

Cate. First, mighty liege, tell me your highness' pleasure,
What from your grace I shall deliver to him.

K. Rich. O, true, good Catesby.—Bid him levy straight
The greatest strength and power he can make,
And meet me suddenly at Salisbury.

Cate. I go.

[*Exit.*

Rat. What, may it please you, shall I do at Salisbury?

K. Rich. Why, what would'st thou do there, before I go?

Rat. Your highness told me I should post before

Enter STANLEY.

K. Rich. My mind is changed.—Stanley, what news with you?

Stan. None, good my liege, to please you with the hearing; Nor none so bad, but well may be reported.

K. Rich. Heyday, a riddle! neither good nor bad! What need'st thou run so many miles about, When thou may'st tell thy tale the nearest way? Once more, what news?

Stan. Richmond is on the seas.

K. Rich. There let him sink, and be the seas on him! White-livered runagate, what doth he there?

Stan. I know not, mighty sovereign, but by guess.

K. Rich. Well, as you guess?

Stan. Stirred up by Dorset, Buckingham, and Morton, He makes for England, here to claim the crown.

K. Rich. Is the chair empty? Is the sword unswayed? Is the king dead, the empire unpossessed? What heir of York is there alive, but we? And who is England's king, but great York's heir? Then, tell me, what makes he upon the seas?

Stan. Unless for that, my liege, I cannot guess.

K. Rich. Unless for that he comes to be your liege, You cannot guess wherefore the Welshman comes. Thou wilt revolt, and fly to him, I fear.

Stan. No, mighty liege; therefore mistrust me not.

K. Rich. Where is thy power, then, to beat him back? Where be thy tenants, and thy followers? Are they not now upon the western shore, Safe conducting the rebels from their ships?

Stan. No, my good lord; my friends are in the north.

K. Rich. Cold friends to me; what do they in the north, When they should serve their sovereign in the west?

Stan. They have not been commanded, mighty king. Pleaseth your majesty to give me leave, I'll muster up my friends; and meet your grace, Where, and what time, your majesty shall please.

K. Rich. Ay, ay, thou wouldst be gone to join with Richmond.
I will not trust you, sir.

Stan. Most mighty sovereign,
You have no cause to hold my friendship doubtful;
I never was, nor never will be false.

K. Rich. Well, go, muster men. But, hear you, leave behind

Your son, George Stanley; look your heart be firm,
Or else his head's assurance is but frail.

Stan. So deal with him, as I prove true to you.

[*Exit* STANLEY.]

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My gracious sovereign, now in Devonshire,
As I by friends am well advertised,
Sir Edward Courtenay, and the haughty prelate,
Bishop of Exeter, his elder brother,
With many more confederates, are in arms.

Enter another Messenger.

2 Mess. In Kent, my liege, the Guildfords are in arms;
And every hour more competitors
Flock to the rebels, and their power grows strong.

Enter another Messenger.

3 Mess. My lord, the army of great Buckingham—

K. Rich. Out on ye, owls! nothing but songs of death?

[*He strikes him*

There, take thou that, till thou bring better news.

3 Mess. The news I have to tell your majesty,
Is,—that, by sudden floods and fall of waters,
Buckingham's army is dispersed and scattered;
And he himself wandered away alone,
No man knows whither.

K. Rich. O, I cry you mercy;
There is my purse, to cure that blow of thine.
Hath any well-advised friend proclaimed
Reward to him that brings the traitor in?

3 Mess. Such proclamation hath been made, my liege.

Enter another Messenger.

4 Mess. Sir Thomas Lovel, and lord marquis Dorset,
'Tis said, my liege, in Yorkshire are in arms.
But this good comfort bring I to your highness,—
The Bretagne navy is dispersed by tempest.
Richmond, in Dorsetshire, sent out a boat
Unto the shore, to ask those on the banks,
If they were his assistants, yea, or no;
Who answered him, they came from Buckingham
Upon his party: he, mistrusting them,
Hoised sail, and made his course again for Bretagne.

K. Rich. March on, march on, since we are up in arms;

If not to fight with foreign enemies,
Yet to beat down these rebels here at home.

Enter CATESBY.

Cate. My liege, the duke of Buckingham is taken;
That is the best news. That the earl of Richmond
Is with a mighty power landed at Milford,
Is colder news, but yet they must be told.

K. Rich. Away, towards Salisbury; while we reason here,
A royal battle might be won and lost.—
Some one take order, Buckingham be brought
To Salisbury;—the rest march on with me. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *A Room in Lord Stanley's House.*

Enter STANLEY and SIR CHRISTOPHER URSWICK.

Stan. Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me;—
That in the sty of this most bloody boar,
My son George Stanley is franked up in hold;
If I revolt, off goes young George's head;
The fear of that withholds my present aid.
But, tell me, where is princely Richmond now?

Chris. At Pembroke, or at Ha'rford-west, in Wales.

Stan. What men of name resort to him?

Chris. Sir Walter Herbert, a renowned soldier;
Sir Gilbert Talbot, sir William Stanley;
Oxford, redoubted Pembroke, sir James Blunt,
And Rice ap Thomas, with a valiant crew;
And many other of great fame and worth;
And towards London do they bend their course,
If by the way they be not fought withal.

Stan. Well, hie thee to thy lord; commend me to him;
Tell him, the queen hath heartily consented
He shall espouse Elizabeth her daughter.
These letters will resolve him of my mind.
Farewell.

[*Gives papers to SIR CHRISTOPHER.*
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. Salisbury. *An open Place.*

Enter the Sheriff, and Guard, with BUCKINGHAM, led to execution.

Buck. Will not king Richard let me speak with him?

Sher. No, my good lord; therefore be patient.

Buck. Hastings, and Edward's children, Rivers, Grey,
Holy king Henry, and thy fair son Edward,
Vaughan, and all that have miscarried
By under hand, corrupted, foul injustice;
If that your moody, discontented souls
Do through the clouds behold this present hour,
Even for revenge mock my destruction!
This is All Souls' day, fellows, is it not?

Sher. It is, my lord.

Buck. Why, then All-Souls' day is my body's doomsday
This is the day, which, in king Edward's time,
I wished might fall on me, when I was found
False to his children, or his wife's allies.
This is the day, wherein I wished to fall
By the false faith of him whom most I trusted;
This, this, All-Souls' day to my fearful soul,
Is the determined respite of my wrongs.
That high All-seer which I dallied with,
Hath turned my feigned prayer on my head,
And given in earnest what I begged in jest.
Thus doth he force the swords of wicked men
To turn their own points on their masters' bosoms;
Thus Margaret's curse falls heavy on my neck,—
*When he, quoth she, shall split thy heart with sorrow,
Remember Margaret was a prophetess.—*
Come, sirs, convey me to the block of shame;
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.
[*Exeunt* BUCKINGHAM, &c.]

SCENE II. *Plain near Tamworth.*

Enter, with drum and colors, RICHMOND, OXFORD, SIR JAMES BLUNT, SIR WALTER HERBERT, and others, with Forces, marching.

Richm. Fellows in arms, and my most loving friends,
Bruised underneath the yoke of tyranny,
Thus far into the bowels of the land
Have we marched on without impediment,
And here receive we from our father Stanley,
Lines of fair comfort and encouragement.
The wretched, bloody, and usurping boar,
That spoiled your summer fields, and fruitful vines,
Swills your warm blood like wash, and makes his trough
In your embowelled bosoms, this foul swine
Lies now even in the centre of this isle,

Near to the town of Leicester, as we learn.
 From Tamworth thither, is but one day's march.
 In God's name, cheerly on, courageous friends,
 To reap the harvest of perpetual peace
 By this one bloody trial of sharp war.

Oxf. Every man's conscience is a thousand swords,
 To fight against that bloody homicide.

Herb. I doubt not but his friends will turn to us.

Blunt. He hath no friends, but who are friends for fear;
 Which, in his dearest need, will fly from him.

Richm. All for our vantage. Then, in God's name, march:
 True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings;
 Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. Bosworth Field.

Enter KING RICHARD, and *Forces*; the DUKE of NORFOLK,
 EARL of SURREY, and *others*.

K. Rich. Here pitch our tents, even here in Bosworth
 field.—

My lord of Surrey, why look you so sad?

Sur. My heart is ten times lighter than my looks.

K. Rich. My lord of Norfolk,—

Nor. Here, most gracious liege.

K. Rich. Norfolk, we must have knocks. Ha! must we
 we not?

Nor. We must both give and take, my loving lord.

K. Rich. Up with my tent. Here will I lie to-night;

[*Soldiers begin to set up the King's tent.*]

But where, to-morrow?—Well, all's one for that.—

Who hath descried the number of the traitors?

Nor. Six or seven thousand is their utmost power.

K. Rich. Why, our battalia trebles that account;
 Besides, the king's name is a tower of strength,
 Which they upon the adverse faction want.

Up with the tent.—Come, noble gentlemen,
 Let us survey the vantage of the ground;—

Call for some men of sound direction:—

Let's want no discipline, make no delay;

For, lords, to-morrow is a busy day. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter, on the other side of the field, RICHMOND, SIR WIL-
 LIAM BRANDON, OXFORD, and *other* Lords. *Some of the*
Soldiers pitch RICHMOND'S tent.

Richm. The weary sun hath made a golden set,
 And, by the bright track of his fiery car,

Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow.—
Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my standard.—
Give me some ink and paper in my tent;—
I'll draw the form and model of our battle,
Limit each leader to his several charge,
And part in just proportion our small power.
My lord of Oxford, you, sir William Brandon,—
And you, sir Walter Herbert, stay with me.
The earl of Pembroke keeps his regiment;—
Good captain Blunt, bear my good night to him,
And by the second hour in the morning
Desire the earl to see me in my tent.
Yet one thing more, good captain, do for me;
Where is lord Stanley quartered, do you know?

Blunt. Unless I have mista'en his colors much,
(Which, well I am assured, I have not done,)
His regiment lies half a mile at least
South from the mighty power of the king.

Richm. If without peril it be possible,
Sweet Blunt, make some good means to speak with him,
And give him from me this most needful note.

Blunt. Upon my life, my lord, I'll undertake it;
And so, God give you quiet rest to-night!

Richm. Good night, good captain Blunt. Come, gentlemen,
Let us consult upon to-morrow's business;
In to my tent; the air is raw and cold.

[*They withdraw into the tent.*]

Enter, to his tent, KING RICHARD, NORFOLK, RATCLIFF, and CATESBY.

K. Rich. What is't o'clock?

Cate. It's supper time, my lord;
It's nine o'clock.

K. Rich. I will not sup to-night.—
Give me some ink and paper.—
What, is my beaver easier than it was?—
And all my armor laid into my tent?

Cate. It is, my liege; and all things are in readiness.

K. Rich. Good Norfolk, hie thee to thy charge;
Use careful watch, choose trusty sentinels.

Nor. I go, my lord.

K. Rich. Stir with the lark to-morrow, gentle Norfolk.

Nor. I warrant you, my lord.

[*Exit.*]

K. Rich. Ratcliff,—

Bat. My lord?

K. Rich. Send out a pursuivant at arms
To Stanley's regiment; bid him bring his power
Before sun-rising, lest his son George fall
Into the blind cave of eternal night.—
Fill me a bowl of wine.—Give me a watch.—

[*To CATESBY.*

Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow.—
Look that my staves be sound, and not too heavy.
Ratcliff,——

Rat. My lord?

K. Rich. Saw'st thou the melancholy lord Northumberland?

Rat. Thomas the earl of Surrey, and himself,
Much about cock-shut time, from troop to troop,
Went through the army, cheering up the soldiers.

K. Rich. So, I am satisfied. Give me a bowl of wine;
I have not that alacrity of spirit,
Nor cheer of mind, that I was wont to have.—
Set it down.—Is ink and paper ready?

Rat. It is, my lord.

K. Rich. Bid my guard watch; leave me.
About the mid of night, come to my tent,
And help to arm me.—Leave me, I say.

[*KING RICHARD retires into his tent.*

Exeunt RATCLIFF and CATESBY.

RICHMOND'S tent opens, and discovers him, and Officers, &c.

Enter STANLEY.

Stan. Fortune and victory sit on thy helm!

Richm. All comfort that the dark night can afford,
Be to thy person, noble father-in-law!
Tell me, how fares our loving mother?

Stan. I, by attorney, bless thee from thy mother,
Who prays continually for Richmond's good.
So much for that.—The silent hours steal on,
And flaky darkness breaks within the east.
In brief,—for so the season bids us be,—
Prepare thy battle early in the morning;
And put thy fortune to the arbitrement
Of bloody strokes, and mortal-staring war.
I, as I may, (that which I would, I cannot,)
With best advantage will deceive the time,
And aid thee in this doubtful shock of arms;
But on thy side I may not be too forward,
Lest, being seen, thy brother, tender George,
Be executed in his father's sight.

Farewell; the leisure and the fearful time
Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love,
And ample interchange of sweet discourse,
Which so long-sundered friends should dwell upon:
God give us leisure for these rites of love.
Once more, adieu.—Be valiant, and speed well.

Richm. Good lords, conduct him to his regiment:
I'll strive, with troubled thoughts, to take a nap;
Lest leaden slumber peise me down to-morrow,
When I should mount with wings of victory.
Once more, good night, kind lords and gentlemen.

[*Exeunt* Lords, &c., with STANLEY.

O Thou! whose captain I account myself,
Look on my forces with a gracious eye;
Put in their hands thy bruising irons of wrath,
That they may crush down with a heavy fall
The usurping helmets of our adversaries!
Make us thy ministers of chastisement,
That we may praise thee in thy victory!
To thee I do commend my watchful soul,
Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes!
Sleeping, and waking, O, defend me still. [Sleeps.

*The Ghost of Prince Edward, son to Henry the Sixth, rises
between the two tents.*

Ghost. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow!

[*To* KING RICHARD.

Think how thou stab'dst me in my prime of youth
At Tewksbury; despair therefore, and die!—

Be cheerful, Richmond; for the wronged souls

[*To* RICHMOND.

Of butchered princes fight in thy behalf;
King Henry's issue, Richmond, comforts thee.

The Ghost of King Henry the Sixth rises.

Ghost. When I was mortal, my anointed body

[*To* KING RICHARD.

By thee was punched full of deadly holes.
Think on the Tower and me; despair, and die,
Harry the Sixth bids thee despair and die.—

Virtuous and holy, be thou conqueror! [*To* RICHMOND.
Harry, that prophesied thou shouldst be king,
Doth comfort thee in thy sleep. Live, and flourish!

The Ghost of Clarence rises.

Ghost. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow!

[*To* KING RICHARD.

I, that was washed to death with fulsome wine,
 Poor Clarence, by thy guile betrayed to death!
 'To-morrow in the battle think on me,
 And fall thy edgeless sword; despair, and die!—

Thou offspring of the house of Lancaster,

[To RICHMOND.

The wronged heirs of York do pray for thee;
 Good angels guard thy battle! Live, and flourish!

The Ghosts of Rivers, Grey, and Vaughan, rise.

Riv. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow,

[To KING RICHARD.

Rivers, that died at Pomfret! Despair, and die!

Grey. Think upon Grey, and let thy soul despair!

[To KING RICHARD.

Vaugh. Think upon Vaughan; and, with guilty fear,
 Let fall thy lance! Despair, and die!—

[To KING RICHARD.

All. Awake! and think our wrongs in Richard's bosom

[To RICHMOND.

Will conquer him;—awake, and win the day!

The Ghost of Hastings rises.

Ghost. Bloody and guilty, guiltily awake;

[To KING RICHARD.

And in a bloody battle end thy days!

Think on lord Hastings; and despair, and die!—

Quiet untroubled soul, awake, awake. [To RICHMOND.

Arm, fight, and conquer, for fair England's sake!

The Ghosts of the two young Princes rise.

Ghosts. Dream on thy cousins smothered in the Tower;

[To RICHARD.

Let us be lead within thy bosom, Richard,

And weigh thee down to ruin, shame, and death!

Thy nephews' souls bid thee despair, and die.—

Sleep, Richmond, sleep in peace, and wake in joy:

[To RICHMOND.

Good angels guard thee from the boar's annoy!

Live, and beget a happy race of kings!

Edward's unhappy sons do bid thee flourish.

The Ghost of Queen Anne rises.

Ghost. Richard, thy wife, that wretched Anne, thy wife,

That never slept a quiet hour with thee,

Now fills thy sleep with perturbations:

To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And full thy edgeless sword; despair, and die!—

Thou, quiet soul, sleep thou a quiet sleep;

[To RICHMOND.]

Dream of success and happy victory;
Thy adversary's wife doth pray for thee.

The Ghost of Buckingham rises.

Ghost. The first was I, that helped thee to the crown;
[To RICHARD.]

The last was I that felt thy tyranny:
O, in the battle think on Buckingham,
And die in terror of thy guiltiness!
Dream on, dream on, of bloody deeds and death;
Fainting, despair; despairing, yield thy breath!—
I died for hope ere I could lend thee aid:

[To RICHMOND.]

But cheer thy heart, and be thou not dismayed:
God, and good angels, fight on Richmond's side;
And Richard falls in height of all his pride.

[*The Ghosts vanish. KING RICHARD starts out of his dream.*]

K. Rich. Give me another horse,—bind up my wounds,—
Have mercy, Jesu!—Soft; I did but dream.—
O, coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!—
The lights burn blue.—It is now dead midnight.
Cold, fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.
What do I fear? Myself? There's none else by:
Richard loves Richard; that is, I am I.
Is there a murderer here? No;—Yes; I am.
Then fly,—What, from myself? Great reason; Why?
Lest I revenge. What? Myself on myself?
I love myself. Wherefore? For any good
That I myself have done unto myself?
O, no: alas, I rather hate myself,
For hateful deeds committed by myself.
I am a villain; yet I lie, I am not.
Fool, of thyself speak well:—Fool, do not flatter.
My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain.
Perjury, perjury, in the high'st degree,
Murder, stern murder, in the dir'st degree,
All several sins, all used in each degree,
Throng to the bar, crying all—Guilty! guilty!
I shall despair.—There is no creature loves me

And, if I die, no soul will pity me:—
Nay, wherefore should they? since that I myself
Find in myself no pity to myself.
Methought the souls of all that I had murdered
Came to my tent; and every one did threat
To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.

Enter RATCLIFF.

Rat. My lord,——

K. Rich. Who's there?

Rat. Ratcliff, my lord; 'tis I. The early village cock
Hath twice done salutation to the morn.
Your friends are up, and buckle on their armor.

K. Rich. O, Ratcliff, I have dreamed a fearful dream!
What thinkest thou? will our friends prove all true?

Rat. No doubt, my lord.

K. Rich. Ratcliff, I fear, I fear,—

Rat. Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of shadows.

K. Rich. By the apostle Paul, shadows to-night
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard,
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers,
Armed in proof, and led by shallow Richmond.
It is not yet near day. Come, go with me;
Under our tents I'll play the eaves-dropper,
To hear if any mean to shrink from me.

[Exeunt KING RICHARD and RATCLIFF.]

RICHMOND wakes. Enter OXFORD and others.

Lords. Good-morrow, Richmond.

Richm. 'Cry mercy, lords, and watchful gentlemen,
That you have ta'en a tardy sluggard here.

Lords. How have you slept, my lord?

Richm. The sweetest sleep, and fairest-boding dreams,
That ever entered in a drowsy head,
Have I since your departure had, my lords.
Methought their souls, whose bodies Richard murdered,
Came to my tent, and cried—On! victory!
I promise you, my heart is very jocund
In the remembrance of so fair a dream.
How far into the morning is it, lords?

Lords. Upon the stroke of four.

Richm. Why, then 'tis time to arm, and give direction.—

[He advances to the troops.]

More than I have said, loving countrymen,
The leisure and enforcement of the time
Forbids to dwell on. Yet, remember this,—

God, and our good cause, fight upon our side:
 The prayers of holy saints, and wronged souls,
 Like high-reared bulwarks, stand before our faces;
 Richard except, those, whom we fight against,
 Had rather have us win, than him they follow.
 For what is he they follow? Truly, gentlemen,
 A bloody tyrant, and a homicide;
 One raised in blood, and one in blood established;
 One that made means to come by what he hath,
 And slaughtered those that were the means to help him;
 A base, foul stone, made precious by the foil
 Of England's chair, where he is falsely set;
 One that hath ever been God's enemy:
 Then, if you fight against God's enemy,
 God will, in justice, ward you as his soldiers;
 If you do sweat to put a tyrant down,
 You sleep in peace, the tyrant being slain;
 If you do fight against your country's foes,
 Your country's fat shall pay your pains the hire;
 If you do fight in safeguard of your wives,
 Your wives shall welcome home the conquerors;
 If you do free your children from the sword,
 Your children's children quit it in your age.
 Then, in the name of God, and all these rights,
 Advance your standards, draw your willing swords;
 For me, the ransom of my bold attempt
 Shall be this cold corpse on the earth's cold face;
 But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt
 The least of you shall share his part thereof.
 Sound, drums and trumpets, boldly and cheerfully;
 God, and saint George! Richmond, and victory! [*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter KING RICHARD, RATCLIFF, Attendants, *and Forces.*

K. Rich. What said Northumberland, as touching Richmond?

Rat. That he was never trained up in arms.

K. Rich. He said the truth. And what said Surrey then?

Rat. He smiled, and said, the better for our purpose.

K. Rich. He was i' the right; and so, indeed, it is.

[*Clock strikes.*]

Tell the clock there.—Give me a Calendar.—
 Who saw the sun to-day?

Rat. Not I, my lord.—

K. Rich. Then he disdains to shine; for, by the book,
 He should have braved the east an hour ago:

A black day will it be to somebody.—

Ratcliff,——

Rat. My lord?

K. Rich. The sun will not be seen to-day;
The sky doth frown and lower upon our army.
I would these dewy tears were from the ground.
Not shine to-day! Why, what is that to me,
More than to Richmond? for the self-same heaven,
That frowns on me, looks sadly upon him.

Enter NORFOLK.

Nor. Arm, arm, my lord; the foe vaunts in the field.

K. Rich. Come, bustle, bustle;—caparison my horse;—
Call up lord Stanley; bid him bring his power:—
I will lead forth my soldiers to the plain,
And thus my battle shall be ordered.
My forward shall be drawn out all in length,
Consisting equally of horse and foot;
Our archers shall be placed in the midst:
John duke of Norfolk, Thomas earl of Surrey,
Shall have the leading of this foot and horse.
They thus directed, we ourself will follow
In the main battle; whose puissance on either side
Shall be well winged with our chiefest horse.
This, and saint George to boot!—What think'st thou,
Norfolk?

Nor. A good direction, warlike sovereign.—
This found I on my tent this morning. [*Giving a scroll.*

K. Rich. *Jocky of Norfolk, be not too bold,* [*Reads.*
For Dickon thy master is bought and sold.

A thing devised by the enemy.—

Go, gentlemen, every man unto his charge:
Let not our babbling dreams affright our souls;
Conscience is but a word that cowards use,
Devised at first to keep the strong in awe;
Our strong arms be our conscience, swords our law.
March on, join bravely, let us to't pell-mell;
If not to heaven, then hand in hand to hell.——
What shall I say more than I have inferred?
Remember whom you are to cope withal;—
A sort of vagabonds, rascals, and runaways,
A scum of Breagnes, and base lackey peasants,
Whom their o'er-cloyed country vomits forth
To desperate ventures and assured destruction.
You sleeping safe, they bring you to unrest;
You having lands, and blessed with beauteous wives,

They would restrain the one, distain the other.
 And who doth lead them, but a paltry fellow,
 Long kept in Bretagne at our mother's cost?
 A milk-sop, one that never in his life
 Felt so much cold as over shoes in snow?
 Let's whip these stragglers o'er the seas again;
 Lash hence these over-weening rags of France,
 These famished beggars, weary of their lives;
 Who, but for dreaming on this fond exploit,
 For want of means, poor rats, had hanged themselves:
 If we be conquered, let men conquer us,
 And not these bastard Bretagnes; whom our fathers
 Have in their own land beaten, bobbed, and thumped,
 And, on record, left them the heirs of shame.
 Shall these enjoy our lands? lie with our wives?
 Ravish our daughters?—Hark, I hear their drum.
[Drum afar off.]
 Fight, gentlemen of England, fight, bold yeomen!
 Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head!
 Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood;
 Amaze the welkin with your broken staves!

Enter a Messenger.

What says lord Stanley? will he bring his power?

Mess. My lord, he doth deny to come.

K. Rich. Off instantly with his son George's head.

Nor. My lord, the enemy is passed the marsh;
 After the battle let George Stanley die.

K. Rich. A thousand hearts are great within my bosom.
 Advance our standards, set upon our foes;
 Our ancient word of courage, fair Saint George,
 Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons!
 Upon them! Victory sits on our helms. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. *Another Part of the Field.*

Alarum. Excursions. Enter NORFOLK, and Forces; to him CATESBY.

Cate. Rescue, my lord of Norfolk, rescue, rescue!
 The king enacts more wonders than a man,
 Daring an opposite to every danger;
 His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,
 Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death:
 Rescue, fair lord, or else the day is lost!

Alarum. Enter KING RICHARD.

K. Rich. A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!

Cate. Withdraw, my lord, I'll help you to a horse.

K. Rich. Slave, I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die;
I think there be six Richmonds in the field;
Five have I slain to-day, instead of him:—
A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse! [*Exeunt.*

*Alarums. Enter KING RICHARD and RICHMOND; and
exeunt fighting. Retreat and flourish. Then enter
RICHMOND, STANLEY, bearing the crown, with divers other
Lords, and Forces.*

Richm. God, and your arms, be praised, victorious
friends;
The day is ours; the bloody dog is dead.

Stan. Courageous Richmond, well hast thou acquit
thee!

Lo, here, this long-usurped royalty,
From the dead temples of this bloody wretch
Have I plucked off, to grace thy brows withal:
Wear it, enjoy it, and make much of it.

Richm. Great God of heaven, say, Amen, to all!—
But, tell me first, is young George Stanley living?

Stan. He is, my lord, and safe in Leicester town;
Whither, if it please you, we may now withdraw us.

Richm. What men of name are slain on either side?

Stan. John duke of Norfolk, Walter lord Ferrers,
Sir Robert Brakenbury, and Sir William Brandon.

Richm. Inter their bodies as becomes their births.
Proclaim a pardon to the soldiers fled,
That in submission will return to us;
And then, as we have ta'en the sacrament,
We will unite the white rose with the red.—
Smile heaven upon this fair conjunction,
That long hath frowned upon their enmity!—
What traitor hears me, and says not,—Amen?
England hath long been mad, and scarred herself;
The brother blindly shed the brother's blood,
The father rashly slaughtered his own son,
The son, compelled, been butcher to the sire;
All this divided York and Lancaster,
Divided, in their dire division.—

O, now, let Richmond and Elizabeth,
The true succeeders of each royal house,
By God's fair ordinance conjoin together!
And let their heirs (God, if thy will be so)
Enrich the time to come with smooth-faced peace,
With smiling plenty, and fair, prosperous days!
Abate the edge of traitors, gracious Lord,
That would reduce these bloody days again,
And make poor England weep in streams of blood!
Let them not live to taste this land's increase,
That would with treason wound this fair land's peace!
Now civil wounds are stopped, Peace lives again;
That she may long live here, God say—Amen. [*Exeunt.*

KING HENRY THE EIGHTH.

KING HENRY THE EIGHTH.

KING HENRY THE EIGHTH.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING HENRY THE EIGHTH.

CARDINAL WOLSEY. CARDINAL CAMPEIUS.

CAPUCIUS, *Ambassador from the Emperor Charles V*

CRANMER, *Archbishop of Canterbury.*

Duke of Norfolk. Duke of Buckingham.

Duke of Suffolk. Earl of Surrey.

Lord Chamberlain. Lord Chancellor.

GARDINER, *Bishop of Winchester*

Bishop of Lincoln.

LORD ABERGAVENNY. LORD SANDS.

SIR HENRY GUILDFORD. SIR THOMAS LOVELL

SIR ANTHONY DENNY. SIR NICHOLAS VAUX.

Secretaries to Wolsey.

CROMWELL, *Servant to Wolsey.*

GRIFFITH, *Gentleman Usher to Queen Katharine.*

Three other Gentlemen.

DOCTOR BUTTS, *Physician to the King.*

Garter, *King at Arms.*

Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham.

BRANDON, *and a Sergeant at Arms.*

Door-keeper of the Council Chamber. Porter, *and his Man.*

Page to Gardiner. A crier.

QUEEN KATHARINE, *Wife to King Henry, afterwards divorced*

ANNE BULLEN, *her Maid of Honor; afterwards Queen.*

An old Lady, Friend to Anne Bullen.

PATIENCE, *Woman to Queen Katharine.*

Several Lords and Ladies in the Dumb Shows; Women attending upon the Queen; Spirits, which appear to her; Scribes, Officers, Guards, and other Attendants.

SCENE, *chiefly in London and Westminster; once, at Kimbolton*

KING HENRY THE EIGHTH.

PROLOGUE.

I COME no more to make you laugh; things now,
That bear a weighty and a serious brow,
Sad, high, and working, full of state and woe,
Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow,
We now present. Those that can pity, here
May, if they think it well, let fall a tear;
The subject will deserve it. Such as give
Their money out of hope they may believe,
May here find truth too. Those that come to see
Only a show or two, and so agree,
The play may pass; if they be still, and willing,
I'll undertake, may see away their shilling
Richly in two short hours. Only they
That come to hear a merry, bawdy play,
A noise of targets, or to see a fellow
In a long, motley coat, guarded with yellow,
Will be deceived; for, gentle hearers, know,
To rank our chosen truth with such a show
As fool and fight is, beside forfeiting
Our own brains, and the opinion that we bring,
(To make that only true we now intend,)
Will leave us never an understanding friend.
Therefore, for goodness' sake, and as you are known
The first and happiest hearers of the town,
Be sad, as we would make ye: think ye see
The very persons of our noble story,
As they were living; think you see them great,
And followed with the general throng and sweat
Of thousand friends; then, in a moment, see
How soon this mightiness meets misery!
And, if you can be merry then, I'll say,
A man may weep upon his wedding-day.

ACT I.

SCENE I. London. *An Antechamber in the Palace.*

Enter the DUKE of NORFOLK, at one door ; at the other, the DUKE of BUCKINGHAM, and the LORD ABERGAVENNY.

Buckingham. GOOD morrow, and well met. How have
you done,
Since last we saw in France?

Nor. I thank your grace ;
Healthful ; and ever since a fresh admirer
Of what I saw there.

Buck. An untimely ague
Stayed me a prisoner in my chamber, when
Those suns of glory, those two lights of men,
Met in the vale of Arde.

Nor. 'Twixt Guynes and Arde :
I was then present, saw them salute on horseback ;
Beheld them, when they lighted, how they clung
In their embracement, as they grew together ;
Which had they, what four throned ones could have weighed
Such a compounded one?

Buck. All the whole time
I was my chamber's prisoner.

Nor. Then you lost
The view of earthly glory. Men might say,
Till this time, pomp was single ; but now married
To one above itself. Each following day
Became the next day's master, till the last
Made former wonders it's. To-day, the French,
All clinquant, all in gold, like heathen gods,
Shone down the English ; and, to-morrow, they
Made Britain, India ; every man, that stood,
Showed like a mine. Their dwarfish pages were
As cherubims, all gilt : the madams too,
Not used to toil, did almost sweat to bear
The pride upon them, that their very labor
Was to them as a painting. Now this mask
Was cried incomparable ; and the ensuing night
Made it a fool and beggar. The two kings,
Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst,
As presence did present them ; him in eye,
Still him in praise ; and, being present both,
'Twas said, they saw but one ; and no discernor
Durst wag his tongue in censure. When these suns

(For so they praise them) by their heralds challenged
The noble spirits to arms, they did perform
Beyond thought's compass; that former fabulous story,
Being now seen possible enough, got credit,
That Bevis was believed.

Buck. O, you go far.

Nor. As I belong to worship, and affect
In honor honesty, the tract of every thing
Would by a good discourser lose some life,
Which action's self was tongue to. All was royal;
To the disposing of it nought rebelled;
Order gave each thing view; the office did
Distinctly his full function.

Buck. Who did guide,
I mean, who set the body and the limbs
Of this great sport together, as you guess?

Nor. One, certes, that promises no element
In such a business.

Buck. I pray you, who, my lord?

Nor. All this was ordered by the good discretion
Of the right reverend cardinal of York.

Buck. The devil speed him! No man's pie is freed
From his ambitious finger. What had he
To do in these fierce vanities? I wonder
That such a keech can with his very bulk
Take up the rays o' the beneficial sun,
And keep it from the earth.

Nor. Surely, sir,
There's in him stuff that puts him to these ends;
For, being not propped by ancestry, (whose grace
Chalks successors their way,) nor called upon
For high feats done to the crown; neither allied
To eminent assistants, but, spider-like,
Out of his self-drawing web, he gives us note,
The force of his own merit makes his way;
A gift that Heaven gives for him, which buys
A place next to the king.

Abcr. I cannot tell
What Heaven hath given him; let some graver eye
Pierce into that: but I can see his pride
Peep through each part of him. Whence has he that?
If not from hell, the devil is a niggard;
Or has given all before, and he begins
A new hell in himself.

Buck. Why the devil,
Upon this French going-out, took he upon him,

Without the privity o' the king, to appoint
Who should attend on him? He makes up the file
Of all the gentry; for the most part such,
Too, whom as great a charge as little honor
He meant to lay upon; and his own letter,
The honorable board of council out,
Must fetch him in the papers.

Aber. I do know
Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have
By this so sickened their estates, that never
They shall abound as formerly.

Buck. O, many
Have broke their backs with laying manors on them
For this great journey. What did this vanity,
But minister communication of
A most poor issue?

Nor. Grievingly I think,
The peace between the French and us not values
The cost that did conclude it.

Buck. Every man,
After the hideous storm that followed, was
A thing inspired; and, not consulting, broke
Into a general prophecy,—That this tempest,
Dashing the garment of this peace, aboded
The sudden breach on't.

Nor. Which is budded out;
For France hath flawed the league, and hath attached
Our merchants' goods at Bourdeaux.

Aber. Is it therefore
The ambassador is silenced?

Nor. Marry, is't.

Aber. A proper title of a peace, and purchased
At a superfluous rate!

Buck. Why, all this business
Our reverend cardinal carried.

Nor. 'Like it your grace,
The state takes notice of the private difference
Betwixt you and the cardinal. I advise you,
(And take it from a heart that wishes towards you
Honor and plenteous safety,) that you read
The cardinal's malice and his potency
Together; to consider further, that
What his high hatred would effect, wants not
A minister in his power. You know his nature,
That he's revengeful; and I know his sword
Hath a sharp edge; it's long, and, it may be said,

It reaches far; and where 'twill not extend,
Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel;
You'll find it wholesome. Lo, where comes that rock,
That I advise your shunning.

Enter CARDINAL WOLSEY, (*the purse borne before him,*)
certain of the Guard, and two Secretaries with papers.
The CARDINAL, *in his passage, fixeth his eye on* BUCK-
INGHAM, *and* BUCKINGHAM *on him, both full of disdain*

Wol. The duke of Buckingham's surveyor? ha?
Where's his examination?

1 Secr. Here, so please you.

Wol. Is he in person ready?

1 Secr. Ay, please your grace.

Wol. Well, we shall then know more; and Buckingham
Shall lessen this big look. [*Exeunt* WOLSEY and Train.

Buck. This butcher's cur is venom-mouthed, and I
Have not the power to muzzle him; therefore, best
Not wake him in his slumber. A beggar's book
Out-worths a noble's blood.

Nor. What, are you chafed?
Ask God for temperance; that's the appliance only,
Which your disease requires.

Buck. I read in his look
Matter against me; and his eye reviled
Me, as his abject object: at this instant
He bores me with some trick. He's gone to the king;
I'll follow, and outstare him.

Nor. Stay, my lord,
And let your reason with your choler question
What 'tis you go about. To climb steep hills,
Requires slow pace at first. Anger is like
A full hot-horse; who being allowed his way,
Self-mettle tires him. Not a man in England
Can advise me like you; be to yourself
As you would to your friend.

Buck. I'll to the king;
And from a mouth of honor quite cry down
This Ipswich fellow's insolence; or proclaim,
There's difference in no persons.

Nor. Be advised;
Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
That it do singe yourself. We may outrun,
By violent swiftmess, that which we run at,
And lose by overrunning. Know you not,
The fire, that mounts the liquor till it run o'er,

In seeming to augment it, wastes it? Be advised;
I say again, there is no English soul
More stronger to direct you than yourself;
If with the sap of reason you would quench,
Or but allay, the fire of passion.

Buck. Sir,
I am thankful to you; and I'll go along
By your prescription. But this top-proud fellow
(Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but
From sincere motions,) by intelligence,
And proofs as clear as founts in July, when
We see each grain of gravel, I do know
To be corrupt and treasonous.

Nor. Say not, treasonous.

Buck. To the king I'll say it; and make my vouch as
strong
As shore of rock. Attend. This holy fox,
Or wolf, or both, (for he is equal ravenous,
As he is subtle; and as prone to mischief,
As able to perform it; his mind and place
Infecting one another, yea, reciprocally,
Only to show his pomp as well in France
As here at home, suggests the king our master
To this last costly treaty, the interview,
That swallowed so much treasure, and like a glass
Did break i' the rinsing.

Nor. 'Faith, and so it did.

Buck. Pray, give me favor, sir. This cunning cardinal
The articles o' the combination drew,
As himself pleased; and they were ratified,
As he cried, *Thus let be*; to as much end,
As give a crutch to the dead. But our count cardinal
Has done this, and 'tis well; for worthy Wolsey,
Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follows,
(Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy
To the old dam, treason,)—Charles the emperor,
Under pretence to see the queen, his aunt,
(For 'twas, indeed, his color; but he came
To whisper Wolsey,) here makes visitation.
His fears were, that the interview, betwixt
England and France, might, through their amity,
Breed him some prejudice; for from this league
Peeped harms that menaced him. He privily
Deals with our cardinal; and, as I trow,
Which I do well; for, I am sure, the emperor
Paid ere he promised; whereby his suit was granted,

Ere it was asked;—but when the way was made,
And paved with gold, the emperor thus desired,
That he would please to alter the king's course,
And break the aforesaid peace. Let the king know,
(As soon he shall by me,) that thus the cardinal
Does buy and sell his honor as he pleases,
And for his own advantage.

Nor. I am sorry
To hear this of him; and could wish he were
Something mistaken in't.

Buck. No, not a syllable;
I do pronounce him in that very shape,
He shall appear in proof.

*Enter BRANDON; a Sergeant at Arms before him, and two
or three of the Guard.*

Bran. Your office, sergeant; execute it.

Serg. Sir,
My lord the duke of Buckingham, and earl
Of Hereford, Stafford, and Northampton, I
Arrest thee of high treason, in the name
Of our most sovereign king.

Buck. Lo you, my lord,
The net has fallen upon me; I shall perish
Under device and practice.

Bran. I am sorry
To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on
The business present. 'Tis his highness' pleasure,
You shall to the Tower.

Buck. It will help me nothing,
To plead mine innocence; for that dye is on me,
Which makes my whitest part black. The will of Heaven
Be done in this and all things!—I obey.—
O, my lord Aberga'ny, fare you well.

Bran. Nay, he must bear you company.—The king
[*To ABERGAVENNY.*
Is pleased, you shall to the Tower, till you know
How he determines further.

Aber As the duke said,
The will of Heaven be done, and the king's pleasure
By me obeyed.

Bran. Here is a warrant from
The king, to attach lord Montacute, and the bodies
Of the duke's confessor, John de la Car,
One Gilbert Peck, his chancellor,—

Buck. So, so ;
 These are the limbs of the plot ; no more, I hope.
Bran. A monk o' the Chartreux.
Buck. O, Nicholas Hopkins ?
Bran. He.
Buck. My surveyor is false ; the o'er-great cardinal
 Hath showed him gold : my life is spanned already.
 I am the shadow of poor Buckingham ;
 Whose figure even this instant cloud puts out,
 By darkening my clear sun.—My lord, farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Council Chamber.*

Cornets. Enter KING HENRY, CARDINAL WOLSEY, the Lords
 of the Council, SIR THOMAS LOVELL, Officers, and Attendants.
The King enters, leaning on the Cardinal's shoulder.

K. Hen. My life itself, and the best heart of it,
 Thanks you for this great care ; I stood i' the level
 Of a full-charged confederacy, and give thanks
 To you that choked it.—Let be called before us
 That gentleman of Buckingham's : in person
 I'll hear him his confessions justify ;
 And point by point the treasons of his master
 He shall again relate.

*The King takes his state. The Lords of the Council take
 their several places. The Cardinal places himself under
 the King's feet, on his right side.*

*A noise within, crying, Room for the Queen. Enter the
 Queen, ushered by the Dukes of NORFOLK and SUFFOLK :
 she kneels. The King riseth from his state, takes her up,
 kisses, and placeth her by him.*

Q. Kath. Nay, we must longer kneel ; I am a suitor.

K. Hen. Arise, and take place by us.—Half your suit
 Never name to us ; you have half our power.
 The other moiety, ere you ask, is given ;
 Repeat your will, and take it.

Q. Kath. Thank your majesty.
 That you would love yourself ; and, in that love,
 Not unconsidered leave your honor, nor
 The dignity of your office, is the point
 Of my petition.

K. Hen. Lady mine, proceed.

Q. Kath. I am solicited, not by a few,

And those of true condition, that your subjects
Are in great grievance: there have been commissions
Sent down among them, which hath flawed the heart
Of all their loyalties;—wherein, although,
My good lord cardinal, they vent reproaches
Most bitterly on you, as putter on
Of these exactions, yet the king our master
(Whose honor Heaven shield from soil!) even he escapes not
Language unmannerly, yea, such which breaks
The sides of loyalty, and almost appears
In loud rebellion.

Nor. Not almost appears,
It doth appear; for, upon these taxations,
The clothiers all, not able to maintain
The many to them 'longing, have put off
The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers, who,
Unfit for other life, compelled by hunger
And lack of other means, in desperate manner
Daring the event to the teeth, are all in uproar,
And danger serves among them.

K. Hen. Taxation!
Wherein? and what taxation?—My lord cardinal,
You that are blamed for it alike with us,
Know you of this taxation?

Wol. Please you, sir,
I know but of a single part, in aught
Pertains to the state; and front but in that file
Where others tell steps with me.

Q. Kath. No, my lord,
You know no more than others; but you frame
Things, that are known alike; which are not wholesome
To those which would not know them, and yet must
Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions,
Whereof my sovereign would have note, they are
Most pestilent to the hearing; and, to bear them,
The back is sacrifice to the load. They say,
They are devised by you; or else you suffer
'Too hard an exclamation.

K. Hen. Still exaction!
The nature of it? In what kind, let's know,
Is this exaction?

Q. Kath. I am much too venturous
In tempting of your patience; but am boldened
Under your promised pardon. The subject's grief
Comes through commissions, which compel from each
The sixth part of his substance, to be levied

Without delay; and the pretence for this
Is named, your wars in France. This makes bold mouths:
Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze
Allegiance in them; their curses now
Live where their prayers did; and it's come to pass,
That tractable obedience is a slave
To each incensed will. I would your highness
Would give it quick consideration, for
'There is no primer business.

K. Hen. By my life,
This is against our pleasure.

Wol. And for me,
I have no further gone in this, than by
A single voice; and that not passed me, but
By learned approbation of the judges. If I am
Traduced by ignorant tongues, which neither know
My faculties, nor person, yet will be
The chronicles of my doing,—let me say
'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake
That virtue must go through. We must not stint
Our necessary actions, in the fear
To cope malicious censurers; which ever,
As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow
That is new trimmed; but benefit no further
Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,
By sick interpreters, once weak ones, is
Not ours, or not allowed; what worst, as oft
Hitting a grosser quality, is cried up
For our best act. If we shall stand still,
In fear our motion will be mocked or carped at,
We should take root here where we sit, or sit
State statues only.

K. Hen. Things done well,
And with a care, exempt themselves from fear;
Things done without example, in their issue
Are to be feared. Have you a precedent
Of this commission? I believe, not any.
We must not rend our subjects from our laws,
And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each?
A trembling contribution! Why, we take,
From every tree, lop, bark, and part o' the timber;
And, though we leave it with a root, thus hacked,
The air will drink the sap. To every county,
Where this is questioned, send our letters with
Free pardon to each man that has denied

The force of this commission; pray, look to't;
I put it to your care.

Wol.

A word with you.

[*To the Secretary.*

Let there be letters writ to every shire,
Of the king's grace and pardon. The griev'd commons
Hardly conceive of me; let it be noised,
That, through our intercession, this revokement
And pardon comes. I shall anon advise you
Further in the proceeding. [*Exit Secretary.*

Enter Surveyor.

Q. Kath. I am sorry, that the duke of Buckingham
Is run in your displeasure.

K. Hen.

It grieves many.

The gentleman is learned, and a most rare speaker,
To nature none more bound; his training such,
That he may furnish and instruct great teachers,
And never seek for aid out of himself.

Yet see

When these so noble benefits shall prove
Not well disposed, the mind growing once corrupt,
They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly
Then ever they were fair. This man so complete,
Who was enrolled 'mongst wonders, and when we,
Almost with ravished listening, could not find
His hour of speech a minute; he, my lady,
Hath into monstrous habits put the graces
That once were his, and is become as black
As if besmeared in hell. Sit by us; you shall hear
(This was his gentleman in trust) of him
Things to strike honor sad.—Bid him recount
The fore-recited practices; whereof
We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

Wol. Stand forth; and with bold spirit relate what you,
Most like a careful subject, have collected
Out of the duke of Buckingham.

K. Hen.

Speak freely.

Surv. First, it was usual with him, every day
It would infect his speech,—That, if the king,
Should without issue die, he'd carry it so
To make the sceptre his. These very words
I have heard him utter to his son-in-law,
Lord Abergany; to whom by oath he menaced
Revenge upon the cardinal.

Wol.

Please your highness, note

This dangerous conception in this point.
Not friended by his wish, to your high person
His will is most malignant; and it stretches
Beyond you, to your friends.

Q. Kath. My learned lord cardinal,
Deliver all with charity.

K. Hen. Speak on.
How grounded he his title to the crown,
Upon our fail? To this point hast thou heard him
At any time speak aught?

Surv. He was brought to this
By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Hopkins.

K. Hen. What was that Hopkins?

Surv. Sir, a Chartreux friar,
His confessor; who fed him every minute
With words of sovereignty.

K. Hen. How know'st thou this?

Surv. Not long before your highness sped to France,
The duke being at the Rose, within the parish
Saint Lawrence Poultney, did of me demand
What was the speech amongst the Londoners
Concerning the French journey: I replied,
Men feared the French would prove perfidious,
To the king's danger. Presently the duke
Said, 'Twas the fear indeed; and that he doubted,
'Twould prove the verity of certain words
Spoke by a holy monk: *That oft, says he,
Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit
John de la Court, my chaplain, a choice hour
To hear from him a matter of some moment;
Whom after under the confession's seal
He solemnly had sworn, that, what he spoke,
My chaplain to no creature living, but
To me, should utter, with demure confidence
Thus pausingly ensued,—Neither the king, nor his heirs.
(Tell you the duke,) shall prosper; bid him strive
To gain the love of the commonalty; the duke
Shall govern England.*

Q. Kath. If I know you well,
You were the duke's surveyor, and lost your office
On the complaint o' the tenants. Take good heed
You charge not in your spleen a noble person,
And spoil your nobler soul! I say, take heed;
Yes, heartily beseech you.

K. Hen. Let him on:—
Go forward.

Surv. On my soul, I'll speak but truth.
I told my lord the duke, By the devil's illusions
The monk might be deceived; and that 'twas dangerous for him
To ruminate on this so far, until
It forged him some design, which, being believed,
It was much like to do. He answered, *Tush!*
It can do me no damage; adding further,
That, had the king in his last sickness failed,
The cardinal's and sir Thomas Lovell's heads
Should have gone off.

K. Hen. Ha! what, so rank? Ah, ah!
There's mischief in this man.—Canst thou say further?

Surv. I can, my liege.

K. Hen. Proceed.

Surv. Being at Greenwich,
After your highness had reproved the duke
About sir William Blomer,—

K. Hen. I remember,
Of such a time:—Being my servant sworn,
The duke retained him his.—But on; what hence?

Surv. If, quoth he, *I for this had been committed,*
As, to the Tower, I thought,—I would have played
The part my father meant to act upon
The usurper Richard; who, being at Salisbury,
Made suit to come in his presence; which if granted,
As he made semblance of his duty, would
Have put his knife into him.

K. Hen. A giant traitor!

Wol. Now, madam, may his highness live in freedom,
And this man out of prison?

Q. Kath. God mend all!

K. Hen. There's something more would out of thee,
what say'st?

Surv. After—the duke his father,—with the knife,
He stretched him, and, with one hand on his dagger,
Another spread on his breast, mounting his eyes,
He did discharge a horrible oath; whose tenor
Was,—Were he evil used, he would outgo
His father, by as much as a performance
Does an irresolute purpose.

K. Hen. There's his period,
To sheath his knife in us. He is attached:
Call him to present trial: if he may
Find mercy in the law, 'tis his; if none,
Let him not seek't of us. By day and night!
He's traitor to the height.

[*Exeunt*

SCENE III. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter the Lord Chamberlain, and LORD SANDS.

Cham. Is it possible, the spells of France should juggle Men into such strange mysteries?

Sands. New customs,
Though they be never so ridiculous,—
Nay, let them be unmanly,—yet are followed.

Cham. As far as I see, all the good our English Have got by the late voyage, is but merely A fit or two o' the face; but they are shrewd ones; For when they hold them, you would swear directly, Their very noses had been counsellors To Pepin, or Clotharius, they keep state so.

Sands. They have all new legs, and lame ones; one would take it,
That never saw them pace before, the spavin,
A springhalt reigned among them.

Cham. Death! my lord,
Their clothes are after such a pagan cut too,
That, sure, they have worn out Christendom. How now?
What news, sir Thomas Lovell?

Enter SIR THOMAS LOVELL.

Lov. 'Faith, my lord,
I hear of none, but the new proclamation
That's clapped upon the court gate.

Cham. What is't for?

Lov. The reformation of our travelled gallants,
That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and tailors

Cham. I am glad 'tis there; now I would pray our mon-
sieurs
To think an English courtier may be wise,
And never see the Louvre.

Lov. They must either
(For so run the conditions) leave these remnants
Of fool and feather, that they got in France,
With all their honorable points of ignorance,
Pertaining thereunto, (as fights, and fireworks;
Abusing better men than they can be,
Out of a foreign wisdom,) renouncing clean
The faith they have in tennis, and tall stockings,
Short blistered breeches, and those types of travel,
And understand again like honest men;
Or pack to their old playfellows: there, I take it,

They may, *cum privilegio*, wear away
The lag end of their lewdness, and be laughed at.

Sands. 'Tis time to give them physic, their diseases
Are grown so catching.

Cham. What a loss our ladies
Will have of these trim vanities!

Lov. Ay, marry,
There will be woe indeed, lords; the sly whoresons
Have got a speeding trick to lay down ladies;
A French song, and a fiddle, has no fellow.

Sands. The devil fiddle them! I am glad they're going,
(For, sure, there's no converting of them:) now
An honest country lord, as I am, beaten
A long time out of play, may bring his plain-song,
And have an hour of hearing; and, by'r lady,
Held current music too.

Cham. Well said, lord Sands;
Your colt's tooth is not cast yet.

Sands. No, my lord;
Nor shall not, while I have a stump.

Cham. Sir Thomas,
Whither were you a going?

Lov. To the cardinal's;
Your lordship is a guest too.

Cham. O, 'tis true;
This night he makes a supper, and a great one,
To many lords and ladies; there will be
The beauty of this kingdom, I'll assure you.

Lov. That churchman bears a bounteous mind indeed.
A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us;
His dewes fall everywhere.

Cham. No doubt he's noble;
He had a black mouth, that said other of him.

Sands. He may, my lord, he has wherewithal; in him,
Sparing would show a worse sin than ill doctrine:
Men of his way should be most liberal;
They are set here for examples.

Cham. True, they are so;
But few now give so great ones. My barge stays;
Your lordship shall along.—Come, good sir Thomas,
We shall be late else; which I would not be,
For I was spoke to, with sir Henry Guildford,
This night to be comptrollers.

Sands. I am your lordship's.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The Presence Chamber in York Place.*

Hautboys. A small table under a state for the Cardinal, a longer table for the guests. Enter, at one door, ANNE BULLEN, and divers Lords, Ladies, and Gentlewomen, as guests; at another door, enter SIR HENRY GUILDFORD

Guild. Ladies, a general welcome from his grace Salutes ye all. This night he dedicates To fair content, and you: none here, he hopes. In all this noble bevy, has brought with her One care abroad: he would have all as merry As first-good company, good wine, good welcome, Can make good people.—O, my lord, you are tardy;

Enter Lord Chamberlain, LORD SANDS, and SIR THOMAS LOVELL.

The very thought of this fair company
Clapped wings to me.

Cham. You are young, sir Harry Guildford.

Sands. Sir Thomas Lovell, had the cardinal But half my lay-thoughts in him, some of these Should find a running banquet ere they rested, I think, would better please them. By my life, They are a sweet society of fair ones.

Lov. O, that your lordship were but now confessor To one or two of these!

Sands. I would I were;
They should find easy penance.

Lov. 'Faith, how easy?

Sands. As easy as a down-bed would afford it.

Cham. Sweet ladies, will it please you sit? Sir Harry, Place you that side, I'll take the charge of this: His grace is entering.—Nay, you must not freeze; Two women placed together makes cold weather.— My lord Sands, you are one will keep them waking; Pray, sit between these ladies.

Sands. By my faith,
And thank your lordship.—By your leave, sweet ladies.
[Seats himself between ANNE BULLEN and another Lady.]

If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me;
I had it from my father.

Anne. Was he mad, sir?

Sands. O, very mad, exceeding mad, in love too,

But he would bite none; just as I do now,
He would kiss you twenty with a breath. [*Kisses her.*

Cham. Well said, my lord.—

So, now you are fairly seated;—Gentlemen,
The penance lies on you, if these fair ladies
Pass away frowning.

Sands. For my little cure,
Let me alone.

Hautboys. Enter CARDINAL WOLSEY, attended; and takes
his state.

Wol. You are welcome, my fair guests; that noble lady,
Or gentleman, that is not freely merry,
Is not my friend. This, to confirm my welcome;
And to you all good health. [*Drinks.*

Sands. Your grace is noble;—
Let me have such a bowl may hold my thanks,
And save me so much talking.

Wol. My lord Sands,
I am beholden to you; cheer your neighbors.—
Ladies, you are not merry;—Gentlemen,
Whose fault is this?

Sands. The red wine first must rise
In their fair cheeks, my lord; then we shall have them
Talk us to silence.

Anne. You are a merry gamester, my lord Sands.

Sands. Yes, if I make my play.—
Here's to your ladyship; and pledge it, madam,
For 'tis to such a thing,—

Anne. You cannot show me.

Sands. I told your grace, they would talk anon.

[*Drum and trumpets within: chambers discharged.*

Wol. What's that?

Cham. Look out there, some of you. [*Exit a Servant.*

Wol. What warlike voice?

And to what end is this?—Nay, ladies, fear not;
By all the laws of war you are privileged.

Re-enter Servant.

Cham. How now? what is't?

Serv. A noble troop of strangers,
For so they seem: they have left their barge, and landed;
And hither make, as great ambassadors
From foreign princes.

Wol. Good lord chamberlain,
Go, give them welcome; you can speak the French tongue.

And, pray, receive them nobly, and conduct them
 Into our presence, where this heaven of beauty
 Shall shine at full upon them.—Some attend him.—

[*Exit Chamberlain, attended. All arise, and
 tables removed.*]

You have now a broken banquet; but we'll mend it.
 A good digestion to you all; and, once more,
 I shower a welcome on you;—Welcome all.

*Hautboys. Enter the King, and twelve others, as maskers,
 habited like Shepherds, with sixteen torch-bearers; ushered
 by the Lord Chamberlain. They pass directly before the
 Cardinal, and gracefully salute him.*

A noble company! What are their pleasures?

Cham. Because they speak no English, thus they prayed
 To tell your grace;—That, having heard by fame
 Of this so noble and so fair assembly
 This night to meet here, they could do no less,
 Out of the great respect they bear to beauty,
 But leave their flocks; and under your fair conduct,
 Crave leave to view these ladies, and entreat
 An hour of revels with them.

Wol. Say, lord chamberlain,
 They have done my poor house grace; for which I pay them
 A thousand thanks, and pray them take their pleasures.

[*Ladies chosen for the dance. The King chooses
 ANNE BULLEN.*]

K. Hen. The fairest hand I ever touched! O, beauty,
 Till now I never knew thee. [*Music. Dance.*]

Wol. My lord,—

Cham. Your grace?

Wol. Pray tell them thus much from me:
 There should be one amongst them, by his person,
 More worthy this place than myself; to whom,
 If I but knew him, with my love and duty
 I would surrender it.

Cham. I will, my lord.

[*Cham. goes to the company, and returns.*]

Wol. What say they?

Cham. Such a one, they all confess,
 There is, indeed; which they would have your grace
 Find out, and he will take it.

Wol. Let me see, then.—

[*Comes from his state.*]

By all your good leaves, gentlemen:—Here I'll make
 My royal choice.

K. Hen. You have found him, cardinal: [*Unmasking*
You hold a fair assembly; you do well, lord:
You are a churchman, or, I'll tell you, cardinal,
I should judge now unhappily.

Wol. I am glad,
Your grace is grown so pleasant.

K. Hen. My lord chamberlain,
Pr'ythee, come hither. What fair lady's that?

Cham. An't please your grace, sir Thomas Bullen's
daughter,
The viscount Rochford, one of her highness' women.

K. Hen. By Heaven, she is a dainty one.—Sweetheart,
I were unmannerly to take you out,
And not to kiss you.—A health, gentlemen;
Let it go round.

Wol. Sir Thomas Lovell, is the banquet ready
I' the privy chamber?

Lov. Yes, my lord.

Wol. Your grace,
I fear, with dancing, is a little heated.

K. Hen. I fear, too much.

Wol. There's fresher air, my lord,
In the next chamber.

K. Hen. Lead in your ladies, every one.—Sweet partner,
I must not yet forsake you.—Let's be merry:—
Good my lord cardinal, I have half a dozen healths
To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure
To lead them once again; and then let's dream
Who's best in favor.—Let the music knock it.

[*Exeunt, with trumpets*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A Street.*

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting.

1 *Gent.* Whither away so fast?

2 *Gent.* O,—God save you!
Even to the hall to hear what shall become
Of the great duke of Buckingham.

1 *Gent.* I'll save you
That labor, sir. All's now done, but the ceremony
Of bringing back the prisoner.

2 *Gent.* Were you there?

1 *Gent.* Yes, indeed, was I.

2 *Gent.* Pray, speak, what has happened?

1 *Gent.* You may guess quickly what.

2 *Gent.* Is he found guilty?

1 *Gent.* Yes, truly is he, and condemned upon it.

2 *Gent.* I am sorry for't.

1 *Gent.* So are a number more.

2 *Gent.* But, pray, how passed it?

1 *Gent.* I'll tell you in a little. The great duke
Came to the bar; where, to his accusations,
He pleaded still, not guilty, and alleged
Many sharp reasons to defeat the law.
The king's attorney, on the contrary,
Urged on the examinations, proofs, confessions
Of divers witnesses; which the duke desired
To have brought, *viva voce*, to his face:
At which appeared against him, his surveyor;
Sir Gilbert Peck his chancellor; and John Court,
Confessor to him; with that devil-monk,
Hopkins, that made this mischief.

2 *Gent.* That was he
That fed him with his prophecies?

1 *Gent.* The same.
All these accused him strongly; which he fain
Would have flung from him, but, indeed, he could not;
And so his peers, upon this evidence,
Have found him guilty of high treason. Much
He spoke, and learnedly, for life; but all
Was either pitied in him, or forgotten.

2 *Gent.* After all this, how did he bear himself?

1 *Gent.* When he was brought again to the bar,—to hear
His knell rung out, his judgment,—he was stirred
With such an agony, he sweat extremely,
And something spoke in choler, ill, and hasty;
But he fell to himself again, and, sweetly,
In all the rest showed a most noble patience.

2 *Gent.* I do not think he fears death.

1 *Gent.* Sure, he does not;
He never was so womanish; the cause
He may a little grieve at.

2 *Gent.* Certainly,
The cardinal is the end of this.

1 *Gent.* 'Tis likely,
By all conjectures. First, Kildare's attainder,
Then deputy of Ireland; who removed,

Earl Surrey was sent thither, and in haste too,
Lest he should help his father.

2 *Gen.* That trick of state
Was a deep, envious one.

1 *Gent.* At his return,
No doubt, he will requite it. This is noted,
And generally: whoever the king favors,
The cardinal instantly will find employment,
And far enough from court too.

2 *Gent.* All the commons
Hate him perniciously, and o' my conscience,
Wish him ten fathom deep: this duke as much
They love and dote on; call him, bounteous Buckingham,
The mirror of all courtesy;—

1 *Gent.* Stay there, sir,
And see the noble, ruined man you speak of.

Enter BUCKINGHAM, from his arraignment; Tipstaves before him, the axe with the edge towards him; halberds on each side: with him SIR THOMAS LOVELL, SIR NICHOLAS VAUX, SIR WILLIAM SANDS, and common People.

2 *Gent.* Let's stand close, and behold him.

Buck. All good people,
You that thus far have come to pity me,
Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me.
I have this day received a traitor's judgment,
And by that name must die. Yet, Heaven bear witness,
And, if I have a conscience, let it sink me,
Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful!
The law I bear no malice for my death;
It has done, upon the premises, but justice:
But those that sought it I could wish more Christians:
Be what they will, I heartily forgive them;
Yet let them look they glory not in mischief,
Nor build their evils on the graves of great men;
For then my guiltless blood must cry against them.
For further life in this world I ne'er hope,
Nor will I sue, although the king have mercies
More than I dare make faults. You few that loved me,
And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,
His noble friends, and fellows, whom to leave,
Is only bitter to him, only dying,
Go with me, like good angels, to my end;
And, as the long divorce of steel falls on me,
Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,
And lift my soul to heaven.—Lead on, o' God's name.

Lov. I do beseech your grace, for charity,
If ever any malice in your heart
Were hid against me, now to forgive me frankly.

Buck. Sir Thomas Lovell, I as free forgive you,
As I would be forgiven: I forgive all;
There cannot be those numberless offences
'Gainst me, I can't take peace with: no black envy
Shall make my grave.—Commend me to his grace;
And, if he speak of Buckingham, pray, tell him
You met him half in heaven; my vows and prayers
Yet are the king's; and, till my soul forsake me,
Shall cry for blessings on him. May he live
Longer than I have time to tell his years!
Ever beloved, and loving, may his rule be!
And, when old time shall lead him to his end,
Goodness and he fill up one monument!

Lov. To the water side I must conduct your grace;
Then give my charge up to sir Nicholas Vaux,
Who undertakes you to your end.

Vaux. Prepare there;
The duke is coming; see, the barge be ready;
And fit it with such furniture as suits
The greatness of his person.

Buck. Nay, sir Nicholas,
Let it alone; my state now will but mock me.
When I came hither, I was lord high constable,
And duke of Buckingham; now, poor Edward Bohun:
Yet I am richer than my base accusers,
That never knew what truth meant: I now seal it;
And with that blood will make them one day groan for't.
My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,
Who first raised head against usurping Richard,
Flying for succor to his servant Banister,
Being distressed, was by that wretch betrayed,
And without trial fell; God's peace be with him!
Henry the Seventh, succeeding, truly pitying
My father's loss, like a most royal prince,
Restored me to my honors, and, out of ruins,
Made my name once more noble. Now his son,
Henry the Eighth, life, honor, name, and all
That made me happy, at one stroke has taken
Forever from the world. I had my trial,
And, must needs say, a noble one; which makes me
A little happier than my wretched father:
Yet thus far we are one in fortunes,—Both
Fell by our servants, by those men we loved most;

A most unnatural and faithless service!
Heaven has an end in all. Yet, you that hear me,
This from a dying man receive as certain;
Where you are liberal of your loves, and counsels,
Be sure, you be not loose; for those you make friends,
And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, never found again
But where they mean to sink ye. All good people,
Pray for me! I must now forsake ye; the last hour
Of my long, weary life is come upon me.
Farewell:

And when you would say something that is sad,
Speak how I fell.—I have done; and God forgive me!

[*Exeunt* BUCKINGHAM and Train

1 *Gent.* O, this is full of pity!—Sir, it calls,
I fear, too many curses on their heads,
That were the authors.

2 *Gent.* If the duke be guiltless,
'Tis full of woe: yet I can give you inkling
Of an ensuing evil, if it fall,
Greater than this.

1 *Gent.* Good angels keep it from us!
Where may it be? You do not doubt my faith, sir?

2 *Gent.* This secret is so weighty, 'twill require
A strong faith to conceal it.

1 *Gent.* Let me have it;
I do not talk much.

2 *Gent.* I am confident;
You shall, sir. Did you not of late days hear
A buzzing, of a separation
Between the king and Katharine?

1 *Gent.* Yes, but it held not;
For when the king once heard it, out of anger
He sent command to the lord mayor, straight
To stop the rumor, and allay those tongues
That durst disperse it.

2 *Gent.* But that slander, sir,
Is found a truth now; for it grows again
Fresher than e'er it was; and held for certain,
The king will venture at it. Either the cardinal,
Or some about him near, have, out of malice
To the good queen, possessed him with a scruple
That will undo her. To confirm this too,
Cardinal Campeius is arrived, and lately;
As all think, for this business.

1 *Gent.* 'Tis the cardinal;
And merely to revenge him on the emperor,
For not bestowing on him, at his asking,
The archbishopric of Toledo, this is purposed.

2 *Gent.* I think you have hit the mark; but is't not cruel
That she should feel the smart of this? The cardinal
Will have his will, and she must fall.

1 *Gent.* 'Tis woful.
We are too open here to argue this;
Let's think in private more. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *An Antechamber in the Palace.*

Enter the Lord Chamberlain, reading a letter.

Cham. My lord,—the horses your lordship sent for, with
all the care I had, I saw well chosen, ridden, and furnished.
They were young and handsome; and of the best breed in
the north. When they were ready to set out for London, a
man of my lord cardinal's, by commission, and main power,
took 'em from me; with this reason,—His master would be
served before a subject, if not before the king; which stopped
our mouths, sir.

I fear he will, indeed. Well, let him have them.
He will have all, I think.

Enter the Dukes of NORFOLK and SUFFOLK.

Nor. Well met, my good lord chamberlain.

Cham. Good day to both your graces.

Suf. How is the king employed?

Cham. I left him private,
Full of sad thoughts and troubles.

Nor. What's the cause?

Cham. It seems, the marriage with his brother's wife
Has crept too near his conscience.

Suf. No, his conscience
Has crept too near another lady.

Nor. 'Tis so;
This is the cardinal's doing, the king-cardinal.
That blind priest, like the eldest son of fortune,
Turns what he list. The king will know him one day

Suf. Pray God, he do! he'll never know himself else.

Nor. How holily he works in all his business!
And with what zeal! For, now he has cracked the league
Between us and the emperor, the queen's great nephew,
He dives into the king's soul; and there scatters

Dangers, doubts, wringing of the conscience,
Fears, and despairs, and all these for his marriage.
And, out of all these to restore the king,
He counsels a divorce; a loss of her,
That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre;
Of her, that loves him with that excellence
That angels love good men with; even of her,
That, when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,
Will bless the king. And is not this course pious?

Cham. Heaven keep me from such counsel! 'Tis most true,
These news are every where; every tongue speaks them,
And every true heart weeps for't. All, that dare
Look into these affairs, see this main end,—
The French king's sister. Heaven will one day open
The king's eyes, that so long have slept upon
This bold, bad man.

Suf. And free us from his slavery.

Nor. We had need pray,
And heartily, for our deliverance;
Or this imperious man will work us all
From princes into pages. All men's honors
Lie in one lump before him, to be fashioned
Into what pitch he please.

Suf. For me, my lords,
I love him not, nor fear him; there's my creed.
As I am made without him, so I'll stand,
If the king please; his curses and his blessings
Touch me alike; they are breath I not believe in.
I knew him, and I know him; so I leave him
To him, that made him proud, the pope.

Nor. Let's in;
And, with some other business, put the king
From these sad thoughts, that work too much upon him.—
My lord, you'll bear us company?

Cham. Excuse me;
The king hath sent me other-where; besides,
You'll find a most unfit time to disturb him.
Health to your lordships.

Nor. Thanks, my good lord chamberlain.
[*Exit Lord Chamberlain.*]

NORFOLK opens a folding-door. The King is discovered sitting, and reading pensively.

Suf. How sad he looks! sure, he is much afflicted.

K. Hen. Who is there? ha?

Nor. 'Pray God, he be not angry.

K. Hen. Who's there, I say? How dare you thrust
yourselves
Into my private meditations?
Who am I? ha?

Nor. A gracious king, that pardons all offences
Malice ne'er meant; our breach of duty, this way,
Is business of estate; in which, we come
To know your royal pleasure.

K. Hen. You are too bold.
Go to; I'll make ye know your times of business.
Is this an hour for temporal affairs? ha?—

Enter WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS.

Who's there? my good lord cardinal?—O, my Wolsey,
The quiet of my wounded conscience,
Thou art a cure fit for a king.—You're welcome,
[To CAMPEIUS.

Most learned, reverend sir, into our kingdom;
Use us, and it.—My good lord, have great care
I be not found a talker. [To WOLSEY.

Wol. Sir, you cannot.
I would your grace would give us but an hour
Of private conference.

K. Hen. We are busy; go.

[To NORFOLK and SUFFOLK.

Nor. This priest has no pride in him?

Suf. Not to speak of;
I would not be so sick, though, for his place:
But this cannot continue.

Nor. If it do,
I'll venture one have at him.

Suf. I another.

[Exeunt NORFOLK and SUFFOLK.

Wol. Your grace has given a precedent of wisdom
Above all princes, in committing freely
Your scruple to the voice of Christendom.
Who can be angry now? what envy reach you?
The Spaniard, tied by blood and favor to her,
Must now confess, if they have any goodness,
The trial just and noble. All the clerks,
I mean, the learned ones, in Christian kingdoms,
Have their free voices; Rome, the nurse of judgment,
Invited by your noble self, hath sent
One general tongue unto us, this good man,

This just and learned priest, cardinal Campeius;
Whom, once more, I present unto your highness.

K. Hen. And, once more, in mine arms I bid him welcome,
And thank the holy conclave for their loves;
They have sent me such a man I would have wished for.

Cam. Your grace must needs deserve all strangers' loves,
You are so noble. To your highness' hand
I tender my commission; by whose virtue,
(The court of Rome commanding,) you, my lord
Cardinal of York, are joined with me, their servant,
In the impartial judging of this business.

K. Hen. Two equal men. The queen shall be acquainted
Forthwith for what you come.—Where's Gardiner?

Wol. I know your majesty has always loved her
So dear in heart, not to deny her that
A woman of less place might ask by law—
Scholars, allowed freely to argue for her.

K. Hen. Ay, and the best she shall have; and my favor
To him that does best; God forbid else. Cardinal,
Pr'ythee, call Gardiner to me, my new secretary;
I find him a fit fellow. [Exit WOLSEY.]

Re-enter WOLSEY, with GARDINER.

Wol. Give me your hand; much joy and favor to you;
You are the king's now.

Gard. But to be commanded
Forever by your grace, whose hand has raised me. [Aside.]

K. Hen. Come hither, Gardiner. [They converse apart.]

Cam. My lord of York, was not one doctor Pace
In this man's place before him?

Wol. Yes, he was.

Cam. Was he not held a learned man?

Wol. Yes, surely.

Cam. Believe me, there's an ill opinion spread then
Even of yourself, lord cardinal.

Wol. How! of me?

Cam. They will not stick to say, you envied him;
And, fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous,
Kept him a foreign man still; which so grieved him,
That he ran mad, and died.

Wol. Heaven's peace be with him!
That's Christian care enough; for living murmurers,
There's places of rebuke. He was a fool;
For he would needs be virtuous. That good fellow,
If I command him, follows my appointment;

I will have none so near else. Learn this, brother,
We live not to be griped by meaner persons.

K. Hen. Deliver this with modesty to the queen.

[*Exit GARDINER.*]

The most convenient place that I can think of,
For such receipt of learning, is Black-Friars;
There ye shall meet about this weighty business:—
My Wolsey, see it furnished.—O, my lord,
Would it not grieve an able man, to leave
So sweet a bedfellow? But, conscience, conscience,—
O, 'tis a tender place, and I must leave her. [*Exeunt*]

SCENE III. *An Antechamber in the Queen's Apartments.*

Enter ANNE BULLEN, and an old Lady.

Anne. Not for that neither;—Here's the pang that pinches:
His highness having lived so long with her; and she
So good a lady, that no tongue could ever
Pronounce dishonor of her,—by my life,
She never knew harm-doing;—O, now, after
So many courses of the sun enthroned,
Still growing in a majesty and pomp,—the which
To leave is a thousand-fold more bitter, than
'Tis sweet at first to acquire,—after this process,
To give her the avaunt! it is a pity
Would move a monster.

Old L. Hearts of most hard temper
Melt and lament for her.

Anne. O, God's will! much better,
She ne'er had known pomp; though it be temporal,
Yet, if that quarrel, fortune, do divorce
It from the bearer, 'tis a sufferance, panging
As soul and body's severing.

Old L. Alas, poor lady;
She's a stranger now again.

Anne. So much the more
Must pity drop upon her. Verily,
I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
'Than to be perked up in a glistening grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.

Old L. Our content
Is our best having.

Anne. By my troth and maidenhead,
I would not be a queen.

Old L. Beshrew me, I would,
And venture maidenhead for't; and so would you,
For all this spice of your hypocrisy.
You, that have so fair parts of woman on you,
Have too a woman's heart; which ever yet
Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty;
Which, to say sooth, are blessings; and which gifts
(Saving your mincing) the capacity
Of your soft, cheveril conscience would receive,
If you might please to stretch it.

Anne. Nay, good troth,—

Old L. Yes, troth, and troth,—You would not be a queen?

Anne. No, not for all the riches under heaven.

Old L. 'Tis strange; a threepence bowed would hire me,
Old as I am, to queen it. But, I pray you,
What think you of a duchess? have you limbs
To bear that load of title?

Anne. No, in truth.

Old L. Then you are weakly made. Pluck off a little;
I would not be a young count in your way,
For more than blushing comes to; if your back
Cannot vouchsafe this burden, 'tis too weak
Ever to get a boy.

Anne. How you do talk!
I swear again, I would not be a queen
For all the world.

Old L. In faith, for little England
You'd venture an emballing: I myself
Would for Carnarvonshire, although there 'longed
No more to the crown but that. Lo, who comes here?

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Good morrow, ladies. What wer't worth to know
The secret of your conference?

Anne. My good lord,
Not your demand; it values not your asking:
Our mistress' sorrows we were pitying.

Cham. It was a gentle business, and becoming
The action of good women; there is hope
All will be well.

Anne. Now I pray God, amen!

Cham. You bear a gentle mind; and heavenly blessings
Follow such creatures. That you may, fair lady,
Perceive I speak sincerely, and high note's
Ta'en of your many virtues, the king's majesty
Commends his good opinion to you, and

Does purpose honor to you no less flowing
Than marchioness of Pembroke; to which title
A thousand pound a year, annual support,
Out of his grace he adds.

Anne. I do not know
What kind of my obedience I should tender:
More than my all is nothing; nor my prayers
Are not words duly hallowed, nor my wishes
More worth than empty vanities; yet prayers and wishes
Are all I can return. 'Beseech your lordship,
Vouchsafe to speak my thanks, and my obedience,
As from a blushing handmaid, to his highness;
Whose health, and royalty, I pray for.

Cham. Lady,
I shall not fail to approve the fair conceit,
The king hath of you.—I have perused her well; [*Aside.*
Beauty and honor in her are so mingled,
That they have caught the king; and who knows yet,
But from this lady may proceed a gem,
To lighten all this isle?—I'll to the king,
And say, I spoke with you.

Anne.

My honored lord.

[*Exit* Lord Chamberlain]

Old L. Why, this it is; see, see!
I have been begging sixteen years in court,
(Am yet a courtier beggarly,) nor could
Come pat betwixt too early and too late,
For any suit of pounds; and you, (O fate!)
A very fresh-fish here, (fie, fie upon
This compelled fortune!) have your mouth filled up,
Before you open it.

Anne.

This is strange to me.

Old L. How tastes it? is it bitter? forty pence, no.
There was a lady once, ('tis an old story,)
That would not be a queen, that would she not,
For all the mud in Egypt.—Have you heard it?

Anne. Come, you are pleasant.

Old L.

With your theme, I could
O'ermount the lark. The marchioness of Pembroke!
A thousand pounds a year! for pure respect;
No other obligation. By my life,
That promises more thousands; honor's train
Is longer than his foreskirt. By this time,
I know, your back will bear a duchess;—say,
Are you not stronger than you were?

Anne. Good lady,
Make yourself mirth with your particular fancy,
And leave me out on't. 'Would I had no being,
If this salute my blood a jot; it faints me,
To think what follows.
The queen is comfortless, and we forgetful
In our long absence; pray, do not deliver
What here you have heard, to her.

Old L.

What do you think me!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *A Hall in Black-Friars.*

Trumpets sennet, and cornets. Enter two Vergers, with short silver wands; next them, two Scribes, in the habits of doctors; after them, the Archbishop of Canterbury alone; after him the Bishops of Lincoln, Ely, Rochester, and Saint Asaph; next them, with some small distance, follows a Gentleman bearing the purse, with the great seal, and a cardinal's hat; then two Priests, bearing each a silver cross; then a Gentleman Usher, bareheaded, accompanied with a Sergeant at Arms, bearing a silver mace; then two Gentlemen, bearing two great silver pillars; after them, side by side, the two Cardinals, WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS; two Noblemen with the sword and mace. Then enter the King and Queen, and their Trains. The King takes place under the cloth of state; the two Cardinals sit under him as judges. The Queen takes place at some distance from the King. The Bishops place themselves on each side the court in manner of a consistory; between them, the Scribes. The Lords sit next the Bishops. The Crier and the rest of the Attendants stand in convenient order about the stage.

Wol. Whilst our commission from Rome is read,
Let silence be commanded.

K. Hen. What's the need?
It hath already publicly been read,
And on all sides the authority allowed;
You may then spare that time.

Wol.

Be't so; — proceed.

Scribe. Say, *Henry king of England, come into the court.*

Crier. Henry king of England, &c.

K. Hen. Here.

Scribe. Say, *Katharine queen of England, come into court.*

Crier. Katharine queen of England, &c.

[*The Queen makes no answer, rises out of her chair, goes about the court, comes to the King, and kneels at his feet; then speaks.*]

Q. Kath. Sir, I desire you, do me right and justice:
And to bestow your pity on me; for
I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,
Born out of your dominions; having here
No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance
Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas, sir,
In what have I offended you? What cause
Hath my behavior given to your displeasure,
That thus you should proceed to put me off,
And take your good grace from me? Heaven witness,
I have been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will conformable;
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
Yea, subject to your countenance; glad, or sorry,
As I saw it inclined. When was the hour,
I ever contradicted your desire,
Or made it not mine too? Or which of your friends
Have I not strove to love, although I knew
He were mine enemy? What friend of mine,
That had to him derived your anger, did I
Continue in my liking? nay, gave notice
He was from thence discharged? Sir, call to mind
That I have been your wife, in this obedience,
Upward of twenty years, and have been blest
With many children by you. If, in the course
And process of this time, you can report,
And prove it too, against mine honor aught,
My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty,
Against your sacred person, in God's name,
Turn me away; and let the foul'st contempt
Shut door upon me, and so give me up
To the sharpest kind of justice. Please you, sir,
The king, your father, was reputed for
A prince most prudent, of an excellent
And unmatched wit and judgment. Ferdinand,
My father, king of Spain, was reckoned one
The wisest prince, that there had reigned by many
A year before. It is not to be questioned
That they had gathered a wise council to them
Of every realm, that did debate this business,
Who deemed our marriage lawful. Wherefore I humbly
Beseech you, sir, to spare me, till I may

Be by my friends in Spain advised; whose counsel
I will implore; if not i' the name of God,
Your pleasure be fulfilled!

Wol. You have here, lady,
(And of your choice,) these reverend fathers; men
Of singular integrity and learning,
Yea, the elect of the land, who are assembled
To plead your cause. It shall be therefore bootless,
That longer you desire the court; as well
For your own quiet, as to rectify
What is unsettled in the king.

Cam. His grace
Hath spoken well, and justly. Therefore, madam,
It's fit his royal session do proceed;
And that, without delay, their arguments
Be now produced, and heard.

Q. Kath. Lord cardinal,—
To you I speak.

Wol. Your pleasure, madam?

Q. Kath. Sir
I am about to weep; but, thinking that
We are a queen, (or long have dreamed so,) certain,
The daughter of a king, my drops of tears
I'll turn to sparks of fire.

Wol. Be patient yet.

Q. Kath. I will, when you are humble; nay, before,
Or God will punish me. I do believe,
Induced by potent circumstances, that
You are mine enemy; and make my challenge,
You shall not be my judge: for it is you
Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me,
Which God's dew quench!—Therefore, I say again,
I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul,
Refuse you for my judge; whom, yet once more,
I hold my most malicious foe, and think not
At all a friend to truth.

Wol. I do profess,
You speak not like yourself; who ever yet
Have stood to charity, and displayed the effects
Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom
O'ertopping woman's power. Madam, you do me wrong.
I have no spleen against you; nor injustice
For you, or any; how far I have proceeded,
Or how far further shall, is warranted
By a commission from the consistory,
Yea, the whole consistory of Rome. You charge me,

That I have blown this coal. I do deny it;
 The king is present; if it be known to him,
 That I gainsay my deed, how may he wound,
 And worthily, my falsehood! yea, as much
 As you have done my truth. But if he know
 That I am free of your report, he knows,
 I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him
 It lies, to cure me; and the cure is, to
 Remove these thoughts from you; the which before
 His highness should speak in, I do beseech
 You, gracious madam, to unthink your speaking,
 And to say so no more.

Q. Kath. My lord, my lord,
 I am a simple woman, much too weak
 To oppose your cunning. You are meek and humble mouthed;
 You sign your place and calling, in full seeming,
 With meekness and humility; but your heart
 Is crammed with arrogancy, spleen, and pride.
 You have, by fortune, and his highness' favors,
 Gone slightly o'er low steps; and now are mounted
 Where powers are your retainers; and your wards,
 Domestics to you, serve your will, as't please
 Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell you,
 You tender more your person's honor, than
 Your high profession spiritual; that again
 I do refuse you for my judge; and here,
 Before you all, appeal unto the pope,
 To bring my whole cause 'fore his holiness,
 And to be judged by him.

[*She courtesies to the King, and offers to depart.*]

Cam. The queen is obstinate,
 Stubborn to justice, apt to accuse it, and
 Disdainful to be tried by it; 'tis not well.
 She's going away.

K. Hen. Call her again.

Crier. Katharine queen of England, come into the court
Grif. Madam, you are called back.

Q. Kath. What need you note it? Pray you, keep your way;
 When you are called, return.—Now the Lord help,
 They vex me past my patience!—Pray you, pass on;
 I will not tarry; no, nor ever more,
 Upon this business, my appearance make
 In any of their courts.

[*Exeunt QUEEN, GRIFFITH, and other Attendants.*]

K. Hen. Go thy ways, Kate.
 That man i' the world, who shall report he has

A better wife, let him in nought be trusted,
For speaking false in that. Thou art, alone,
(If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government,
Obeying in commanding,—and thy parts
Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee out,)
The queen of earthly queens. She is noble born;
And, like her true nobility, she has
Carried herself towards me.

Wol. Most gracious sir,
In humblest manner I require your highness,
That it shall please you to declare, in hearing
Of all these cars (for where I am robbed and bound,
There must I be unloosed; although not there
At once and fully satisfied,) whether ever I
Did broach this business to your highness; or
Laid any scruple in your way, which might
Induce you to the question on't? or ever
Have to you—but with thanks to God for such
A royal lady—spake one the least word, might
Be to the prejudice of her present state,
Or touch of her good person?

K. Hen. My lord cardinal,
I do excuse you; yea, upon mine honor,
I free you from't. You are not to be taught
That you have many enemies, that know not
Why they are so, but, like to village curs,
Bark when their fellows do: by some of these
The queen is put in anger. You are excused;
But will you be more justified? You ever
Have wished the sleeping of this business; never
Desired it to be stirred; but oft have hindered, oft,
The passages made toward it.—On my honor,
I speak my good lord cardinal to this point,
And thus far clear him. . Now, what moved me to't,—
I will be bold with time, and your attention:—
Then mark the inducement. Thus it came;—give heed to't.—
My conscience first received a tenderness,
Scruple, and prick, on certain speeches uttered
By the bishop of Bayonne, then French ambassador;
Who had been hither sent on the debating
A marriage 'twixt the duke of Orleans and
Our daughter Mary. I' the progress of this business,
Ere a determinate resolution, he
(I mean, the bishop) did require a respite;
Wherein he might the king his lord advértise

Whether our daughter were legitimate,
Respecting this our daughter with the dowager,
Sometime our brother's wife. This respite shook
The bosom of my conscience, entered me,
Yea, with a splitting power, and made to tremble
The region of my breast; which forced such way,
That many mazed considerings did throng,
And pressed in with this caution. First, methought
I stood not in the smile of Heaven; who had
Commanded nature, that my lady's womb,
If it conceived a male child by me, should
Do no more offices of life to't, than
The grave does to the dead; for her male issue
Or died where they were made, or shortly after
This world had aired them. Hence I took a thought,
This was a judgment on me; that my kingdom,
Well worthy the best heir o' the world, should not
Be gladdened in't by me. Then follows, that
I weighed the danger which my realms stood in
By this my issue's fail; and that gave to me
Many a groaning throe. Thus hulling in
The wild sea of my conscience, I did steer
Toward this remedy, whereupon we are
Now present here together; that's to say,
I meant to rectify my conscience,—which
I then did feel full sick, and yet not well,—
By all the reverend fathers of the land,
And doctors learned.—First, I began in private
With you, my lord of Lincoln; you remember
How under my oppression I did reek,
When I first moved you.

Lin. Very well, my liege

K. Hen. I have spoken long; be pleased yourself to say
How far you satisfied me.

Lin. So please your highness,
The question did at first so stagger me,—
Bearing a state of mighty moment in't,
And consequence of dread,—that I committed
The daring'st counsel which I had, to doubt;
And did entreat your highness to this course,
Which you are running here.

K. Hen. I then moved you,
My lord of Canterbury; and got your leave
To make this present summons.—Unsolicited
I left no reverend person in this court;
But by particular consent proceeded,

Under your hands and seals. Therefore, go on;
 For no dislike i' the world against the person
 Of the good queen, but the sharp, thorny points
 Of my alleged reasons, drive this forward;
 Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life,
 And kingly dignity, we are contented
 To wear our mortal state to come, with her,
 Katharine our queen, before the primest creature
 That's paragoned o' the world.

Cam. So please your highness,
 The queen being absent, 'tis a needful fitness
 That we adjourn this court till further day.
 Meanwhile must be an earnest motion
 Made to the queen, to call back her appeal
 She intends unto his holiness. [*They rise to depart.*

K. Hen. I may perceive, [*Aside.*
 These cardinals trifle with me; I abhor
 This dilatory sloth, and tricks of Rome.
 My learned and well-beloved servant, Cranmer,
 Pr'ythee return! With thy approach, I know,
 My comfort comes along. Break up the court.
 I say, set on. [*Exeunt, in manner as they entered.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Palace at Bridewell.*

*A Room in the Queen's Apartment. The Queen, and some
 of her Women, at work.*

Q. Kath. Take thy lute, wench; my soul grows sad with
 troubles.
 Sing, and disperse them, if thou canst; leave working.

SONG.

*Orpheus with his lute made trees,
 And the mountain-tops, that freeze,
 Bow themselves, when he did sing:
 To his music, plants, and flowers,
 Ever sprung; as sun, and showers,
 There had been a lasting spring.*

*Every thing that heard him play,
 Even the billows of the sea,*

*Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art;
Killing care, and grief of heart,
Fall asleep, or, hearing, die.*

Enter a Gentleman.

Q. Kath. How now?

Gent. An't please your grace, the two great cardinals
Wait in the presence.

Q. Kath. Would they speak with me?

Gent. They willed me say so, madam.

Q. Kath. Pray their graces
To come near. [*Exit Gent.*] What can be their business
With me, a poor weak woman, fallen from favor?
I do not like their coming, now I think on't.
They should be good men; their affairs as righteous:
But all hoods make not monks.

Enter WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS.

Wol. Peace to your highness!

Q. Kath. Your graces find me here part of a housewife;
I would be all, against the worst may happen.
What are your pleasures with me, reverend lords?

Wol. May it please you, noble madam, to withdraw
Into your private chamber, we shall give you
The full cause of our coming.

Q. Kath. Speak it here;
There's nothing I have done yet, o' my conscience,
Deserves a corner. Would all other women
Could speak this with as free a soul as I do!
My lords, I care not (so much I am happy
Above a number) if my actions
Were tried by every tongue, every eye saw them,
Envy and base opinion set against them,
I know my life so even. If your business
Seek me out, in that way I am wife in,
Out with it boldly. Truth loves open dealing.

Wol. *Tanta est erga te mentis integritas, regina serenissima,—*

Q. Kath. O, good my lord, no Latin;
I am not such a truant since my coming,
As not to know the language I have lived in;
A strange tongue makes my cause more strange, suspicious.
Pray, speak in English; here are some will thank you,
If you speak truth, for their poor mistress' sake;
Believe me, she has had much wrong. Lord cardinal,

The willing'st sin I ever yet committed,
May be absolved in English.

Wol. Noble lady,
I am sorry, my integrity should breed,
(And service to his majesty and you,)
So deep suspicion, where all faith was meant.
We come not by the way of accusation,
To taint that honor every good tongue blesses;
Nor to betray you any way to sorrow;
You have too much, good lady; but to know
How you stand minded in the weighty difference
Between the king and you; and to deliver,
Like free and honest men, our just opinions,
And comforts to your cause.

Cam. Most honored madam,
My lord of York,—out of his noble nature,
Zeal and obedience he still bore your grace;
Forgetting, like a good man, your late censure
Both of his truth and him, (which was too far,)—
Offers, as I do, in a sign of peace,
His service and his counsel.

Q. Kath. To betray me. [*Aside.*
My lords, I thank you both for your good wills.
Ye speak like honest men, (pray God, ye prove so!)
But how to make you suddenly an answer,
In such a point of weight, so near mine honor,
(More near my life I fear,) with my weak wit,
And to such men of gravity and learning,
In truth, I know not. I was set at work
Among my maids, full little, God knows, looking
Either for such men, or such business.
For her sake that I have been, (for I feel
The last fit of my greatness,) good your graces,
Let me have time, and counsel, for my cause.
Alas! I am a woman, friendless, hopeless.

Wol. Madam, you wrong the king's love with these fears;
Your hopes and friends are infinite.

Q. Kath In England,
But little for my profit. Can you think, lords,
That any Englishman dare give me counsel?
Or be a known friend, 'gainst his highness' pleasure,
(Though he be grown so desperate to be honest,)
And live a subject? Nay, forsooth, my friends,
They that must weigh out my afflictions,
They that my trust must grow to, live not here;



They are, as all my other comforts, far hence,
In mine own country, lords.

Cam. I would your grace
Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel.

Q. Kath. How, sir?

Cam. Put your main cause into the king's protection;
He's loving, and most gracious; 'twill be much
Both for your honor better, and your cause;
For if the trial of the law o'ertake you,
You'll part away disgraced.

Wol. He tells you rightly.

Q. Kath. Ye tell me what ye wish for both, my ruin.
Is this your Christian counsel? Out upon ye!
Heaven is above all yet; there sits a Judge,
That no king can corrupt.

Cam. Your rage mistakes us.

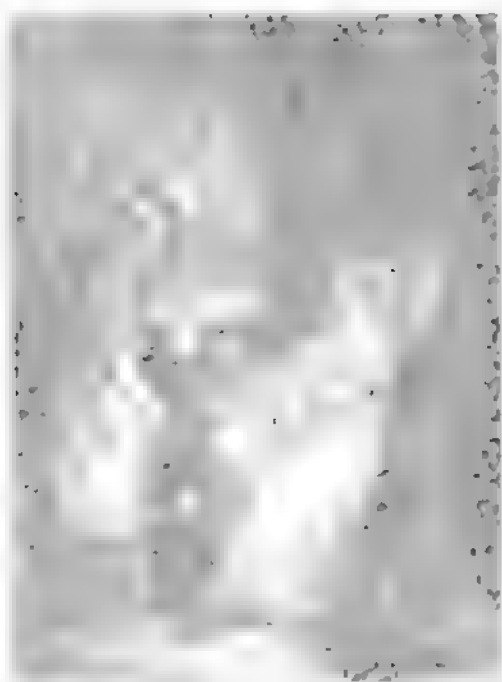
Q. Kath. The more shame for ye; holy men I thought ye,
Upon my soul, two reverend cardinal virtues;
But cardinal sins, and hollow hearts, I fear ye.
Mend them for shame, my lords. Is this your comfort?
The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady?
A woman lost among ye, laughed at, scorned?
I will not wish ye half my miseries;
I have more charity. But say, I warned ye;
Take heed, for Heaven's sake, take heed, lest at once
The burden of my sorrows fall upon ye.

Wol. Madam, this is a mere distraction;
You turn the good we offer into envy

Q. Kath. Ye turn me into nothing. Woe upon ye,
And all such false professors! Would ye have me
(If you have any justice, any pity,
If ye be any thing but churchmen's habits)
Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me?
Alas! he has banished me his bed already;
His love too long ago. I am old, my lords,
And all the fellowship I hold now with him,
Is only my obedience. What can happen
To me, above this wretchedness? All your studies
Make me a curse like this.

Cam. Your fears are worse.

Q. Kath. Have I lived thus long—(let me speak myself,
Since virtue finds no friends)—a wife, a true one?
A woman (I dare say, without vain-glory)
Never yet branded with suspicion?
Have I with all my full affections





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Still met the king? loved him next Heaven? obeyed him?
Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him?
Almost forgot my prayers to content him?
And am I thus rewarded? 'Tis not well, lords.
Bring me a constant woman to her husband,
One that ne'er dreamed a joy beyond his pleasure;
And to that woman, when she has done most,
Yet will I add an honor,—a great patience.

Wol. Madam, you wander from the good we aim at.

Q. Kath. My lord, I dare not make myself so guilty,
To give up willingly that noble title
Your master wed me to: nothing but death
Shall e'er divorce my dignities.

Wol. 'Pray, hear me.

Q. Kath. 'Would I had never trod this English earth,
Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!
Ye have angels' faces, but Heaven knows your hearts.
What will become of me now, wretched lady?
I am the most unhappy woman living.—
Alas! poor wenches, where are now your fortunes?

[*To her Women.*

Shipwrecked upon a kingdom, where no pity,
No friends, no hope; no kindred weep for me,
Almost no grave allowed me.—Like the lily,
That once was mistress of the field, and flourished,
I'll hang my head, and perish.

Wol. If your grace
Could but be brought to know our ends are honest,
You'd feel more comfort. Why should we, good lady,
Upon what cause, wrong you? Alas! our places,
The way of our profession is against it;
We are to cure such sorrows, not to sow them.
For goodness' sake, consider what you do;
How you may hurt yourself, ay, utterly
Grow from the king's acquaintance, by this carriage.
The hearts of princes kiss obedience,
So much they love it; but to stubborn spirits,
They swell, and grow as terrible as storms,
I know you have a gentle, noble temper,
A soul as even as a calm. Pray, think us
Those we profess, peace-makers, friends, and servants.

Cam. Madam, you'll find it so. You wrong your virtues
With these weak women's fears. A noble spirit,
As yours was put into you, ever casts
Such doubts, as false coin, from it. The king loves you;
Beware, you lose it not. For us, if you please

To trust us in your business, we are ready
To use our utmost studies in your service.

Q. Kath. Do what ye will, my lords. And, pray, forgive me,
If I have used myself unmannerly;
You know I am a woman, lacking wit
To make a seemly answer to such persons.
Pray, do my service to his majesty.
He has my heart yet; and shall have my prayers,
While I shall have my life. Come, reverend fathers,
Bestow your counsels on me; she now begs,
That little thought, when she set footing here,
She should have bought her dignities so dear. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Antechamber to the King's Apartment.*

*Enter the DUKE of NORFOLK, the DUKE of SUFFOLK, the
EARL of SURREY, and the Lord Chamberlain.*

Nor. If you will now unite in your complaints,
And force them with a constancy, the cardinal
Cannot stand under them. If you omit
The offer of this time, I cannot promise,
But that you shall sustain more new disgraces,
With these you bear already.

Sur. I am joyful
To meet the least occasion, that may give me
Remembrance of my father-in-law, the duke,
To be revenged on him.

Suf. Which of the peers
Have uncondemned gone by him, or at least
Strangely neglected? When did he regard
The stamp of nobleness in any person,
Out of himself?

Cham. My lord, you speak your pleasures.
What he deserves of you and me, I know;
What we can do to him, (though now the time
Gives way to us,) I much fear. If you cannot
Bar his access to the king, never attempt
Any thing on him; for he hath a witchcraft
Over the king in his tongue.

Nor. O, fear him not;
His spell in that is out: the king hath found
Matter against him, that forever mars
The honey of his language. No, he's settled,
Not to come off, in his displeasure.

Sur

Sir,

I should be glad to hear such news as this
Once every hour.

Nor. Believe it, this is true.
In the divorce, his contrary proceedings
Are all unfolded; wherein he appears,
As I could wish mine enemy.

Sur. How came
His practices to light?

Suf. Most strangely.

Sur. O, how, how?

Suf. The cardinal's letter to the pope miscarried,
And came to the eye o' the king; wherein was read,
How that the cardinal did entreat his holiness
To stay the judgment o' the divorce; for if
It did take place, *I do*, quoth he, *perceive*
My king is tangled in affection to
A creature of the queen's, lady Anne Bullen.

Sur. Has the king this?

Suf. Believe it.

Sur. Will this work?

Cham. The king in this perceives him, how he coasts,
And hedges, his own way. But in this point
All his tricks founder, and he brings his physic
After his patient's death; the king already
Hath married the fair lady.

Sur. 'Would he had!

Suf. May you be happy in your wish, my lord!
For, I profess, you have it.

Sur. Now all my joy
Trace the conjunction!

Suf. My amen to't!

Nor. All men's.

Suf. There's order given for her coronation.
Marry, this is yet but young, and may be left
To some ears unrecounted.—But, my lords,
She is a gallant creature, and complete
In mind and feature; I persuade me, from her
Will fall some blessing to this land, which shall
In it be memorized.

Sur. But will the king
Digest this letter of the cardinal's?
The Lord forbid!

Nor. Marry, amen!

Suff. No, no;
There be more wasps that buzz about his nose,
Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal Campeius

Is stolen away to Rome; hath ta'en no leave;
 Has left the cause o' the king unhandled; and
 Is posted, as the agent of our cardinal,
 To second all this plot. I do assure you
 The king cried, ha! at this.

Cham. Now, God incense him,
 And let him cry ha, louder!

Nor. But, my lord,
 When returns Cranmer?

Suff. He is returned, in his opinions; which
 Have satisfied the king for his divorce,
 Together with all famous colleges
 Almost in Christendom: shortly, I believe,
 His second marriage shall be published, and
 Her coronation. Katharine no more
 Shall be called queen; but princess dowager,
 And widow to prince Arthur.

Nor. This same Cranmer's
 A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain
 In the king's business.

Suff. He has; and we shall see him
 For it, an archbishop.

Nor. So I hear.

Suff. Tis so.
 The cardinal——

Enter WOLSEY and CROMWELL.

Nor. Observe, observe, he's moody.

Wol. The packet, Cromwell, gave it you the king?

Crom. To his own hand, in his bedchamber.

Wol. Looked he o' the inside of the paper?

Crom. Presently
 He did unseal them; and the first he viewed,
 He did it with a serious mind; a heed
 Was in his countenance. You, he bade
 Attend him here this morning.

Wol. Is he ready
 To come abroad?

Crom. I think, by this, he is.

Wol. Leave me awhile.— [*Exit CROMWELL.*]
 It shall be to the duchess of Alençon,
 The French king's sister: he shall marry her.
 Anne Bullen! No; I'll no Anne Bullens for him.
 There is more in it than fair visage.—Bullen!
 No, we'll no Bullens.—Speedily I wish
 To hear from Rome.—The marchioness of Pembroke!

Nor. He's discontented.

Suff. May be, he hears the king
Does whet his anger to him.

Sur. Sharp enough,
Lord, for thy justice!

Wol. The late queen's gentlewoman; a knight's daughter,
To be her mistress' mistress! the queen's queen!—
This candle burns not clear; 'tis I must snuff it;
Then, out it goes.—What though I know her virtuous,
And well deserving? yet I know her for
A spleeny Lutheran; and not wholesome to
Our cause, that she should lie i' the bosom of
Our hard-ruled king. Again, there is sprung up
An heretic, an arch one, Cranmer; one
Hath crawled into the favor of the king,
And is his oracle.

Nor. He is vexed at something.

Suf. I would 'twere something that would fret the string,
The master-cord of his heart!

Enter the King, reading a schedule; and LOVELL.

Suf. The king, the king!

K. Hen. What piles of wealth hath he accumulated
To his own portion! and what expense by the hour
Seems to flow from him! How, i' the name of thrift,
Does he rake this together?—Now, my lords,
Saw you the cardinal?

Nor. My lord, we have
Stood here observing him. Some strange commotion
Is in his brain; he bites his lip, and starts;
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,
Then lays his finger on his temple; straight,
Springs out into fast gait; then, stops again,
Strikes his breast hard; and anon, he casts
His eye against the moon: in most strange postures
We have seen him set himself.

K. Ken. It may well be;
There is a mutiny in his mind. This morning
Papers of state he sent me to peruse,
As I required. And, wot you what I found
There, on my conscience, put unwittingly?
Forsooth, an inventory, thus importing,—
The several parcels of his plate, his treasure,
Rich stuffs, and ornaments of household; which
I find at such proud rate, that it outspeaks
Possession of a subject.

Nor. It's Heaven's will;
Some spirit put this paper in the packet,
To bless your eye withal.

K. Hen. If we did think
His contemplation were above the earth,
And fixed on spiritual objects, he should still
Dwell in his musings: but, I am afraid,
His thinkings are below the moon, not worth
His serious considering.

[He takes his seat, and whispers LOVELL, who goes to WOLSEY.]

Wol. Heaven forgive me!
Ever God bless your highness!

K. Hen. Good my lord,
You are full of heavenly stuff, and bear the inventory
Of your best graces in your mind; the which
You were now running o'er; you have scarce time
To steal from spiritual leisure a brief span,
To keep your earthly audit: sure, in that
I deem you an ill husband; and am glad
To have you therein my companion.

Wol. Sir,
For holy offices I have a time; a time
To think upon the part of business, which
I bear i' the state; and nature does require
Her times of preservation, which, perforce,
I, her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal,
Must give my tendance to.

K. Hen. You have said well.

Wol. And ever may your highness yoke together,
As I will lend you cause, my doing well
With my well saying!

K. Hen. 'Tis well said again;
And 'tis a kind of good deed, to say well;
And yet words are no deeds. My father loved you;
He said he did; and with his deed did crown
His word upon you. Since I had my office,
I have kept you next my heart; have not alone
Employed you where high profits might come home,
But pared my present havings, to bestow
My bounties upon you.

Wol. What should this mean?

Sur. The Lord increase this business! *[Asiae.]*

K. Hen. Have I not made you
The prime man of the state? I pray you, tell me,
If what I now pronounce, you have found true;

And, if you may confess it, say withal,
If you are bound to us or no. What say you?

Wol. My sovereign, I confess, your royal graces,
Showered on me daily, have been more than could
My studied purposes requite; which went
Beyond all man's endeavors;—my endeavors
Have ever come too short of my desires,
Yet filled with my abilities. Mine own ends
Have been mine so, that evermore they pointed
To the good of your most sacred person, and
The profit of the state. For your great graces
Heaped upon me, poor undeserver, I
Can nothing render but allegiant thanks;
My prayers to Heaven for you; my loyalty,
Which ever has, and ever shall be growing,
Till death, that winter, kill it.

K. Hen.

Fairly answered;

A loyal and obedient subject is
Therein illustrated. The honor of it
Does pay the act of it; as, i' the contrary,
The foulness is the punishment. I presume,
That as my hand has opened bounty to you,
My heart dropped love, my power rained honor, more
On you, than any; so your hand and heart,
Your brain, and every function of your power,
Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty,
As 'twere in love's particular, be more
To me, your friend, than any.

Wol.

I do profess,

That for your highness' good I ever labored
More than mine own; that am, have, and will be.
Though all the world should crack their duty to you,
And throw it from their soul; though perils did
Abound, as thick as thought could make them, and
Appear in forms more horrid; yet my duty,
As doth a rock against the chiding flood,
Should the approach of this wild river break,
And stand unshaken yours.

K. Hen.

'Tis nobly spoken:

Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast,
For you have seen him open't.—Read o'er this;

[*Giving him papers.*]

And, after, this: and then to breakfast, with
What appetite you have.

[*Exit King, frowning upon CARDINAL WOLSEY:
the Nobles throng after him, smiling and
whispering.*]

Wol. What should this mean?
 What sadder anger's this? how have I reaped it?
 He parted frowning from me, as if ruin
 Leaped from his eyes. So looks the chafed lion
 Upon the daring huntsman that has galled him;
 Then makes him nothing. I must read this paper;
 I fear, the story of his anger. 'Tis so;
 This paper has undone me:—'Tis the account
 Of all that world of wealth I have drawn together
 For mine own ends; indeed, to gain the popedom,
 And fee my friends in Rome. O negligence,
 Fit for a fool to fall by! What cross devil
 Made me put this main secret in the packet
 I sent the king? Is there no way to cure this?
 No new device to beat this from his brains?
 I know 'twill stir him strongly. Yet I know
 A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune,
 Will bring me off again. What's this? *To the Pope!*
 The letter, as I live, with all the business
 I writ to his holiness. Nay, then, farewell!
 I have touched the highest point of all my greatness;
 And, from that full meridian of my glory,
 I haste now to my setting. I shall fall
 Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
 And no man see me more.

*Re-enter the Dukes of NORFOLK and SUFFOLK, the EARL
 of SURREY, and the Lord Chamberlain.*

Nor. Hear the king's pleasure, cardinal; who commands you
 To render up the great seal presently
 Into our hands; and to confine yourself
 To Asher-house, my lord of Winchester's,
 Till you hear further from his highness.

Wol. Stay;
 Where's your commission, lords? Words cannot carry
 Authority so weighty.

Suf. Who dare cross them,
 Bearing the king's will from his mouth expressly?

Wol. Till I find more than will or words to do it,
 (I mean your malice,) know, officious lords,
 I dare, and must deny it. Now I feel
 Of what coarse metal ye are moulded,—envy.
 How eagerly ye follow my disgraces,
 As if it fed ye! And how sleek and wanton
 Ye appear in every thing may bring my ruin.
 Follow your envious courses, men of malice;

You have Christian warrant for them, and, no doubt,
In time will find their fit rewards. That seal
You ask with such a violence, the king
(Mine, and your master) with his own hand gave me:
Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honors,
During my life; and, to confirm his goodness,
Tied it by letters patents. Now, who'll take it?

Sur. The king that gave it.

Wol. It must be himself then.

Sur. Thou art a proud traitor, priest.

Wol. Proud lord, thou liest;

Within these forty hours Surrey durst better
Have burnt that tongue, than said so.

Sur. Thy ambition,
Thou scarlet sin, robbed this bewailing land
Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law:
The heads of all thy brother cardinals
(With thee, and all thy best parts bound together)
Weighed not a hair of his. Plague of your policy!
You sent me deputy for Ireland;
Far from his succor, from the king, from all
That might have mercy on the fault thou gav'st him;
Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,
Absolved him with an axe.

Wol. This, and all else
This talking lord can lay upon my credit,
I answer, is most false. The duke by law
Found his deserts: how innocent I was
From any private malice in his end,
His noble jury and foul cause can witness.
If I loved many words, lord, I should tell you,
You have as little honesty as honor;
That I, in the way of loyalty and truth
Toward the king, my ever royal master,
Dare mate a sounder man than Surrey can be,
And all that love his follies.

Sur. By my soul,
Your long coat, priest, protects you; thou shouldst feel
My sword i' the life-blood of thee, else.—My lords,
Can ye endure to hear this arrogance?
And from this fellow? If we live thus tamely,
To be thus jaded by a piece of scarlet,
Farewell nobility; let his grace go forward,
And dare us with his cap, like larks.

Wol. All goodness
Is poison to thy stomach.

Sur. Yes, that goodness,
Of gleaning all the land's wealth into one,
Into your own hands, cardinal, by extortion;
The goodness of your intercepted packets,
You writ to the pope, against the king; your goodness.
Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious.—
My lord of Norfolk, as you are truly noble,
As you respect the common good, the state
Of our despised nobility, our issues,
Who, if he live, will scarce be gentlemen,—
Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles
Collected from his life:—I'll startle you
Worse than the sacring bell, when the brown wench
Lay kissing in your arms, lord cardinal.

Wol. How much, methinks, I could despise this man,
But that I am bound in charity against it!

Nor. Those articles, my lord, are in the king's hand:
But, thus much, they are foul ones.

Wol. So much fairer,
And spotless, shall mine innocence arise,
When the king knows my truth.

Sur. This cannot save you;
I thank my memory, I yet remember
Some of these articles; and out they shall.
Now, if you can blush, and cry *Guilty*, cardinal,
You'll show a little honesty.

Wol. Speak on, sir.
I dare your worst objection; if I blush,
It is, to see a nobleman want manners.

Sur. I'd rather want those, than my head. Have at you
First, that, without the king's assent, or knowledge,
You wrought to be a legate; by which power
You maimed the jurisdiction of all bishops.

Nor. Then, that, in all you writ to Rome, or else
To foreign princes, *Ego et Rex meus*
Was still inscribed; in which you brought the king
To be your servant.

Suf. Then, that, without the knowledge
Either of king or council, when you went
Ambassador to the emperor, you made bold
To carry into Flanders the great seal.

Sur. Item, you sent a large commission
To Gregory de Cassalis, to conclude,
Without the king's will, or the state's allowance,
A league between his highness and Ferrara.

Suf. That, out of mere ambition, you have caused
Your holy hat to be stamped on the king's coin.

Sur. Then, that you have sent innumerable substance
(By what means got, I leave to your own conscience)
To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways
You have for dignities; to the mere undoing
Of all the kingdom. Many more there are;
Which, since they are of you, and odious,
I will not taint my mouth with.

Cham. O my lord,
Press not a falling man too far; 'tis virtue:
His faults lie open to the laws; let them,
Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to see him
So little of his great self.

Sur. I forgive him.

Suf. Lord cardinal, the king's further pleasure is,—
Because all those things you have done of late,
By your power legatine, within this kingdom,
Fall into the compass of a *præmunire*,—
That therefore such a writ be sued against you;
To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,
Chattels, and whatsoever, and to be
Out of the king's protection.—This is my charge.

Nor. And so we'll leave you to your meditations
How to live better. For your stubborn answer,
About the giving back the great seal to us,
The king shall know it, and, no doubt, shall thank you.
So fare you well, my little good lord cardinal.

[*Exeunt all but WOLSEY.*

Wol. So farewell to the little good you bear me.
Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man; to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him;
The third day, comes a frost, a killing frost;
And—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a ripening,—nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory;
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me; and now has left me,
Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must forever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye:
I feel my heart new opened. O, how wretched

Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favors!
 There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
 That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
 More pangs and fears than wars or women have;
 And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
 Never to hope again.—

Enter CROMWELL, amazedly.

Why, how now, Cromwell?

Crom. I have no power to speak, sir.

Wol. What, amazed

At my misfortunes? Can thy spirit wonder,
 A great man should decline? Nay, an you weep,
 I am fallen indeed.

Crom. How does your grace?

Wol. Why, well,

Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.
 I know myself now; and I feel within me
 A peace above all earthly dignities,
 A still and quiet conscience. The king has cured me
 I humbly thank his grace; and from these shoulders,
 These ruined pillars, out of pity, taken
 A load would sink a navy, too much honor.
 O, 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden,
 Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven.

Crom. I am glad your grace has made that right use of it

Wol. I hope I have. I am able now, methinks,
 (Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,)
 To endure more miseries, and greater far,
 Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.
 What news abroad?

Crom. The heaviest, and the worst,
 Is your displeasure with the king.

Wol. God bless him!

Crom. The next is, that sir Thomas More is chosen
 Lord chancellor in your place.

Wol. That's somewhat sudden;
 But he's a learned man. May he continue
 Long in his highness' favor, and do justice
 For truth's sake, and his conscience; that his bones,
 When he has run his course, and sleeps in blessings,
 May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on 'em!
 What more?

Crom. That Cranmer is returned with welcome,
 Installed lord archbishop of Canterbury.

Wol. That's news, indeed.

Crom. Last, that the lady Anne,
Whom the king hath in secrecy long married,
This day was viewed in open, as his queen,
Going to chapel; and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.

Wol. There was the weight that pulled me down:
Cromwell,
The king has gone beyond me; all my glories
In that one woman I have lost forever.
No sun shall ever usher forth mine honors,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell;
I am a poor fallen man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and master. Seek the king;
That sun, I pray, may never set! I have told him
What and how true thou art: he will advance thee;
Some little memory of me will stir him
(I know his noble nature) not to let
Thy hopeful service perish too. Good Cromwell,
Neglect him not; make use now, and provide
For thine own future safety.

Crom. O my lord,
Must I then leave you? Must I needs forego
So good, so noble and so true a master?
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.—
The king shall have my service; but my prayers
Forever, and forever, shall be yours.

Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forced me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, Cromwell:
And—when I am forgotten, as I shall be;
And sleep in dull, cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of—say, I taught thee;
Say, Woisey—that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honor—
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master missed it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruined me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition;
By that sin fell the angels; how can man, then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by't?
Love thyself last; cherish those hearts that hate thee,
Corruption wins not more than honesty;
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,

To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not;
 Let all the ends thou aim'st at, be thy country's,
 Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
 Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king:
 And,—Pr'ythee, lead me in:
 There take an inventory of all I have,
 To the last penny: 'tis the king's: my robe,
 And my integrity to Heaven, is all
 I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell,
 Had I but served my God with half the zeal
 I served my king, he would not in mine age
 Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Crom. Good sir, have patience.

Wol. So I have.—Farewell.
 The hopes of court! my hopes in heaven do dwell. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *A Street in Westminster.*

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting.

1 *Gent.* You are well met once again.

2 *Gent.* And so are you.

1 *Gent.* You come to take your stand here, and behold
 The lady Anne pass from her coronation?

2 *Gent.* 'Tis all my business. At our last encounter,
 The duke of Buckingham came from his trial.

1 *Gent.* 'Tis very true; but that time offered sorrow;
 This, general joy.

2 *Gent.* 'Tis well. The citizens,
 I am sure, have shown at full their royal minds,
 (As, let them have their rights, they are ever forward,)
 In celebration of this day with shows,
 Pageants, and sights of honor.

1 *Gent.* Never greater,
 Nor, I'll assure you, better taken, sir.

2 *Gent.* May I be bold to ask what that contains,
 That paper in your hand?

1 *Gent.* Yes; 'tis the list
 Of those that claim their offices this day,
 By custom of the coronation.
 The duke of Suffolk is the first, and claims

To be high steward; next, the duke of Norfolk,
He to be earl marshal; you may read the rest.

2 *Gent.* I thank you, sir; had I not known those customs,
I should have been beholden to your paper.

But I beseech you, what's become of Katharine,
The princess dowager? How goes her business?

1 *Gent.* That I can tell you too. The archbishop
Of Canterbury, accompanied with other
Learned and reverend fathers of his order,
Held a late court at Dunstable, six miles off
From Ampthill, where the princess lay; to which
She oft was cited by them, but appeared not;
And, to be short, for not appearance, and
The king's late scruple, by the main assent
Of all these learned men she was divorced,
And the late marriage made of none effect:
Since which, she was removed to Kimbolton,
Where she remains now, sick.

2 *Gent.* Alas, good lady!— [Trumpets.
The trumpets sound; stand close, the queen is coming.

THE ORDER OF THE PROCESSION.

A lively flourish of trumpets; then enter

1. *Two judges.*
2. *Lord chancellor, with the purse and mace before him.*
3. *Choristers singing.* [Music.]
4. *Mayor of London, bearing the mace. Then Garter, in his coat-of-arms, and on his head a gilt copper crown.*
5. *Marquis Dorset, bearing a sceptre of gold, on his head a demi-coronal of gold. With him the earl of Surrey, bearing the rod of silver with the dove, crowned with an earl's coronet. Collars of SS.*
6. *Duke of Suffolk, in his robe of estate, his coronet on his head, bearing a long white wand, as high steward. With him, the duke of Norfolk, with the rod of marshalship, a coronet on his head. Collars of SS.*
7. *A canopy borne by four of the cinque-ports; under it, the queen in her robe; her hair richly adorned with pearl, crowned. On each side of her, the bishops of London and Winchester.*
8. *The old duchess of Norfolk, in a coronal of gold, wrought with flowers, bearing the queen's train.*
9. *Certain ladies or countesses, with plain circlets of gold, without flowers.*

2 *Gent.* A royal train, believe me.—These I know;—
Who's that, that bears the sceptre?

1 *Gent.* Marquis Dorset;
And that the earl of Surrey with the rod.

2 *Gent.* A bold, brave gentleman; and that should be
The duke of Suffolk.

1 *Gent.* 'Tis the same; high steward.

2 *Gent.* And that my lord of Norfolk?

1 *Gent.* Yes.

2 *Gent.* Heaven bless thee!

[*Looking on the Queen.*

Thou hast the sweetest face I ever looked on.—

Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel;

Our king has all the Indies in his arms,

And more and richer, when he strains that lady;

I cannot blame his conscience.

1 *Gent.* They, that bear
The cloth of honor over her, are four barons
Of the cinque-ports.

2 *Gent.* Those men are happy; and so are all are near her.
I take it, she that carries up the train,
Is that old noble lady, duchess of Norfolk.

1 *Gent.* It is; and all the rest are countesses.

2 *Gent.* Their coronets say so. These are stars, indeed;
And, sometimes, falling ones.

1 *Gent.* No more of that.

[*Exit Procession, with a great flourish of trumpets.*

Enter a third Gentleman.

God save you, sir! Where have you been broiling?

3 *Gent.* Among the crowd i' the abbey; where a finger
Could not be wedged in more; I am stifled
With the mere rankness of their joy.

2 *Gent.* You saw
The ceremony?

3 *Gent.* That I did.

1 *Gent.* How was it?

3 *Gent.* Well worth the seeing.

2 *Gent.* Good sir, speak it to us.

3 *Gent.* As well as I am able. The rich stream
Of lords and ladies, having brought the queen
To a prepared place in the choir, fell off
A distance from her; while her grace sat down
To rest awhile, some half an hour, or so,
In a rich chair of state, opposing freely
The beauty of her person to the people.

Believe me, sir, she is the goodliest woman
That ever lay by man; which when the people
Had the full view of, such a noise arose
As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest,
As loud, and to as many tunes. Hats, cloaks,
(Doublets, I think,) flew up; and had their faces
Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such joy
I never saw before. Great-bellied women,
That had not half a week to go, like rams
In the old time of war, would shake the press,
And make them reel before them. No man living
Could say, *This is my wife*, there; all were woven
So strangely in one piece.

2 *Gent.*

But what followed?

3 *Gent.* At length her grace rose, and with modest paces
Came to the altar; where she kneeled, and, saint-like,
Cast her fair eyes to heaven, and prayed devoutly.
Then rose again, and bowed her to the people;
When by the archbishop of Canterbury
She had all the royal makings of a queen;
As holy oil, Edward Confessor's crown,
The rod, and bird of peace, and all such emblems,
Laid nobly on her; which performed, the choir,
With all the choicest music of the kingdom,
Together sung *Te Deum*. So she parted,
And with the same full state paced back again
To York-place, where the feast is held.

1 *Gent.*

Sir, you

Must no more call it York-place; that is past;
For, since the cardinal fell, that title's lost;
'Tis now the king's, and called—Whitehall.

3 *Gent.*

I know it;

But 'tis so lately altered, that the old name
Is fresh about me.

2 *Gent.*

What two reverend bishops
Were those that went on each side of the queen?

3 *Gent.* Stokesly and Gardiner; the one, of Winchester,
(Newly preferred from the king's secretary,)
The other, London.

2 *Gent.*

He of Winchester
Is held no great good lover of the archbishop's,
The virtucus Cranmer.

3 *Gent.*

All the land knows that.
However, yet there's no great breach; when it comes,
Cranmer will find a friend will not shrink from him.

2 *Gent.* Who may that be, I pray you?

3 *Gent.* Thomas Cromwell:
A man in much esteem with the king, and truly
A worthy friend.—The king
Has made him master o' the jewel-house,
And one, already, of the privy council.

2 *Gent.* He will deserve more.

3 *Gent.* Yes, without all doubt.
Come, gentlemen, ye shall go my way, which
Is to the court, and there ye shall be my guests:
Something I can command. As I walk thither,
I'll tell ye more.

Both. You may command us, sir [Exeunt.

SCENE II. Kimbolton.

Enter KATHARINE, *dowager, sick; led between* GRIFFITH
and PATIENCE.

Grif. How does your grace?

Kath. O Griffith, sick to death.
My legs, like loaden branches, bow to the earth,
Willing to leave their burden. Reach a chair;—
So,—now, methinks, I feel a little ease.
Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou led'st me,
That the great child of honor, cardinal Wolsey,
Was dead?

Grif. Yes, madam; but I think your grace,
Out of the pain you suffered, gave no ear to't.

Kath. Pr'ythee, good Griffith, tell me how he died.
If well, he stepped before me, happily,
For my example.

Grif. Well, the voice goes, madam;
For after the stout earl Northumberland
Arrested him at York, and brought him forward
(As a man sorely tainted) to his answer,
He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill,
He could not sit his mule.

Kath. Alas! poor man!

Grif. At last, with easy roads, he came to Leicester,
Lodged in the abbey; where the reverend abbot,
With all his convent, honorably received him;
To whora he gave these words,—*O father abbot,*
An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;
Give him a little earth for charity!
So went to bed; where eagerly his sickness

Pursued him still; and, three nights after this,
About the hour of eight, (which he himself
Foretold should be his last,) full of repentance,
Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,
He gave his honors to the world again,
His blessed part to Heaven, and slept in peace.

Kath. So may he rest; his faults lie gently on him!
Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak him,
And yet with charity;—He was a man
Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking
Himself with princes; one that by suggestion
Ty'd all the kingdom; Simony was fair play;
His own opinion was his law; i' the presence
He would say untruths; and be ever double,
Both in his words and meaning. He was never,
But where he meant to ruin, pitiful.
His promises were, as he then was, mighty;
But his performance as he is now, nothing.
Of his own body he was ill, and gave
The clergy ill example.

Grif. Noble madam,
Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
We write in water. May it please your highness
To hear me speak his good now?

Kath. Yes, good Griffith;
I were malicious else.

Grif. This cardinal
Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly,
Was fashioned to much honor from his cradle.
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one;
Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading;
Lofty, and sour, to them that loved him not;
But, to those men that sought him, sweet as summer.
And though he were unsatisfied in getting,
(Which was a sin,) yet in bestowing, madam,
He was most princely. Ever witness for him
Those twins of learning, that he raised in you,
Ipswich and Oxford! one of which fell with him,
Unwilling to outlive the good that did it;
The other, though unfinished, yet so famous,
So excellent in art, and still so rising,
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
His overthrow heaped happiness upon him;
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little;

And, to add greater honors to his age
Than man could give him, he died fearing God.

Kath. After my death I wish no other herald,
No other speaker of my living actions,
To keep mine honor from corruption,
But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.
Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,
With thy religious truth and modesty,
Now in his ashes honor. Peace be with him!—
Patience, be near me still; and set me lower;
I have not long to trouble thee.—Good Griffith,—
Cause the musicians play me that sad note
I named my knell, whilst I sit meditating
On that celestial harmony I go to.

Sad and solemn Music.

Grif. She is asleep. Good wench, let's sit down quiet,
For fear we wake her;—softly, gentle Patience.

The Vision. Enter, solemnly tripping one after another,
six Personages, clad in white robes, wearing on their heads
garlands of bays, and golden vizards on their faces;
branches of bays, or palm, in their hands. They first
congee unto her, then dance; and, at certain changes, the
first two hold a spare garland over her head; at which,
the other four make reverend courtesies; then the two that
held the garland, deliver the same to the other next two,
who observe the same order in their changes, and holding
the garland over her head; which done, they deliver the
same garland to the last two, who likewise observe the same
order; at which (as it were by inspiration) she makes in
her sleep signs of rejoicing, and holdeth up her hands to
heaven; and so in their dancing they vanish, carrying the
garland with them. The music continues.

Kath. Spirits of peace, where are ye? Are ye all gone?
And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?

Grif. Madam, we are here.

Kath. It is not you I call for.
Saw ye none enter, since I slept?

Grif. None, madam.

Kath. No? Saw you not, even now, a blessed troop
Invite me to a banquet; whose bright faces
Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun?
They promised me eternal happiness;
And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel

I am not worthy yet to wear; I shall.
Assuredly.

Grif. I am most joyful, madam, such good dreams
Possess your fancy.

Kath. Bid the music leave;
They are harsh and heavy to me. [*Music ceases.*]

Pat. Do you note,
How much her grace is altered on the sudden?
How long her face is drawn? how pale she looks,
And of an earthly cold? Mark you her eyes?

Grif. She is going, wench; pray, pray.

Pat. Heaven comfort her!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. An't like your grace,—

Kath. You are a saucy fellow:
Deserve we no more reverence?

Grif. You are to blame,
Knowing she will not lose her wonted greatness,
To use so rude behavior; go to, kneel.

Mess. I humbly do entreat your highness' pardon;
My haste made me unmannerly. There is staying
A gentleman, sent from the king, to see you.

Kath. Admit him entrance, Griffith. But this fellow
Let me ne'er see again. [*Exeunt GRIFFITH and Messenger.*]

Re-enter GRIFFITH, with CAPUCIUS.

If my sight fail not,
You should be lord ambassador from the emperor,
My royal nephew; and your name Capucius.

Cap. Madam, the same, your servant.

Kath. O my lord,
The times, and titles, now are altered strangely
With me, since first you knew me. But, I pray you,
What is your pleasure with me?

Cap. Noble lady,
First, mine own service to your grace; the next,
The king's request that I would visit you;
Who grieves much for your weakness, and by me
Sends you his princely commendations,
And heartily entreats you take good comfort.

Kath. O my good lord, that comfort comes too late;
'Tis like a pardon after execution.
That gentle physic, given in time, had cured me;
But now I am past all comforts here, but prayers.
How does his highness?

Cap. Madam, in good health.

Kath. So may he ever do! and ever flourish,
When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor name
Banished the kingdom!—Patience, is that letter,
I caused you write, yet sent away?

Pat. No, madam. *Giving it to KATHARINE.*

Kath. Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver
This to my lord the king.

Cap. Most willing, madam.

Kath. In which I have commended to his goodness
The model of our chaste loves, his young daughter;—
The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on her!—
Beseeching him to give her virtuous breeding,
(She is young, and of a noble, modest nature;
I hope she will deserve well;) and a little
To love her for her mother's sake, that loved him,
Heaven knows how dearly. My next poor petition
Is, that his noble grace would have some pity
Upon my wretched women, that so long
Have followed both my fortunes faithfully;
Of which there is not one, I dare avow,
(And now I should not lie,) but will deserve,
For virtue and true beauty of the soul,
For honesty and decent carriage,
A right good husband, let him be a noble;
And, sure, those men are happy that shall have them.
The last is, for my men: they are the poorest,
But poverty could never draw them from me;—
That they may have their wages duly paid them,
And something over to remember me by;
If Heaven had pleased to have given me longer life,
And able means, we had not parted thus.
These are the whole contents.—And, good my lord,
By that you love the dearest in this world,
As you wish Christian peace to souls departed,
Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the king
To do me this last right.

Cap. By Heaven, I will;
Or let me lose the fashion of a man!

Kath. I thank you, honest lord. Remember me
In all humility unto his highness:
Say, his long trouble now is passing
Out of this world: tell him, in death I blessed him;
For so I will.—Mine eyes grow dim.—Farewell,
My lord.—Griffith, farewell.—Nay, Patience,
You must not leave me yet. I must to bed;

Call in more women.—When I am dead, good wench,
 Let me be used with honor; strew me over
 With maiden flowers, that all the world may know
 I was a chaste wife to my grave; embalm me,
 Then lay me forth; although unqueened, yet like
 A queen, and daughter to a king, inter me.
 I can no more.— [Exeunt, leading KATHARINE.

ACT V.

SCENE I. *A Gallery in the Palace.*

Enter GARDINER, Bishop of Winchester, a Page, with a torch before him, met by SIR THOMAS LOVELL.

Gar. It's one o'clock, boy, is't not?

Boy. It hath struck.

Gar. These should be hours for necessities,
 Not for delights; times to repair our nature
 With comforting repose, and not for us
 To waste these times.—Good hour of night, sir Thomas!
 Whither so late?

Lov. Came you from the king, my lord?

Gar. I did, sir Thomas; and left him at primero
 With the duke of Suffolk.

Lov. I must to him too,
 Before he go to bed. I'll take my leave.

Gar. Not yet, sir Thomas Lovell. What's the matter?
 It seems you are in haste; an if there be
 No great offence belongs to't, give your friend
 Some touch of your late business. Affairs that walk
 (As they say spirits do) at midnight, have
 In them a wilder nature, than the business
 That seeks despatch by day.

Lov. My lord, I love you;
 And durst commend a secret to your ear
 Much weightier than this work. The queen's in labor,
 They say, in great extremity; and feared
 She'll with the labor end.

Gar. The fruit she goes with
 I pray for heartily; that it may find
 Good time, and live; but for the stock, sir Thomas,
 I wish it grubbed up now.

Lov. Methinks I could

Cry the amen; and yet my conscience says
She's a good creature, and, sweet lady, does
Deserve our better wishes.

Gar. But, sir, sir,—
Hear me, sir Thomas. You are a gentleman
Of mine own way; I know you wise, religious;
And, let me tell you, it will ne'er be well,—
'Twill not, sir Thomas Lovell, take't of me,—
Till Cranmer, Cromwell, her two hands, and she,
Sleep in their graves.

Lov. Now, sir, you speak of two,
The most marked i' the kingdom. As for Cromwell,—
Beside that of the jewell-house, he's made master
O' the rolls, and the king's secretary; further, sir,
Stands in the gap and trade of more preferments,
With which the time will load him. The archbishop
Is the king's hand and tongue. And who dare speak
One syllable against him?

Gar. Yes, yes, sir Thomas,
There are that dare; and I myself have ventured
To speak my mind of him; and, indeed, this day,
Sir, (I may tell it you,) I think I have
Incensed the lords o' the council, that he is
(For so I know he is, they know he is)
A most arch heretic, a pestilence
That does infect the land; with which they, moved.
Have broken with the king; who hath so far
Given ear to our complaint, (of his great grace
And princely care; foreseeing those fell mischiefs
Our reasons laid before him,) he hath commanded
To-morrow morning to the council board
He be convented. He's a rank weed, sir Thomas,
And we must root him out. From your affairs,
I hinder you too long; good night, sir Thomas.

Lov. Many good nights, my lord. I rest your servant.
[*Exeunt GARDINER and Page.*]

*As LOVELL is going out, enter the King, and the DUKE of
SUFFOLK.*

K. Hen. Charles, I will play no more to-night;
My mind's not on't; you are too hard for me.

Suf. Sir, I did never win of you before.

K. Hen. But little, Charles;
Nor shall not, when my fancy's on my play.
Now, Lovell, from the queen what is the news?

Lov. I could not personally deliver to her

What you commanded me, but by her woman
I sent your message; who returned her thanks
In the greatest humbleness, and desired your highness
Most heartily to pray for her.

K. Hen. What say'st thou? ha!
To pray for her? what, is she crying out?

Lov. So said her woman; and that her sufferance made
Almost each pang a death.

K. Hen. Alas, good lady!

Suf. God safely quit her of her burden, and
With gentle travail, to the gladding of
Your highness with an heir!

K. Hen. 'Tis midnight, Charles,
Pr'ythee, to bed; and in thy prayers remember
The estate of my poor queen. Leave me alone;
For I must think of that, which company
Would not be friendly to.

Suf. I wish your highness
A quiet night, and my good mistress will
Remember in my prayers.

K. Hen. Charles, good night.—
[*Exit* SUFFOLK.]

Enter SIR ANTONY DENNY.

Well, sir, what follows?

Den. I have brought my lord the archbishop,
As you commanded me.

K. Hen. Ha! Canterbury?

Den. Ay, my good lord.

K. Hen. 'Tis true. Where is he, Denny?

Den. He attends your highness' pleasure.

K. Hen. Bring him to us.
[*Exit* DENNY.]

Lov. This is about that which the bishop spake.
I am happily come hither. [Aside.]

Re-enter DENNY, with CRANMER.

K. Hen. Avoid the gallery.
[LOVELL seems to stay.]

Ha! I have said.—Be gone.
What!— [Exeunt LOVELL and DENNY.]

Cran. I am fearful.— Wherefore frowns he thus?
'Tis his aspect of terror. All's not well.

K. Hen. How now, my lord? You do desire to know
Wherefore I sent for you.

Cran. It is my duty
To attend your highness' pleasure.

K. Hen. Pray you, arise,
My good and gracious lord of Canterbury.
Come, you and I must walk a turn together;
I have news to tell you. Come, come, give me your hand
Ah, my good lord, I grieve at what I speak,
And am right sorry to repeat what follows.
I have, and most unwillingly, of late
Heard many grievous, I do say, my lord,
Grievous complaints of you; which, being considered,
Have moved us and our council, that you shall
This morning come before us; where, I know,
You cannot with such freedom purge yourself,
But that, till further trial, in those charges
Which will require your answer, you must take
Your patience to you, and be well contented
To make your house our Tower. You a brother of us,
It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness
Would come against you.

Cran. I humbly thank your highness;
And am right glad to catch this good occasion
Most thoroughly to be winnowed, where my chaff
And corn shall fly asunder; for, I know,
There's none stands under more calumnious tongues,
Than I myself, poor man.

K. Hen. Stand up, good Canterbury;
Thy truth, and thy integrity, is rooted
In us, thy friend. Give me thy hand; stand up;
Pr'ythee, let's walk. Now, by my holy dame,
What manner of man are you? My lord, I looked
You would have given me your petition, that
I should have ta'en some pains to bring together
Yourself and your accusers; and to have heard you
Without indurance, further.

Cran. Most dread liege,
The good I stand on is my truth, and honesty;
If they shall fail, I, with mine enemies,
Will triumph o'er my person; which I weigh not,
Being of those virtues vacant. I fear nothing
What can be said against me.

K. Hen. Know you not how
Your state stands i' the world, with the whole world?
Your enemies are many, and not small; their practices
Must bear the same proportion; and not ever
The justice and the truth o' the question carries

The due o' the verdict with it. At what ease
Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt
To swear against you? Such things have been done.
You are potently opposed; and with a malice
Of as great size. Ween you of better luck,
I mean, in perjured witness, than your Master,
Whose minister you are, whiles here he lived
Upon this naughty earth? Go to, go to;
You take a precipice for no leap of danger,
And woo your own destruction.

Cran. God, and your majesty,
Protect mine innocence, or I fall into
The trap is laid for me!

K. Hen. Be of good cheer;
They shall no more prevail, than we give way to.
Keep comfort to you; and this morning see
You do appear before them; if they shall chance,
In charging you with matters, to commit you,
The best persuasions to the contrary
Fail not to use, and with what vehemency
The occasion shall instruct you; if entreaties
Will render you no remedy, this ring
Deliver them, and your appeal to us
There make before them.—Look, the good man weeps!
He's honest, on mine honor. God's blest mother!
I swear, he is true hearted; and a soul
None better in my kingdom.—Get you gone,
And do as I have bid you. [*Exit CRANMER.*]
He has strangled
His language in his tears.

Enter an old Lady.

Gent. [*Within.*] Come back. What mean you?

Lady. I'll not come back: the tidings that I bring
Will make my boldness manners.—Now, good angels
Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person
Under their blessed wings!

K. Hen. Now, by thy looks
I guess thy message. Is the queen delivered?
Say, ay; and of a boy.

Lady. Ay, ay, my liege;
And of a lovely boy. The God of heaven
Both now and ever bless her!—'Tis a girl,
Promises boys hereafter. Sir, your queen
Desires your visitation, and to be

Acquainted with this stranger; 'tis as like you,
As cherry is to cherry.

K. Hen.

Lovell,—

Enter LOVELL.

Lov.

Sir.

K. Hen. Give her an hundred marks. I'll to the queen.
[*Exit* King.]

Lady. An hundred marks! By this light, I'll have more.
An ordinary groom is for such payment.
I will have more, or scold it out of him.
Said I, for this, the girl is like to him?
I will have more, or else unsay't; and now
While it is hot, I'll put it to the issue. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Lobby before the Council Chamber.*

Enter CRANMER; Servants, Door-keeper, &c. attending.

Cran. I hope I am not too late; and yet the gentleman,
That was sent to me from the council, prayed me
To make great haste. All fast? what means this?—Hoa!
Who waits there?—Sure you know me?

D. Keep.

Yes, my lord,

But yet I cannot help you.

Cran.

Why?

D. Keep. Your grace must wait till you be called for.

Enter DOCTOR BUTTS.

Cran.

So.

Butts. This is a piece of malice. I am glad
I came this way so happily. The king
Shall understand it presently. [*Exit* BUTTS]

Cran. [*Aside.*]

'Tis Butts,

The king's physician. As he passed along,
How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me!
Pray Heaven, he sound not my disgrace! For certain,
This is of purpose laid by some that hate me,
(God turn their hearts! I never sought their malice,)
To quench mine honor; they would shame to make me
Wait else at door; a fellow counsellor,
Among boys, grooms, and lackeys. But their pleasures
Must be fulfilled, and I attend with patience.

Enter, at a window above, the King and BUTTS.

Butts. I'll show your grace the strangest sight,—

K. Hen. What's that, Butts?

Butts. I think your highness saw this many a day.

K. Hen. Body o' me, where is it?

Butts. There, my lord;
The high promotion of his grace of Canterbury;
Who holds his state at door, 'mongst pursuivants,
Pages, and footboys.

K. Hen. Ha! 'tis he, indeed:
Is this the honor they do one another?
'Tis well there's one above them yet. I had thought
They had parted so much honesty among them
(At least, good manners) as not thus to suffer
A man of his place, and so near our favor,
To dance attendance on their lordships' pleasures,
And at the door too, like a post with packets.
By holy Mary, Butts, there's knavery.
Let them alone, and draw the curtain close;
We shall hear more anon.— [Exeunt.

THE COUNCIL CHAMBER.

Enter the Lord Chancellor, the DUKE of SUFFOLK, EARL of SURREY, Lord Chamberlain, GARDINER, and CROMWELL. The Chancellor places himself at the upper end of the table on the left hand; a seat being left void above him, as for the Archbishop of Canterbury. The rest seat themselves in order on each side. CROMWELL at the lower end, as secretary.

Chan. Speak, to the business, master secretary.
Why are we met in council?

Crom. Please your honors,
The chief cause concerns his grace of Canterbury.

Gar. Has he had knowledge of it?

Crom. Yes.

Nor. Who waits there?

D. Keep. Without, my noble lords?

Gar. Yes.

D. Keep. My lord archbishop;
And has done half an hour, to know your pleasures.

Chan. Let him come in.

D. Keep. Your grace may enter now.

[CRANMER approaches the council-table.

Chan. My good lord archbishop, I am very sorry
To sit here at this present, and behold
That chair stand empty. But we all are men,
In our own natures frail, and capable

Of our flesh, few are angels; out of which frailty,
And want of wisdom, you, that best should teach us,
Have misdemeaned yourself, and not a little,
Toward the king first, then his laws, and filling
The whole realm, by your teaching, and your chaplains,
(For so we are informed,) with new opinions,
Divers, and dangerous; which are heresies,
And, not reformed, may prove pernicious.

Gar. Which reformation must be sudden too,
My noble lords; for those that tame wild horses,
Pace them not in their hands to make them gentle;
But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and spur them,
Till they obey the manage. If we suffer
(Out of our easiness, and childish pity
To one man's honor) this contagious sickness,
Farewell, all physic; and what follows then?
Commotions, uproars, with a general taint
Of the whole state; as of late days, our neighbors,
The upper Germany, can dearly witness,
Yet freshly pitied in our memories.

Cran. My good lords, hitherto, in all the progress
Both of my life and office, I have labored,
And with no little study, that my teaching,
And the strong course of my authority,
Might go one way, and safely; and the end
Was ever, to do well; nor is there living
(I speak it with a single heart, my lords)
A man that more detests, more stirs against,
Both in his private conscience, and his place,
Defacers of a public peace, than I do.
'Pray Heaven, the king may never find a heart
With less allegiance in it! Men that make
Envy and crooked malice, nourishment,
Dare bite the best. I do beseech your lordships,
That, in this case of justice, my accusers,
Be what they will, may stand forth face to face,
And freely urge against me.

Suf. Nay, my lord,
That cannot be; you are a counsellor,
And, by that virtue, no man dare accuse you.

Gar. My lord, because we have business of more moment,
We will be short with you. 'Tis his highness' pleasure,
And our consent, for better trial of you,
From hence you be committed to the Tower;
Where, being but a private man again,

You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,
More than, I fear, you are provided for.

Cran. Ah, my good lord of Winchester, I thank you,
You are always my good friend; if your will pass,
I shall both find your lordship judge and juror,
You are so merciful. I see your end;
'Tis my undoing. Love and meekness, lord,
Become a churchman better than ambition;
Win straying souls with modesty again,
Cast none away. That I shall clear myself,
Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,
I make as little doubt, as you do conscience,
In doing daily wrongs. I could say more,
But reverence to your calling makes me modest

Gar. My lord, my lord, you are a sectary,
That's the plain truth; your painted gloss discovers,
To men that understand you, words and weakness.

Crom. My lord of Winchester, you are a little,
By your good favor, too sharp; men so noble,
However faulty, yet should find respect
For what they have been: 'tis a cruelty,
To load a falling man.

Gar. Good master secretary,
I cry your honor mercy; you may, worst
Of all this table, say so.

Crom. Why, my lord?

Gar. Do not I know you for a favorer
Of this new sect? Ye are not sound.

Crom. Not sound?

Gar. Not sound, I say.

Crom. 'Would you were half so honest;
Men's prayers then would seek you, not their fears.

Gar. I shall remember this bold language.

Crom. Do.

Remember your bold life too.

Chan. This is too much;
Forbear, for shame, my lords.

Gar. I have done.

Crom. And I.

Chan. Then thus for you, my lord:—It stands agreed,
I take it, by all voices, that forthwith
You be conveyed to the Tower a prisoner;
There to remain, till the king's further pleasure
Be known unto us. Are you all agreed, lords?

All. We are.

Cran. Is there no other way of mercy,
But I must needs to the Tower, my lords?

Gar. What other
Would you expect? You are strangely troublesome!
Let some of the guard be ready there.

Enter Guard.

Cran. For me?
Must I go like a traitor thither?

Gar. Receive him,
And see him safe i' the Tower.

Cran. Stay, good my lords,
I have a little yet to say. Look there, my lords;
By virtue of that ring, I take my cause
Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it
To a most noble judge, the king my master.

Chan. This is the king's ring.

Sur. 'Tis no counterfeit.

Suf. 'Tis the right ring, by Heaven: I told ye all,
When we first put this dangerous stone a rolling,
'Twould fall upon ourselves.

Nor. Do you think, my lords,
The king will suffer but the little finger
Of this man to be vexed?

Chan. 'Tis now too certain.
How much more is his life in value with him!
'Would I were fairly out on't.

Crom. My mind gave me,
In seeking tales and informations
Against this man, (whose honesty the devil
And his disciples only envy at,)
Ye blew the fire that burns ye. Now have at ye.

Enter the King, frowning on them; takes his seat.

Gar. Dread sovereign, how much are we bound to Heaven
In daily thanks, that gave us such a prince!
Not only good and wise, but most religious;
One that, in all obedience makes the church
The chief aim of his honor; and, to strengthen
That holy duty, out of dear respect,
His royal self in judgment comes to hear
The cause betwixt her and this great offender.

K. Hen. You were ever good at sudden commendations,
Bishop of Winchester. But know, I come not
To hear such flattery now, and in my presence;
They are too thin and bare to hide offences.

To me you cannot reach; you play the spaniel,
And think with wagging of your tongue to win me;
But, whatsoe'er thou tak'st me for, I am sure,
Thou hast a cruel nature, and a bloody.—
Good man, [*To CRANMER.*] sit down. Now let me see the
proudest

He, that dares most, but wag his finger at thee.
By all that's holy, he had better starve,
Than but once think his place becomes thee not.

Sur. May it please your grace,—

K. Hen. No, sir, it does not please me.
I had thought, I had had men of some understanding
And wisdom of my council; but I find none.
Was it discretion, lords, to let this man,
This good man, (few of you deserve that title,)
This honest man, wait like a lousy footboy
At chamber door? and one as great as you are?
Why, what a shame was this! Did my commission
Bid ye so far forget yourselves? I gave ye
Power as he was a counsellor to try him,
Not as a groom. There's some of ye, I see,
More out of malice than integrity,
Would try him to the utmost, had ye mean;
Which ye shall never have, while I live.

Chan. Thus far,
My most dread sovereign, may it like your grace
To let my tongue excuse all. What was purposed
Concerning his imprisonment, was rather
(If there be faith in men) meant for his trial,
And fair purgation to the world, than malice;
I am sure, in me.

K. Hen. Well, well, my lords, respect him;
'Take him, and use him well; he's worthy of it.
I will say thus much for him,—If a prince
May be beholden to a subject, I
Am, for his love and service, so to him.
Make me no more ado, but all embrace him;
Be friends, for shame, my lords.—My lord of Canterbury,
I have a suit which you must not deny me;
That is, a fair young maid that yet wants baptism;
You must be godfather, and answer for her.

Cran. The greatest monarch now alive may glory
In such an honor; how may I deserve it,
That am a poor and humble subject to you?

K. Hen. Come, come, my lord, you'd spare your spoons,
you shall have

Two noble partners with you; the old duchess of Norfolk,
And lady marquis Dorset. Will these please you?
Once more, my lord of Winchester, I charge you,
Embrace, and love this man.

Gar. With a true heart,
And brother-love, I do it.

Cran. And let Heaven
Witness, how dear I hold this confirmation.

K. Hen. Good man, those joyful tears show thy true heart.
The common voice, I see, is verified
Of thee, which says thus, *Do my lord of Canterbury*
A shrewd turn, and he is your friend forever.—
Come, lords, we trifle time away; I long
To have this young one made a Christian.
As I have made ye one, lords, one remain;
So I grow stronger, you more honor gain. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The Palace Yard.*

Noise and tumult within. Enter Porter and his Man.

Port. You'll leave your noise anon, ye rascals. Do you
take the court for Paris-garden? Ye rude slaves, leave
your gaping.

[Within.] Good master porter, I belong to the larder.

Port. Belong to the gallows, and be hanged, you rogue.
Is this a place to roar in?—Fetch me a dozen crab-tree
staves, and strong ones; these are but switches to them.—
I'll scratch your heads. You must be seeing christenings?
Do you look for ale and cakes here, you rude rascals?

Man. Pray, sir, be patient; 'tis as much impossible
(Unless we sweep them from the door with cannons)
To scatter them, as 'tis to make them sleep
On May-day morning; which will never be.

We may as well push against Paul's, as stir them

Port. How got they in, and be hanged?

Man. Alas, I know not; how gets the tide in?
As much as one sound cudgel of four foot
(You see the poor remainder) could distribute,
I made no spare, sir.

Port. You did nothing, sir.

Man. I am not Samson, nor sir Guy, nor Colbrand, to
mow them down before me; but, if I spared any, that had
a head to it, either young or old, he or she, cuckold or cuck-
old-maker. let me never hope to see a chine again; and that
I would not for a cow, God save her.

[*Within.*] Do you hear, master porter?

Port. I shall be with you presently, good master puppy.
—Keep the door close, sirrah.

Man. What would you have me do?

Port. What should you do, but knock them down by the dozens? Is this Moorfields to muster in? or have we some strange Indian with the great tool come to court, the women so besiege us? Bless me, what a fry of fornication is at door! On my Christian conscience, this one christening will beget a thousand; here will be father, godfather, and all together.

Man. The spoons will be the bigger, sir. There is a fellow somewhat near the door; he should be a brazier by his face; for, o' my conscience, twenty of the dog-days now reign in's nose; all that stand about him are under the line; they need no other penance. That fire-drake did I hit three times on the head, and three times was his nose discharged against me; he stands there, like a mortar-piece, to blow us. There was a haberdasher's wife of small wit near him, that railed upon me till her pinked porringer fell off her head, for kindling such a combustion in the state. I missed the meteor once, and hit that woman, who cried out, *Clubs!* when I might see from far some forty truncheoners draw to her succor, which were the hope of the Strand, where she was quartered. They fell on; I made good my place; at length they came to the broomstaff with me; I defied them still; when suddenly a file of boys behind them, loose shot, delivered such a shower of pebbles, that I was fain to draw mine honor in, and let them win the work. The devil was amongst them, I think, surely.

Port. These are the youths that thunder at a play-house, and fight for bitten apples; that no audience, but the tribulation of Tower-hill, or the limbs of Lime-house, their dear brothers, are able to endure. I have some of them in *Limbo Patrum*, and there they are like to dance these three days; besides the running banquet of two beadles, that is to come.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Mercy o' me, what a multitude are here!
They grow still too; from all parts they are coming,
As if we kept a fair here! Where are these porters,
These lazy knaves?—Ye have made a fine hand, fellows.
There's a trim rabble let in. Are all these
Your faithful friends o' the suburbs? We shall have

Great store of room, no doubt, left for the ladies,
When they pass back from the christening.

Port. An't please your honor
We are but men; and what so many may do,
Not being torn a pieces, we have done.
An army cannot rule them.

Cham. As I live,
If the king blame me for't, I'll lay ye all
By the heels, and suddenly; and on your heads
Clap round fines, for neglect. You are lazy knaves;
And here ye lie baiting of bumbards, when
Ye should do service. Hark, the trumpets sound;
They are come already from the christening.
Go, break among the press, and find a way out
To let the troop pass fairly; or I'll find
A Marshalsea, shall hold you play these two months.

Port. Make way there for the princess.

Man. You great fellow, stand close up, or I'll make your
head ache.

Port. You i' the camlet, get up o' the rail; I'll pick you
o'er the pales else. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The Palace.*

Enter trumpets, sounding; then two Aldermen, Lord Mayor, Garter, CRANMER, DUKE of NORFOLK, with his marshal's staff, DUKE of SUFFOLK, two Noblemen bearing great standing-bowls for the christening gifts; then four Noblemen bearing a canopy, under which the DUCHESS of NORFOLK, godmother, bearing the Child richly habited in a mantle, &c. Train borne by a Lady; then follows the MARCHIONESS of DORSET, the other godmother, and Ladies. The troop pass once about the stage, and Garter speaks.

Gart. Heaven, from thy endless goodness, send prosperous life, long, and ever happy, to the high and mighty princess of England, Elizabeth.

Flourish. Enter King and Train.

Cran. [*Kneeling.*] And to your royal grace, and the good queen,
My noble partners, and myself, thus pray:—
All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady,
Heaven ever laid up to make parents happy,
May hourly fall upon ye!

K. Hen. Thank you, good lord archbishop;
What is her name?

Cran.

Elizabeth.

K. Hen.

Stand up, lord.—

[*The King kisses the Child.*

With this kiss take my blessing. God protect thee!
Into whose hands I give thy life.

Cran.

Amen.

K. Hen. My noble gossips, ye have been too prodigal.
I thank ye heartily; so shall this lady,
When she has so much English.

Cran. Let me speak, sir,
For Heaven now bids me; and the words I utter
Let none think flattery, for they'll find them truth.
This royal infant, (Heaven, still move about her!)
Though in her cradle, yet now promises
Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,
Which time shall bring to ripeness. She shall be
(But few now living can behold that goodness)
A pattern to all princes living with her,
And all that shall succeed. Sheba was never
More covetous of wisdom and fair virtue,
Than this pure soul shall be. All princely graces,
That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,
With all the virtues that attend the good,
Shall still be doubled on her. Truth shall nurse her,
Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her.
She shall be loved and feared; her own shall bless her;
Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,
And hang their heads with sorrow. Good grows with her:
In her days, every man shall eat in safety,
Under his own vine, what he plants; and sing
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbors.
God shall be truly known; and those about her
From her shall read the perfect ways of honor,
And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.
Nor shall this peace sleep with her; but as when
The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phoenix,
Her ashes new create another heir,
As great in admiration as herself;
So shall she leave her blessedness to one,
(When Heaven shall call her from this cloud of darkness,)
Who, from the sacred ashes of her honor,
Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,
And so stand fixed. Peace, plenty, love, truth, terror,
That were the servants to this chosen infant,
Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him,
Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,

His honor and the greatness of his name
 Shall be, and make new nations. He shall flourish,
 And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches
 To all the plains about him.—Our children's children
 Shall see this, and bless Heaven.

K. Hen. Thou speakest wonders.

Cran. She shall be, to the happiness of England,
 An aged princess; many days shall see her,
 And yet no day without a deed to crown it.
 'Would I had known no more! But she must die;
 She must; the saints must have her; yet a virgin,
 A most unspotted lily shall she pass
 To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her.

K. Hen. O lord archbishop,
 Thou hast made me now a man; never, before
 This happy child, did I get any thing.
 This oracle of comfort has so pleased me,
 That, when I am in heaven, I shall desire
 To see what this child does, and praise my Maker.—
 I thank ye all.—To you, my good lord mayor,
 And your good brethren, I am much beholden;
 I have received much honor by your presence,
 And ye shall find me thankful. Lead the way, lords;
 Ye must all see the queen, and she must thank ye;
 She will be sick else. This day, no man think
 He has business at his house; for all shall stay;
 This little one shall make it holiday. [*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

'Tis ten to one, this play can never please
 All that are here. Some come to take their ease,
 And sleep an act or two; but those, we fear,
 We have frighted with our trumpets; so, 'tis clear,
 They'll say, '*Tis naught!* others, to hear the city
 Abused extremely, and to cry, *That's witty!*
 Which we have not done neither: that, I fear,
 All the expected good we are like to hear
 For this play at this time, is only in
 The merciful construction of good women;
 For such a one we showed them. If they smile,
 And say, '*Twill do!* I know, within a while
 All the best men are ours; for 'tis ill hap,
 If they hold, when their ladies bid them clap.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

PRIAM, *King of Troy*

HECTOR,
TROILUS,
PARIS,
DEIPHOBUS,
HELENUS, } *his Sons.*

ÆNEAS,
ANTENOR, } *Trojan Commanders.*

CALCHAS, *a Trojan Priest, taking part with the Greeks.*

PANDARUS, *Uncle to Cressida.*

MARGARELON, *a Bastard Son of Priam.*

AGAMEMNON, *the Grecian General.*

MENELAUS, *his Brother.*

ACHILLES,
AJAX,
ULYSSES,
NESTOR,
DIOMEDES,
PATROCLUS, } *Grecian Commanders.*

THERSITES, *a deformed and scurrilous Grecian.*

ALEXANDER, *Servant to Cressida.*

Servant to Troilus; Servant to Paris; Servant to Diomedes.

HELEN, *Wife to Menelaus.*

ANDROMACHE, *Wife to Hector.*

CASSANDRA, *Daughter to Priam; a Prophetess.*

CRESSIDA, *Daughter to Calchas.*

Trojan and Greek Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE. *Troy, and the Grecian Camp before it.*

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

PROLOGUE.

IN Troy, there lies the scene. From isles of Greece
The princes orgulous, their high blood chafed,
Have to the port of Athens sent their ships,
Fraught with the ministers and instruments
Of cruel war. Sixty and nine, that wore
Their crownets regal, from the Athenian bay
Put forth toward Phrygia. And their vow is made,
To ransack Troy; within whose strong immures
The ravished Helen, Menelaus' queen,
With wanton Paris sleeps. And that's the quarrel.
To Tenedos they come;
And the deep-drawing barks do there disgorge
Their warlike fraughtage. Now on Dardan plains
The fresh and yet unbruised Greeks do pitch
Their brave pavilions: Priam's six-gated city,
Dardan, and Tymbria, Ilias, Chetas, Trojan,
And Antenorides, with many staples,
And corresponsive and fulfilling bolts,
Sperr up the sons of Troy.
Now expectation, tickling skittish spirits,
On one and other side, Trojan and Greek,
Sets all on hazard. And hither am I come,
A prologue armed,—but not in confidence
Of author's pen, or actor's voice; but suited
In like conditions as our argument,—
To tell you, fair beholders, that our play
Leaps o'er the vaunt and firstlings of those broils,
'Ginning in the middle; starting thence away
To what may be digested in a play.
Like or find fault; do as your pleasures are;
Now good, or bad, 'tis but the chance of war.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Troy. *Before Priam's Palace.**Enter* TROILUS, *armed, and* PANDARUS.

Troilus. CALL here my varlet, I'll unarm again:
 Why should I war without the walls of Troy,
 That find such cruel battle here within?
 Each Trojan, that is master of his heart,
 Let him to field; Troilus, alas! hath none.

Pan. Will this gear ne'er be mended?

Tro. The Greeks are strong, and skilful to their strength,
 Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceness valiant;
 But I am weaker than a woman's tear,
 Tamer than sleep, fonder than ignorance;
 Less valiant than the virgin in the night,
 And skillless as unpractised infancy.

Pan. Well, I have told you enough of this; for my part,
 I'll not meddle nor make no further. He that will have a
 cake out of the wheat, must tarry the grinding.

Tro. Have I not tarried?

Pan. Ay, the grinding; but you must tarry the bolting.

Tro. Have I not tarried?

Pan. Ay, the bolting; but you must tarry the leavening.

Tro. Still have I tarried.

Pan. Ay, to the leavening; but here's yet in the word—
 hereafter, the kneading, the making of the cake, the heating
 of the oven, and the baking; nay, you must stay the cool-
 ing too, or you may chance to burn your lips.

Tro. Patience herself, what goddess e'er she be,
 Doth lesser blench at sufferance than I do.
 At Priam's royal table do I sit;
 And when fair Cressid comes into my thoughts,
 So, traitor!—when she comes!—When is she thence?

Pan. Well, she looked yesternight fairer than ever I saw
 her look, or any woman else.

Tro. I was about to tell thee,—When my heart,
 As wedged with a sigh, would rive in twain,
 Lest Hector or my father should perceive me,
 I have (as when the sun doth light a storm)
 Buried this sigh in wrinkle of a smile;
 But sorrow, that is couched in seeming gladness,
 Is like that mirth fate turns to sudden sadness.

Pan. An her hair were not somewhat darker than Helen's,
 (well, go to,) there were no more comparison between the

women.—But, for my part, she is my kinswoman; I would not, as they term it, praise her,—But I would somebody had heard her talk yesterday, as I did. I will not dispraise your sister Cassandra's wit; but—

Tro. O Pandarus! I tell thee, Pandarus,—
When I do tell thee, There my hopes lie drowned,
Reply not in how many fathoms deep
They lie indrenched. I tell thee, I am mad
In Cressid's love. Thou answerest, She is fair;
Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart
Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait, her voice:
Handlest in thy discourse—O, that her hand!
In whose comparison all whites are ink,
Writing their own reproach; to whose soft seizure
The cygnet down is harsh, and spirit of sense
Hard as the palm of ploughmen! This thou tell'st me,
As true thou tell'st me, when I say—I love her;
But, saying thus, instead of oil and balm,
Thou lay'st in every gash that love hath given me
The knife that made it.

Pan. I speak no more than truth.

Tro. Thou dost not speak so much.

Pan. 'Faith, I'll not meddle in't. Let her be as she is;
if she be fair, 'tis the better for her; an she be not, she has
the mends in her own hands.

Tro. Good Pandarus! How now, Pandarus?

Pan. I have had my labor for my travel; ill thought on
of her, and ill thought on of you; gone between and between,
but small thanks for my labor.

Tro. What, art thou angry, Pandarus? what, with me?

Pan. Because she is kin to me, therefore she's not so fair
as Helen: an she were not kin to me, she would be as fair
on Friday as Helen is on Sunday. But what care I? I care
not, an she were a black-a-moor; 'tis all one to me.

Tro. Say I, she is not fair?

Pan. I do not care whether you do or no. She's a fool
to stay behind her father; let her to the Greeks; and so I'll
tell her the next time I see her: for my part, I'll meddle
nor make no more in the matter.

Tro. Pandarus,—

Pan. Not I.

Tro. Sweet Pandarus,—

Pan. Pray you, speak no more to me; I will leave all
as I found it, and there an end.

[*Exit* PANDARUS. *An alarum.*

Tro. Peace, you ungracious clamors! peace, rude sounds!

Fools on both sides!—Helen must needs be fair,
 When with your blood you daily paint her thus.
 I cannot fight upon this argument;
 It is too starved a subject for my sword.
 But, Pandarus—O gods, how do you plague me!
 I cannot come to Cressid, but by Pandar;
 And he's as tetchy to be wooed to woo,
 As she is stubborn-chaste against all suit.
 Tell me, Apollo, for thy Daphne's love,
 What Cressid is, what Pandar, and what we?
 Her bed is India; there she lies, a pearl;
 Between our Ilium, and where she resides,
 Let it be called the wild and wandering flood;
 Ourself the merchant; and this sailing Pandar,
 Our doubtful hope, our convoy, and our bark.

Alarum. Enter ÆNEAS.

Æne. How now, prince Troilus? wherefore not afield?

Tro. Because not there. This woman's answer sorts,
 For womanish it is to be from thence.

What news, Æneas, from the field to-day?

Æne. That Paris is returned home, and hurt.

Tro. By whom, Æneas?

Æne. Troilus, by Menelaus.

Tro. Let Paris bleed: 'tis but a scar to scorn;
 Paris is gored with Menelaus' horn. [*Alarum.*

Æne. Hark! what good sport is out of town to-day!

Tro. Better at home, if *would I might* were *may*.—
 But, to the sport abroad;—Are you bound thither?

Æne. In all swift haste.

Tro. Come, go we then together.
 [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. A Street.*

Enter CRESSIDA and ALEXANDER.

Cres. Who were those went by?

Alex. Queen Hecuba and Helen.

Cres. And whither go they?

Alex. Up to the eastern tower,
 Whose height commands as subject all the vale,
 To see the battle. Hector, whose patience
 Is, as a virtue, fixed, to-day was moved:
 He chid Andromache, and struck his armorer.
 And, like as there were husbandry in war,
 Before the sun rose, he was harnessed light.

And to the field goes he; where every flower
Did, as a prophet, weep what it foresaw
In Hector's wrath.

Cres. What was his cause of anger?

Alex. The noise goes, this:—There is among the Greeks,
A lord of Trojan blood, nephew to Hector;
They call him Ajax.

Cres. Good; and what of him?

Alex. They say he is a very man *per se*,
And stands alone.

Cres. So do all men; unless they are drunk, sick, or have
no legs.

Alex. This man, lady, hath robbed many beasts of their
particular additions; he is as valiant as the lion, churlish as
the bear, slow as the elephant; a man into whom nature
hath so crowded humors that his valor is crushed into folly,
his folly sauced with discretion; there is no man hath a vir-
tue that he hath not a glimpse of; nor any man an attaint,
but he carries some stain of it; he is melancholy without
cause, and merry against the hair; He hath the joints of
every thing; but every thing so out of joint, that he is a
gouty Briareus, many hands and no use; or purblind Argus,
all eyes and no sight.

Cres. But how should this man, that makes me smile,
make Hector angry?

Alex. They say, he yesterday coped Hector in the battle,
and struck him down; the disdain and shame whereof hath
ever since kept Hector fasting and waking.

Enter PANDARUS.

Cres. Who comes here?

Alex. Madam, your uncle Pandarus.

Cres. Hector's a gallant man.

Alex. As may be in the world, lady.

Pan. What's that? what's that?

Cres. Good morrow, uncle Pandarus.

Pan. Good morrow, cousin Cressid. What do you talk
of?—Good morrow, Alexander.—How do you, cousin?
When were you at Ilium?

Cres. This morning, uncle.

Pan. What were you talking of, when I came? Was
Hector armed, and gone, ere ye came to Ilium? Helen was
not up, was she?

Cres. Hector was gone; but Helen was not up.

Pan. E'en so; Hector was stirring early.

Cres. That were we talking of, and of his anger.

Pan. Was he angry?

Cres. So he says here.

Pan. True, he was so; I know the cause too: he'll lay about him to-day, I can tell them that; and there is Troilus will not come far behind him; let them take heed of Troilus; I can tell them that too.

Cres. What, is he angry too?

Pan. Who, Troilus? Troilus is the better man of the two.

Cres. O Jupiter! there's no comparison.

Pan. What, not between Troilus and Hector? Do you know a man if you see him?

Cres. Ay, if ever I saw him before, and knew him.

Pan. Well, I say, Troilus is Troilus.

Cres. Then you say as I say; for I am sure, he is not Hector.

Pan. No, nor Hector is not Troilus, in some degrees.

Cres. 'Tis just to each of them; he is himself.

Pan. Himself? Alas, poor Troilus! I would he were,—

Cres. So he is.

Pan. — Condition, I had gone barefoot to India.

Cres. He is not Hector.

Pan. Himself? no, he's not himself—'Would 'a were himself! Well, the gods are above; Time must friend or end. Well, Troilus, well,—I would my heart were in her body!—No, Hector is not a better man than Troilus.

Cres. Excuse me.

Pan. He is elder.

Cres. Pardon me, pardon me.

Pan. The other's not come to't; you shall tell me another tale when the other's come to't. Hector shall not have his wit this year.

Cres. He shall not need it, if he have his own.

Pan. Nor his qualities;—

Cres. No matter.

Pan. Nor his beauty.

Cres. 'Twould not become him; his own's better.

Pan. You have no judgment, niece. Helen herself swore the other day, that Troilus, for a brown favor, (for so 'tis, I must confess,)—Not brown neither.

Cres. No, but brown.

Pan. 'Faith, to say truth, brown and not brown.

Cres. To say the truth, true and not true.

Pan. She praised his complexion above Paris.

Cres. Why, Paris hath color enough.

Pan. So he has.

Cres. Then, Troilus should have too much. If she praised

him above, his complexion is higher than his; he having color enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praise for a good complexion. I had as lief Helen's golden tongue had commended Troilus for a copper nose.

Pan. I swear to you, I think Helen loves him better than Paris.

Cres. Then she's a merry Greek, indeed.

Pan. Nay, I am sure she does. She came to him the other day into the compassed window,—and, you know, he has not past three or four hairs on his chin.

Cres. Indeed, a tapster's arithmetic may soon bring his particulars therein to a total.

Pan. Why, he is very young; and yet will he, within three pound, lift as much as his brother Hector.

Cres. Is he so young a man, and so old a lifter!

Pan. But, to prove to you that Helen loves him;—she came, and puts me her white hand to his cloven chin,——

Cres. Juno have mercy!—How came it cloven?

Pan. Why, you know, 'tis dimpled. I think his smiling becomes him better than any man in all Phrygia.

Cres. O, he smiles valiantly.

Pan. Does he not?

Cres. O yes, an 'twere a cloud in autumn.

Pan. Why, go to, then:—But to prove to you that Helen loves Troilus,——

Cres. Troilus will stand to the proof, if you'll prove it so.

Pan. Troilus? why, he esteems her no more than I esteem an addle egg.

Cres. If you love an addle egg as well as you love an idle head, you would eat chickens i' the shell.

Pan. I cannot choose but laugh to think how she tickled his chin;—indeed, she has a marvellous white hand, I must needs confess.

Cres. Without the rack.

Pan. And she takes upon her to spy a white hair on his chin.

Cres. Alas, poor chin! many a wart is richer.

Pan. But there was such laughing;—queen Hecuba laughed, that her eyes ran o'er.

Cres. With mill-stones.

Pan. And Cassandra laughed.

Cres. But there was a more temperate fire under the pot of her eyes;—Did her eyes run o'er too?

Pan. And Hector laughed.

Cres. At what was all this laughing?

Pan. Marry, at the white hair that Helen spied on Troilus' chin.

Cres. An't had been a green hair, I should have laughed too.

Pan. They laughed not so much at the hair, as at his pretty answer.

Cres. What was his answer?

Pan. Quoth she, *Here's but one-and-fifty hairs on your chin, and one of them is white.*

Cres. This is her question.

Pan. That's true; make no question of that. *One-and-fifty hairs*, quoth he, *and one white. That white hair is my father, and all the rest are his sons. Jupiter!* quoth she, *which of these hairs is Paris, my husband?* *The forked one*, quoth he; *pluck it out, and give it him.* But, there was such laughing! and Helen so blushed, and Paris so chafed, and all the rest so laughed, that it passed.

Cres. So let it now; for it has been a great while going by.

Pan. Well, cousin, I told you a thing yesterday; think on't.

Cres. So I do.

Pan. I'll be sworn, 'tis true; he will weep you, an 'twere a man born in April.

Cres. And I'll spring up in his tears, an 'twere a nettle against May. *[A retreat sounded.]*

Pan. Hark, they are coming from the field. Shall we stand up here, and see them, as they pass toward Ilium? Good niece, do; sweet niece Cressida.

Cres. At your pleasure.

Pan. Here, here, here's an excellent place; here we may see most bravely. I'll tell you them all by their names, as they pass by; but mark Troilus above the rest.

ÆNEAS passes over the stage.

Cres. Speak not so loud.

Pan. That's Æneas; is not that a brave man? He's one of the flowers of Troy, I can tell you. But mark Troilus; you shall see anon.

Cres. Who's that?

ANTENOR passes over.

Pan. That's Antenor: he has a shrewd wit, I can tell you; and he's a man good enough; he's one o' the soundest judgments in Troy, whosoever, and a proper man of person.—When comes Troilus?—I'll show you Troilus anon; if he see me, you shall see him nod at me.

Cres. Will he give you the nod?

Pan. You shal' see.

Cres. If he do, the rich shall have more.

HECTOR *passes over.*

Pan. That's Hector, that, that, look you, that! There's a fellow!—Go thy way, Hector;—There's a brave man, niece. O brave Hector!—Look, how he looks! there's a countenance. Is't not a brave man?

Cres. O, a brave man!

Pan. Is 'a not? It does a man's heart good;—Look you what hacks are on his helmet! look you yonder, do you see? look you there! There's no jesting; there's laying on; take't off who will, as they say; there be hacks!

Cres. Be those with swords?

PARIS *passes over.*

Pan. Swords? Any thing, he cares not; an the devil come to him, it's all one. By God's lid, it does one's heart good.—Yonder comes Paris, yonder comes Paris: look ye yonder, niece; is't not a gallant man too, is't not?—Why, this is brave now.—Who said, he came hurt home to-day? he's not hurt; why, this will do Helen's heart good now. Ha! would I could see Troilus now!—you shall see Troilus anon.

Cres. Who's that?

HELENUS *passes over.*

Pan. That's Helenus,—I marvel where Troilus is.—That's Helenus; I think he went not forth to-day.—That's Helenus.

Cres. Can Helenus fight, uncle?

Pan. Helenus? no:—yes, he'll fight indifferent well.—I marvel where Troilus is!—Hark, do you not hear the people cry Troilus?—Helenus is a priest.

Cres. What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

TROILUS *passes over.*

Pan. Where? yonder? that's Deiphobus. 'Tis Troilus! there's a man, niece!—Hem!—Brave Troilus! the prince of chivalry!

Cres. Peace, for shame, peace!

Pan. Mark him; note him:—O brave Troilus!—look well upon him, niece; look you, how his sword is bloodied, and his helm more hacked than Hector's; and how he looks, and how he goes!—O admirable youth! he ne'er saw three-and-twenty. Go thy way, Troilus, go thy way; had I a

sister were a grace, or a daughter a goddess, he should take his choice. O admirable man! Paris?—Paris is dirt to him; and, I warrant, Helen, to change, would give an eye to boot.

Forces pass over the stage.

Cres. Here come more.

Pan. Asses, fools, dolts! chaff and bran, chaff and bran! porridge after meat! I could live and die i' the eyes of Troilus. Ne'er look, ne'er look; the eagles are gone; crows and daws, crows and daws! I had rather be such a man as Troilus, than Agamemnon and all Greece.

Cres. There is among the Greeks, Achilles; a better man than Troilus.

Pan. Achilles? a drayman, a porter, a very camel.

Cres. Well, well.

Pan. Well, well?—Why, have you any discretion? have you any eyes? Do you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality, and such like, the spice and salt that season a man?

Cres. Ay, a minced man; and then to be baked with no date in the pie,—for then the man's date is out.

Pan. You are such a woman! one knows not at what ward you lie.

Cres. Upon my back, to defend my belly; upon my wit, to defend my wiles; upon my secrecy, to defend mine honesty; my mask, to defend my beauty; and you, to defend all these; and at all these wards I lie, at a thousand watches.

Pan. Say one of your watches.

Cres. Nay, I'll watch you for that; and that's one of the chiefest of them too: if I cannot ward what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow; unless it swell past hiding, and then it is past watching.

Pan. You are such another!

Enter TROILUS' Boy.

Boy. Sir, my lord would instantly speak with you.

Pan. Where?

Boy. At your own house; there he unarms him.

Pan. Good boy, tell him I come; [Exit Boy.
I doubt he be hurt.—Fare ye well, good niece.

Cres. Adieu, uncle.

Pan. I'll be with you, niece, by and by.

Cres. To bring, uncle,——

Pan. Ay, a token from Troilus.

Cres. By the same token—you are a bawd.—

[*Exit* PANDARUS.]

Words, vows, griefs, tears, and love's full sacrifice,
He offers in another's enterprise:
But more in Troilus thousand fold I see
Than in the glass of Pandar's praise may be;
Yet hold I off. Women are angels, wooing;
Things won are done, joy's soul lies in the doing:
That she beloved knows nought that knows not this,—
Men prize the thing ungained more than it is;
That she was never yet, that ever knew
Love got so sweet, as when desire did sue.
Therefore this maxim out of love I teach,—
Achievement is command; ungained, beseech;
Then though my heart's content firm love doth bear,
Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III. *The Grecian Camp. Before Agamemnon's Tent.*

Trumpets. Enter AGAMEMNON, NESTOR, ULYSSES, MENELAUS, *and others.*

Agam. Princes,
What grief hath set the jaundice on your cheeks?
The ample proposition, that hope makes
In all designs begun on earth below,
Fails in the promised largeness; checks and disasters
Grow in the veins of actions highest reared;
As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap,
Infect the sound pine, and divert his grain
Tortive and errant from his course of growth.
Nor, princes, is it matter new to us,
That we come short of our suppose so far,
That, after seven years' siege, yet Troy walls stand;
Sith every action that hath gone before,
Whereof we have record, trial did draw
Bias and thwart, not answering the aim,
And that unbodied figure of the thought
That gave't surmised shape. Why, then, you princes,
Do you with cheeks abashed behold our works;
And think them shames, which are, indeed, nought else
But the protractive trials of great Jove,
To find persistive constancy in men?
The fineness of which metal is not found

In fortune's love; for then, the bold and coward,
The wise and fool, the artist and unread,
The hard and soft, seem all affined and kin;
But, in the wind and tempest of her frown,
Distinction, with a broad and powerful fan,
Puffing at all, winnows the light away;
And what hath mass, or matter, by itself
Lies rich in virtue, and unmingled.

Nest. With due observance of thy godlike seat,
Great Agamemnon, Nestor shall apply
Thy latest words. In the reproof of chance
Lies the true proof of men. The sea being smooth,
How many shallow, bawble boats dare sail
Upon her patient breast, making their way
With those of nobler bulk;
But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage
The gentle Thetis, and, anon, behold
The strong-ribbed bark through liquid mountains cut,
Bounding between the two moist elements,
Like Perseus' horse. Where's then the saucy boat,
Whose weak, untimbered sides but even now
Co-rivalled greatness? either to harbor fled,
Or made a toast for Neptune. Even so
Doth valor's show, and valor's worth, divide
In storms of fortune; for, in her ray and brightness,
The herd hath more annoyance by the brize,
Than by the tiger; but when the splitting wind
Makes flexible the knees of knotted oaks,
And flies fled under shade, why, then, the thing of courage,
As roused with rage, with rage doth sympathize,
And, with an accent tuned in self-same key,
Returns to chiding fortune.

Ulyss. Agamemnon,—
Thou great commander, nerve and bone of Greece,
Heart of our numbers, soul and only spirit,
In whom the tempers and the minds of all
Should be shut up,—hear what Ulysses speaks.
Besides the applause and approbation
The which,—most mighty for thy place and sway,—
[To AGAMEMNON.
And thou, most reverend for thy stretched-out life,—
[To NESTOR.
I give to both your speeches,—which were such,
As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece
Should hold up high in brass; and such again,
As venerable Nestor, hatched in silver,

Should with a bond of air (strong as the axletree
On which heaven rides) knit all the Greekish ears
To his experienced tongue,—yet let it please both,—
Thou great,—and wise,—to hear Ulysses speak.

Agam. Speak, prince of Ithaca; and be't of less expect
That matter needless, of importless burden,
Divide thy lips; than we are confident,
When rank Thersites opes his mastiff jaws,
We shall hear music, wit, and oracle.

Ulyss. Troy, yet upon his basis, had been down,
And the great Hector's sword had lacked a master,
But for these instances,
The specialty of rule hath been neglected:
And, look, how many Grecian tents do stand
Hollow upon this plain, so many hollow factions.
When that the general is not like the hive,
To whom the foragers shall all repair,
What honey is expected? Degree being vizarded,
The unworthiest shows as fairly in the mask.
The heavens themselves, the planets, and this centre,
Observe degree, priority, and place,
Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
Office, and custom, in all line of order;
And therefore is the glorious planet, Sol,
In noble eminence enthroned and sphered
Amidst the other; whose medicinable eye
Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,
And posts, like the commandment of a king,
Sans check, to good and bad. But when the planets,
In evil mixture, to disorder wander,
What plagues, and what portents? what mutiny?
What raging of the sea? shaking of earth?
Commotion in the winds? frights, changes, horrors,
Divert and crack, rend and deracinate
The unity and married calm of states
Quite from their fixture? O, when degree is shaken,
Which is the ladder of all high designs,
The enterprise is sick! How could communities,
Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in cities,
Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,
The primogenitive and due of birth,
Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels,
But by degree, stand in authentic place?
Take but degree away, untune that string,
And, hark, what discord follows! each thing meets
In mere oppugnancy. The bounded waters

Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,
And make a sop of all this solid globe.
Strength should be lord of imbecility,
And the rude son should strike his father dead.
Force should be right; or, rather, right and wrong,
(Between whose endless jar justice resides,)
Should lose their names, and so should justice too.
Then every thing includes itself in power,
Power into will, will into appetite;
And appetite, an universal wolf,
So doubly seconded with will and power,
Must make perforce an universal prey,
And, last, eat up himself. Great Agamemnon,
This chaos, when degree is suffocate,
Follows the choking.

And this neglection of degree it is,
That by a pace goes backward, with a purpose
It hath to climb. The general's disdained
By him one step below; he, by the next;
That next, by him beneath; so every step,
Exampled by the first pace that is sick
Of his superior, grows to an envious fever
Of pale and bloodless emulation;
And 'tis this fever that keeps Troy on foot,
Not her own sinews. To end a tale of length,
Troy in our weakness stands, not in her strength.

Nest. Most wisely hath Ulysses here discovered
The fever whereof all our power is sick.

Agam. The nature of the sickness found, Ulysses,
What is the remedy?

Ulyss. The great Achilles,—whom opinion crowns
The sinew and the forehand of our host,—
Having his ear full of his airy fame,
Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent
Lies mocking our designs. With him, Patroclus,
Upon a lazy bed the livelong day
Breaks scurril jests;
And with ridiculous and awkward action,
(Which, slanderer, he imitation calls,)
He pageants us. Sometime, great Agamemnon,
Thy topless deputation he puts on;
And, like a strutting player,—whose conceit
Lies in his hamstring, and doth think it rich
To hear the wooden dialogue and sound
'Twixt his stretched footing and the scaffoldage,
Such to-be-pitied and o'er-wrested seeming

He acts thy greatness in: and when he speaks,
'Tis like a chime a-mending; with terms unsquared,
Which, from the tongue of roaring Typhon dropped,
Would seem hyperboles. At this fusty stuff,
The large Achilles, on his pressed bed lolling,
From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause;
Cries—*Excellent!*—'tis Agamemnon *just*.—

*Now play me Nestor;—hem, and stroke thy beard,
As he, being dressed to some oration.*

That's done;—as near as the extremest ends
Of parallels; as like as Vulcan and his wife;
Yet good Achilles still cries, *Excellent!*

*'Tis Nestor right! Now play him me, Patroclus,
Arming to answer in a night alarm.*

And then, forsooth, the faint defects of age
Must be the scene of mirth; to cough and spit,
And, with a palsy-fumbling on his gorget,
Shake in and out the rivet;—and at this sport
Sir Valor dies; cries, *O!—enough*, Patroclus;—
*Or give me ribs of steel; I shall split all
In pleasure of my spleen.* And in this fashion,
All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,
Severals and generals of grace exact,
Achievements, plots, orders, preventions,
Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,
Success, or loss, what is, or is not, serves
As stuff for these two to make paradoxes.

Nest. And in the imitation of these twain,
(Whom, as Ulysses says, opinion crowns
With an imperial voice,) many are infect.
Ajax is grown self-willed; and bears his head
In such a rein, in full as proud a place
As broad Achilles; keeps his tent like him;
Makes factious feasts; rails on our state of war,
Bold as an oracle; and sets Thersites
(A slave, whose gall coins slanders like a mint)
To match us in comparisons with dirt;
To weaken and discredit our exposure.
How rank soever rounded in with danger.

Ulyss. They tax our policy, and call it cowardice;
Count wisdom as no member of the war;
Forestall prescience, and esteem no act
But that of hand: the still and mental parts,—
That do contrive how many hands shall strike,
When fitness calls them on; and know, by measure
Of their observant toil, the enemies' weight,—

Why, this hath not a finger's dignity.
 They call this — bed-work, mappery, closet-war;
 So that the ram, that batters down the wall,
 For the great swing and rudeness of his poise,
 They place before his hand that made the engine;
 Or those that, with the fineness of their souls,
 By reason guide his execution.

Nest. Let this be granted, and Achilles' horse
 Makes many Thetis' sons. *[Trumpet sounds.*

Agam. What trumpet? look, Menelaus.

Enter ÆNEAS.

Men. From Troy.

Agam. What would you 'fore our tent?

Æne. Is this

Great Agamemnon's tent, I pray?

Agam. Even this.

Æne. May one, that is a herald, and a prince,
 Do a fair message to his kingly ears?

Agam. With surety stronger than Achilles' arm
 'Fore all the Greekish heads, which with one voice
 Call Agamemnon head and general.

Æne. Fair leave, and large security. How may
 A stranger to those most imperial looks,
 Know them from eyes of other mortals?

Agam. How?

Æne. Ay;

I ask, that I might waken reverence,
 And bid the cheek be ready with a blush
 Modest as morning when she coldly eyes
 The youthful Phœbus.

Which is that god in office, guiding men?

Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon?

Agam. This Trojan scorns us; or the men of Troy
 Are ceremonious courtiers.

Æne. Courtiers as free, as debonair, unarmed,
 As bending angels; that's their fame in peace.
 But when they would seem soldiers, they have galls,
 Good arms, strong joints, true swords; and, Jove's accord;—
 Nothing so full of heart. But peace, Æneas,
 Peace, Trojan; lay thy finger on thy lips!
 The worthiness of praise distains his worth,
 If that the praised himself bring the praise forth;
 But what the repining enemy commends,
 That breath fame follows; that praise, sole pure, transcends.

Agam. Sir, you of Troy, call you yourself Æneas?

Æne. Ay, Greek, that is my name.

Agam. What's your affair, I pray you?

Æne. Sir, pardon; 'tis for Agamemnon's ears.

Agam. He hears nought privately that comes from Troy.

Æne. Nor I from Troy came not to whisper him.

I bring a trumpet to awake his ear;
To set his sense on the attentive bent,
And then to speak.

Agam. Speak frankly as the wind;
It is not Agamemnon's sleeping hour:
That thou shalt know, Trojan, he is awake,
He tells thee so himself.

Æne. Trumpet, blow loud,
Send thy brass voice through all these lazy tents;—
And every Greek of mettle let him know,
What Troy means fairly, shall be spoke aloud.

[*Trumpet sounds.*]

We have, great Agamemnon, here in Troy,
A prince called Hector, (Priam is his father,)
Who in this dull and long-continued truce
Is rusty grown; he bade me take a trumpet,
And to this purpose speak. Kings, princes, lords!
If there be one among the fair'st of Greece,
That holds his honor higher than his ease;
That seeks his praise more than he fears his peril;
That knows his valor, and knows not his fear;
That loves his mistress more than in confession,
(With truant vows to her own lips he loves,)
And dare avow her beauty and her worth,
In other arms than hers,—to him this challenge:
Hector, in view of Trojans and of Greeks,
Shall make it good, or do his best to do it.
He hath a lady, wiser, fairer, truer,
Than ever Greek did compass in his arms;
And will to-morrow with his trumpet call,
Mid-way between your tents and walls of Troy,
To rouse a Grecian that is true in love.
If any come, Hector shall honor him;
If none, he'll say in Troy, when he retires,
The Grecian dames are sun-burned, and not worth
The splinter of a lance. Even so much.

Agam. This shall be told our lovers, lord *Æneas*;
If none of them have soul in such a kind,
We left them all at home. But we are soldiers;
And may that soldier a mere recreant prove,
That means not, hath not, or is not in love!

If then one is, or hath, or means to be,
That one meets Hector; if none else, I am he.

Nest. Tell him of Nestor, one that was a man
When Hector's grandsire sucked. He is old now;
But, if there be not in our Grecian host
One noble man, that hath one spark of fire
To answer for his love, tell him from me,—
I'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver,
And in my vantbrace put this withered brawn;
And, meeting him, will tell him, that my lady
Was fairer than his grandame, and as chaste
As may be in the world. His youth in flood,
I'll prove this truth with my three drops of blood.

Æne. Now Heavens forbid such scarcity of youth!

Ulyss. Amen.

Agam. Fair lord Æneas, let me touch your hand;
To our pavilion shall I lead you, sir.
Achilles shall have word of this intent;
So shall each lord of Greece, from tent to tent.
Yourself shall feast with us before you go,
And find the welcome of a noble foe.

[*Exeunt all but ULYSSES and NESTOR.*

Ulyss. Nestor,——

Nest. What says Ulysses?

Ulyss. I have a young conception in my brain;
Be you my time to bring it to some shape.

Nest. What is't?

Ulyss. This 'tis.

Blunt wedges rive hard knots. The seeded pride
That hath to this maturity blown up
In rank Achilles, must or now be cropped,
Or, shedding, breed a nursery of like evil,
To overbulk us all.

Nest. Well, and how?

Ulyss. This challenge that the gallant Hector sends,
However it is spread in general name,
Relates in purpose only to Achilles.

Nest. The purpose is perspicuous even as substance,
Whose grossness little characters sum up;
And in the publication make no strain,
But that Achilles, were his brain as barren
As banks of Libya,—though Apollo knows,
'Tis dry enough,—will with great speed of judgment,
Ay, with celerity, find Hector's purpose
Pointing on him.

Ulyss. And wake him to the answer, think you?

Nest.

Yes,

It is most meet. Whom may you else oppose,
That can from Hector bring those honors off,
If not Achilles! Though't be a sportful combat,
Yet in the trial much opinion dwells;
For here the Trojans taste our dear'st repute
With their fin'st palate. And trust to me, Ulysses,
Our imputation shall be oddly poised
In this wild action; for the success,
Although particular, shall give a scantling
Of good or bad unto the general;
And in such indexes, although small pricks
To their subsequent volumes, there is seen
The baby figure of the giant mass
Of things to come at large. It is supposed,
He that meets Hector, issues from our choice;
And choice, being mutual act of all our souls,
Makes merit her election; and doth boil,
As 'twere from forth us all, a man distilled
Out of our virtues; who miscarrying,
What heart receives from hence a conquering part,
To steel a strong opinion to themselves?
Which entertained, limbs are his instruments,
In no less working, than are swords and bows
Directive by the limbs.

Ulyss.

Give pardon to my speech;—

Therefore 'tis meet Achilles meet not Hector.
Let us, like merchants, show our foulest wares,
And think, perchance, they'll sell; if not,
The lustre of the better shall exceed,
By showing the worse first. Do not consent,
That ever Hector and Achilles meet;
For both our honor and our shame, in this,
Are dogged with two strange followers.

Nest. I see them not with my old eyes: what are they?

Ulyss. What glory our Achilles shares from Hector,
Were he not proud, we all should share with him:
But he already is too insolent;
And we were better parch in Afric sun,
Than in the pride and salt scorn of his eyes,
Should he 'scape Hector fair. If he were foiled,
Why, then we did our main opinion crush
In taint of our best man. No, make a lottery;
And, by device, let blockish Ajax draw
The sort to fight with Hector. Among ourselves,
Give him allowance for the better man,

For that will physic the great Myrmidon,
 Who broils in loud applause; and make him fall
 His crest, that prouder than blue Iris bends.
 If the dull, brainless Ajax come safe off,
 We'll dress him up in voices. If he fail,
 Yet go we under our opinion still,
 That we have better men. But, hit or miss,
 Our project's life this shape of sense assumes,—
 Ajax, employed, plucks down Achilles' plume.

Nest. Ulysses,
 Now I begin to relish thy advice;
 And I will give a taste of it forthwith
 To Agamemnon; go we to him straight.
 Two curs shall tame each other; pride alone
 Must tarre the mastiffs on, as 'twere their bone. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Another Part of the Grecian Camp.*

Enter AJAX and THERSITES.

Ajax. Thersites,——

Ther. Agamemnon—how if he had boils? full, all over generally?

Ajax. Thersites,——

Ther. And those boils did run?—Say so,—did not the general run then? were not that a botchy core?

Ajax. Dog,——

Ther. Then would come some matter from him; I see none now.

Ajax. Thou bitch-wolf's son, canst thou not hear? Feel, then. [*Strikes him.*

Ther. The plague of Greece upon thee, thou mongrel, beef-witted lord!

Ajax. Speak, then, thou unsalted leaven, speak! I will beat thee into handsomeness.

Ther. I shall sooner rail thee into wit and holiness; but, I think, thy horse will sooner con an oration, than thou learn a prayer without book. Thou canst strike, canst thou? a red murrain o' thy jade's tricks!

Ajax. Toads-stool, learn me the proclamation.

Ther. Dost thou think I have no sense, thou strikest me thus?

Ajax. The proclamation,—

Ther. Thou art proclaimed a fool, I think.

Ajax. Do not, porcupine, do not: my fingers itch.

Ther. I would thou didst itch from head to foot, and I had the scratching of thee; I would make thee the loathsome scab in Greece. When thou art forth in the incursions, thou strikest as slow as another.

Ajax. I say, the proclamation,—

Ther. Thou grumblest and railest every hour on Achilles; and thou art as full of envy at his greatness, as Cerberus is at Proserpina's beauty, ay, that thou barkest at him.

Ajax. Mistress Thersites!

Ther. Thou shouldst strike him.

Ajax. Cobloaf!

Ther. He would pun thee into shivers with his fist, as a sailor breaks a biscuit.

Ajax. You whoreson cur!

[*Beating him.*]

Ther. Do, do.

Ajax. Thou stool for a witch!

Ther. Ay, do, do; thou sodden-witted lord! thou hast no more brain than I have in mine elbows: an assinico may tutor thee. Thou scurvy-valiant ass! thou art here put to thrash Trojans; and thou art bought and sold among those of any wit, like a barbarian slave. If thou use to beat me, I will begin at thy heel, and tell what thou art by inches, thou thing of no bowels, thou!

Ajax. You dog!

Ther. You scurvy lord!

Ajax. You cur!

[*Beating him.*]

Ther. Mars his idiot! do, rudeness; do, camel; do, do.

Enter ACHILLES, and PATROCLUS.

Achil. Why, how now, Ajax? wherefore do you thus?—
How now, Thersites? what's the matter, man?

Ther. You see him there, do you?

Achil. Ay; what's the matter?

Ther. Nay, look upon him.

Achil. So I do; what's the matter?

Ther. Nay, but regard him well.

Achil. Well, why, I do so.

Ther. But yet you look not well upon him; for whosoever you take him to be, he is Ajax.

Achil. I know that, fool.

Ther. Ay, but that fool knows not himself.

Ajax. Therefore I beat thee.

Ther. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit he utters. His

evasions have ears thus long. I have bobbed his brain, more than he has beat my bones; I will buy nine sparrows for a penny, and his *pia mater* is not worth the ninth part of a sparrow. This lord, Achilles, Ajax,—who wears his wit in his belly, and his guts in his head,—I'll tell you what I say of him.

Achil. What?

Ther. I say, this Ajax——

Achil. Nay, good Ajax.

[AJAX offers to strike him, ACHILLES interposes.

Ther. Has not so much wit——

Achil. Nay, I must hold you.

Ther. As will stop the eye of Helen's needle, for whom he comes to fight.

Achil. Peace, fool!

Ther. I would have peace and quietness, but the fool will not; he there; that he; look you there.

Ajax. O thou damned cur! I shall——

Achil. Will you set your wit to a fool's?

Ther. No, I warrant you; for a fool's will shame it.

Patr. Good words, Thersites.

Achil. What's the quarrel?

Ajax. I bade the vile owl go learn me the tenor of the proclamation, and he rails upon me.

Ther. I serve thee not.

Ajax. Well, go to, go to.

Ther. I serve here voluntary.

Achil. Your last service was sufferance, 'twas not voluntary; no man is beaten voluntary; Ajax was here the voluntary, and you as under an impress.

Ther. Even so?—A great deal of your wit too lies in your sinews, or else there be liars. Hector shall have a great catch, if he knock out either of your brains; 'a were as good crack a fusty nut with no kernel.

Achil. What, with me too, Thersites?

Ther. There's Ulysses, and old Nestor,—whose wit was mouldy ere your grandsires had nails on their toes,—yoke you like draught oxen, and make you plough up the wars.

Achil. What, what?

Ther. Yes, good sooth. To, Achilles! to, Ajax! to!

Ajax. I shall cut out your tongue.

Ther. 'Tis no matter; I shall speak as much as thou, afterwards.

Patr. No more words, Thersites; peace.

Ther. I will hold my peace when Achilles' brach bids me, shall I?

Achil. There's for you, Patroclus.

Ther. I will see you hanged, like clotpoles, ere I come any more to your tents; I will keep where there is wit stirring, and leave the faction of fools. [*Exit.*

Patr. A good riddance.

Achil. Marry, this, sir, is proclaimed through all our host; That Hector, by the first hour of the sun, Will, with a trumpet, 'twixt our tents and Troy, To-morrow morning call some knight to arms, That hath a stomach; and such a one, that dare Maintain—I know not what; 'tis trash. Farewell.

Ajax. Farewell. Who shall answer him?

Achil. I know not; it is put to lottery; otherwise, He knew his man.

Ajax. O, meaning you;—I'll go learn more of it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Troy. *A Room in Priam's Palace.*

Enter PRIAM, HECTOR, TROILUS, PARIS, and HELENUS.

Pri. After so many hours, lives, speeches spent, Thus once again says Nestor from the Greeks;
Deliver Helen, and all damage else—
As honor, loss of time, travel, expense,
Wounds, friends, and what else dear that is consumed
In hot digestion of this cormorant war,
Shall be struck off.—Hector, what say you to't?

Hect. Though no man lesser fears the Greeks than I, As far as toucheth my particular, yet, Dread Priam, There is no lady of more softer bowels, More spongy to suck in the sense of fear, More ready to cry out—*Who knows what follows?* Than Hector is. The wound of peace is surety, Surety secure; but modest doubt is called The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches To the bottom of the worst. Let Helen go. Since the first sword was drawn about this question, Every tithe soul, 'mongst many thousand dismes, Hath been as dear as Helen; I mean, of ours. If we have lost so many tenths of ours, To guard a thing not ours; not worth to us, Had it our name, the value of one ten; What merit's in that reason, which denies The yielding of her up?

Tro. Fie, fie, my brother!
 Weigh you the worth and honor of a king,
 So great as our dread father, in a scale
 Of common ounces? Will you with counters sum
 The past-proportion of his infinite?
 And buckle in a waist most fathomless,
 With spans and inches so diminutive
 As fears and reasons? Fie, for godly shame!

Hel. No marvel, though you bite so sharp at reasons,
 You are so empty of them. Should not our father
 Bear the great sway of his affairs with reasons,
 Because your speech hath none, that tells him so?

Tro. You are for dreams and slumbers, brother priest;
 You fur your gloves with reason. Here are your reasons.
 You know an enemy intends you harm;
 You know a sword employed is perilous,
 And reason flies the object of all harm;
 Who marvels, then, when Helenus beholds
 A Grecian and his sword, if he do set
 The very wings of reason to his heels;
 And fly like chidden Mercury from Jove,
 Or like a star disorbed?—Nay, if we talk of reason,
 Let's shut our gates, and sleep. Manhood and honor
 Should have hare hearts, would they but fat their thoughts
 With this crammed reason; reason and respect
 Make livers pale, and lustihood deject.

Hect. Brother, she is not worth what she doth cost
 The holding.

Tro. What is aught, but as 'tis valued?

Hect. But value dwells not in particular will;
 It holds his estimate and dignity
 As well wherein 'tis precious of itself
 As in the prizer: 'tis mad idolatry,
 To make the service greater than the god;
 And the will dotes, that is attributive
 To what infectiously itself affects,
 Without some image of the affected merit.

Tro. I take to-day a wife, and my election
 Is led on in the conduct of my will;
 My will, enkindled by mine eyes and ears,
 Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores
 Of will and judgment. How may I avoid,
 Although my will distaste what it elected,
 The wife I chose? There can be no evasion
 To blench from this, and to stand firm by honor.
 We turn not back the silks upon the merchant,

When we have soiled them; nor the remainder viands
 We do not throw in unrespective sieve,
 Because we now are full. It was thought meet,
 Paris should do some vengeance on the Greeks.
 Your breath with full consent bellied his sails;
 The seas and winds (old wranglers) took a truce,
 And did him service! He touched the ports desired;
 And, for an old aunt, whom the Greeks held captive,
 He brought a Grecian queen, whose youth and freshness
 Wrinkles Apollo's, and makes pale the morning.
 Why keep we her? the Grecians keep our aunt;
 Is she worth keeping? why, she is a pearl,
 Whose price hath launched above a thousand ships,
 And turned crowned kings to merchants.
 If you'll avouch, 'twas wisdom Paris went,
 (As you must needs, for you all cried—*Go, go,*)
 If you'll confess, he brought home noble prize,
 (As you must needs, for you all clapped your hands,
 And cried—*Inestimable!*) why do you now
 The issue of your proper wisdoms rate;
 And do a deed that fortune never did,
 Beggar the estimation which you prized
 Richer than sea and land? O theft most base;
 That we have stolen what we do fear to keep!
 But, thieves, unworthy of a thing so stolen,
 That in their country did them that disgrace,
 We fear to warrant in our native place!

Cas. [*Within.*] Cry, Trojans, cry!

Pri. What noise? what shriek is thi

Tro. 'Tis our mad sister; I do know her voice.

Cas. [*Within.*] Cry, Trojans!

Hect. It is Cassandra.

Enter CASSANDRA, raving.

Cas. Cry, Trojans, cry! lend me ten thousand eyes
 And I will fill them with prophetic tears.

Hect. Peace, sister, peace.

Cas. Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrinkled elders,
 Soft infancy, that nothing canst but cry,
 Add to my clamors! let us pay betimes
 A moiety of that mass of moan to come.
 Cry, Trojans, cry! practise your eyes with tears!
 Troy must not be, nor goodly Ilion stand;
 Our firebrand brother, Paris, burns us all.
 Cry, Trojans, cry! a Helen, and a woe.
 Cry, cry! Troy burns, or else let Helen go. [*Ea*

Hect. Now, youthful Troilus, do not these high strains
Of divination in our sister, work
Some touches of remorse? or is your blood
So madly hot, that no discourse of reason,
Nor fear of bad success in a bad cause,
Can qualify the same?

Tro. Why, brother Hector,
We may not think the justness of each act
Such and no other than event doth form it;
Nor once deject the courage of our minds
Because Cassandra's mad: her brain-sick raptures
Cannot distaste the goodness of a quarrel,
Which hath our several honors all engaged
To make it gracious. For my private part,
I am no more touched than all Priam's sons;
And Jove forbid, there should be done amongst us
Such things as might offend the weakest spleen
To fight for and maintain!

Par. Else might the world convince of levity
As well my undertakings, as your counsels;
But I attest the gods, your full consent
Gave wings to my propension, and cut off
All fears attending on so dire a project.
For what, alas! can these my single arms?
What propugnation is in one man's valor,
To stand the push and enmity of those
This quarrel would excite? Yet I protest,
Were I alone to pass the difficulties,
And had as ample power as I have will,
Paris should ne'er retract what he hath done,
Nor faint in the pursuit.

Pri. Paris, you speak
Like one besotted on your sweet delights.
You have the honey still, but these the gall;
So to be valiant, is no praise at all.

Par. Sir, I propose not merely to myself
The pleasures such a beauty brings with it;
But I would have the soil of her fair rape
Wiped off, in honorable keeping her.
What treason were it to the ransacked queen,
Disgrace to your great worths, and shame to me,
Now to deliver her possession up,
On terms of base compulsion! Can it be.
That so degenerate a strain as this
Should once set footing in your generous bosoms?
There's not the meanest spirit on our party,

Without a heart to dare, or sword to draw,
When Helen is defended; nor none so noble,
Whose life were ill bestowed, or death unfamed,
Where Helen is the subject, then, I say,
Well may we fight for her, whom, we know well,
The world's large spaces cannot parallel.

Hect. Paris, and Troilus, you have both said well,
And on the cause and question now in hand
Have glozed,—but superficially; not much
Unlike young men, whom Aristotle thought
Unfit to hear moral philosophy.
The reasons you allege, do more conduce
To the hot passion of distempered blood,
Than to make up a free determination
'Twixt right and wrong; for pleasure, and revenge,
Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice
Of any true decision. Nature craves,
All dues be rendered to their owners. Now,
What nearer debt in all humanity,
Than wife is to the husband? If this law
Of nature be corrupted through affection;
And that great minds, of partial indulgence
To their benumbed wills, resist the same;
There is a law in each well-ordered nation,
To curb those raging appetites that are
Most disobedient and refractory.
If Helen, then, be wife to Sparta's king,—
As it is known she is,—these moral laws
Of nature, and of nations, speak aloud
To have her back returned. Thus to persist
In doing wrong, extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more heavy. Hector's opinion
Is this, in way of truth; yet, ne'ertheless,
My sprightly brethren, I propend to you,
In resolution to keep Helen still;
For 'tis a cause that hath no mean dependence
Upon our joint and several dignities.

Tro. Why, there you touched the life of our design.
Were it not glory that we more affected
Than the performance of our heaving spleens,
I would not wish a drop of Trojan blood
Spent more in her defence. But, worthy Hector,
She is a theme of honor and renown;
A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds;
Whose present courage may beat down our foes;
And fame, in time to come, canonize us;

For I presume, brave Hector would not lose
 So rich advantage of a promised glory,
 As smiles upon the forehead of this action,
 For the wide world's revénue.

Hect. I am yours,
 You valiant offspring of great Priamus.—
 I have a roisting challenge sent amongst
 The dull and factious nobles of the Greeks,
 Will strike amazement to their drowsy spirits.
 I was advértised, their great general slept,
 Whilst emulation in the army crept;
 This, I presume, will wake him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The Grecian Camp. Before Achilles' Tent.*

Enter THERSITES.

Ther. How now, Thersites? what, lost in the labyrinth of thy fury? Shall the elephant Ajax carry it thus? he beats me, and I rail at him: O worthy satisfaction! 'would it were otherwise; that I could beat him, whilst he railed at me. 'Sfoot, I'll learn to conjure and raise devils, but I'll see some issue of my spiteful execrations. Then there's Achilles,—a rare engineer. If Troy be not taken till these two undermine it, the walls will stand till they fall of themselves. O thou great thunder-darter of Olympus, forget that thou art Jove the king of gods; and, Mercury, lose all the serpentine craft of thy *caduceus*; if ye take not that little, little, less-than-little wit from them that they have! which short-armed ignorance itself knows is so abundant scarce, it will not in circumvention deliver a fly from a spider, without drawing their massy irons, and cutting the web. After this, the vengeance on the whole camp! or, rather, the bone-ache! for that, methinks, is the curse dependent on those that war for a placket. I have said my prayers; and devil, envy, say Amen. What, ho! my lord Achilles!

Enter PATROCLUS.

Patr. Who's there? Thersites? Good Thersites, come in and rail.

Ther. If I could have remembered a gilt counterfeit, thou wouldst not have slipped out of my contemplation; but it is no matter. Thyself! upon thyself! The common curse of mankind, folly and ignorance, be thine in great revenue! Heaven bless thee from a tutor, and discipline come not near thee! Let thy blood be thy direction till thy death!

then if she that lays thee out, says — thou art a fair corse, I'll be sworn and sworn upon't, she never shrouded any but lazars. Amen.—Where's Achilles?

Patr. What, art thou devout? wast thou in prayer?

Ther. Ay; the Heavens hear me!

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Who's there?

Patr. Thersites, my lord.

Achil. Where, where?—Art thou come? Why, my cheese, my digestion, why hast thou not served thyself in to my table so many meals? Come; what's Agamemnon?

Ther. Thy commander, Achilles.—Then tell me, Patroclus, what's Achilles?

Patr. Thy lord, Thersites.—Then tell me, I pray thee, what's thyself?

Ther. Thy knower, Patroclus.—Then tell me, Patroclus, what art thou?

Patr. Thou mayst tell, that knowest.

Achil. O, tell, tell.

Ther. I'll decline the whole question. Agamemnon commands Achilles; Achilles is my lord; I am Patroclus' knower; and Patroclus is a fool.

Patr. You rascal!

Ther. Peace, fool; I have not done.

Achil. He is a privileged man.—Proceed, Thersites.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool; Achilles is a fool; Thersites is a fool; and, as aforesaid, Patroclus is a fool.

Achil. Derive this; come.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool to offer to command Achilles; Achilles is a fool to be commanded of Agamemnon; Thersites is a fool to serve such a fool; and Patroclus is a fool positive.

Patr. Why am I a fool?

Ther. Make that demand of the prover.—It suffices me, thou art. Look you, who comes here!

Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, DIOMEDES, and AJAX.

Achil. Patroclus, I'll speak with nobody.—Come in with me, Thersites. *[Exit.*

Ther. Here is such patchery, such juggling, and such knavery! All the argument is, a cuckold and a whore; a good quarrel, to draw emulous factions, and bleed to death upon! Now the dry *serpigo* on the subject! and war and lechery confound all! *[Exit.*

Agam. Where is Achilles?

Patr. Within his tent; but ill disposed, my lord.

Agam. Let it be known to him, that we are here.
He shent our messengers; and we lay by
Our appertainments, visiting of him.
Let him be told so; lest, perchance, he think
We dare not move the question of our place,
Or know not what we are.

Patr. I shall say to him. [*Exit.*

Ulyss. We saw him at the opening of his tent:
He is not sick.

Ajax. Yes, lion-sick, sick of proud heart; you may call
it melancholy, if you will favor the man; but, by my head,
'tis pride. But why, why? let him show us a cause.—A
word, my lord. [*Takes AGAMEMNON aside.*

Nest. What moves Ajax thus to bay at him?

Ulyss. Achilles hath inveigled his fool from him.

Nest. Who? Thersites?

Ulyss. He.

Nest. Then will Ajax lack matter, if he have lost his
argument.

Ulyss. No; you see he is his argument, that has his
argument; Achilles.

Nest. All the better; their fraction is more our wish,
than their faction. But it was a strong composure, a fool
could disunite.

Ulyss. The amity that wisdom knits not, folly may easily
untie. Here comes Patroclus.

Re-enter PATROCLUS.

Nest. No Achilles with him.

Ulyss. The elephant hath joints, but none for courtesy;
his legs are legs for necessity, not for flexure.

Patr. Achilles bids me say—he is much sorry,
If any thing more than your sport and pleasure
Did move your greatness, and this noble state
To call upon him; he hopes it is no other,
But, for your health and your digestion sake,
An after-dinner's breath.

Agam. Hear you, Patroclus;—
We are too well acquainted with these answers:
But his evasion, winged thus swift with scorn,
Cannot outfly our apprehensions.
Much attribute he hath; and much the reason
Why we ascribe it to him; yet all his virtues—
Not virtuously on his own part beheld—

Do, in our eyes, begin to lose their gloss;
 Yea, like fair fruit in an unwholesome dish,
 Are like to rot untasted. Go and tell him,
 We come to speak with him; and you shall not sin,
 If you do say—we think him over-proud,
 And under-honest; in self-assumption greater
 Than in the note of judgment; and worthier than himself
 Here tend the savage strangeness he puts on;
 Disguise the holy strength of their command,
 And underwrite in an observing kind
 His humorous predominance; yea, watch
 His pettish lunes, his ebbs, his flows, as if
 The passage and whole carriage of this action
 Rode on his tide. Go, tell him this; and add,
 That, if he overhold his price so much,
 We'll none of him; but let him, like an engine
 Not portable, lie under this report—
 Bring action hither; this cannot go to war:
 A stirring dwarf we do allowance give
 Before a sleeping giant:—Tell him so.

Patr. I shall; and bring his answer presently. [*Exit.*

Agam. In second voice we'll not be satisfied;
 We come to speak with him—Ulysses, enter. [*Exit* ULYSSES.

Ajax. What is he more than another?

Agam. No more than what he thinks he is.

Ajax. Is he so much? Do you not think he thinks himself a better man than I am?

Agam. No question.

Ajax. Will you subscribe his thought, and say—he is?

Agam. No, noble Ajax; you are as strong, as valiant, as wise, no less noble, much more gentle, and altogether more tractable.

Ajax. Why should a man be proud? How doth pride grow? I know not what pride is.

Agam. Your mind's the clearer, Ajax, and your virtues the fairer. He that is proud, eats up himself; pride is his own glass, his own trumpet, his own chronicle; and whatever praises itself, but in the deed, devours the deed in the praise.

Ajax. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the engendering of toads.

Nest. And yet he loves himself. Is it not strange?

[*Aside*

Re-enter ULYSSES.

Ulyss. Achilles will not to the field to-morrow.

Agam. What's his excuse?

Ulyss. He doth rely on none;
But carries on the stream of his dispose,
Without observance or respect of any,
In will peculiar and in self-admission.

Agam. Why will he not, upon our fair request,
Untent his person, and share the air with us?

Ulyss. Things small as nothing, for request's sake only,
He makes important. Possessed he is with greatness;
And speaks not to himself, but with a pride
That quarrels at self-breath; imagined worth
Holds in his blood such swollen and hot discourse,
That, 'twixt his mental and his active parts,
Kingdomed Achilles in commotion rages,
And batters down himself. What should I say?
He is so plaguy proud, that the death-tokens of it
Cry—*No recovery.*

Agam. Let Ajax go to him.—
Dear lord, go you and greet him in his tent.
'Tis said, he holds you well; and will be led,
At your request, a little from himself.

Ulyss. O Agamemnon, let it not be so!
We'll consecrate the steps that Ajax makes
When they go from Achilles. Shall the proud lord,
That bastes his arrogance with his own seam;
And never suffers matter of the world
Enter his thoughts,—save such as do revolve
And ruminat himself,—shall he be worshipped
Of that we hold an idol more than he?
No, this thrice worthy and right valiant lord
Must not so stale his palm, nobly acquired;
Nor, by my will, assubjugate his merit,
As amply titled as Achilles is,
By going to Achilles.
That were to enlard his fat-already pride;
And add more coals to Cancer, when he burns
With entertaining great Hyperion.
This lord go to him! Jupiter forbid,
And say in thunder—*Achilles, go to him.*

Nest. O, this is well; he rubs the vein of him. [*Aside.*

Dio. And how his silence drinks up this applause!

[*Aside.*

Ajax. If I go to him, with my armed fist I'll pash him
Over the face.

Agam. O, no, you shall not go.

Ajax. An he be proud with me, I'll pheeze his pride;
Let me go to him.

Ulyss. Not for the worth that hangs upon our quarrel.

Ajax. A paltry, insolent fellow!——

Nest. How he describes
Himself! [*Aside.*

Ajax. Can he not be sociable?

Ulyss. The raven
Chides blackness. [*Aside.*

Ajax. I will let his humors blood.

Agam. He'll be the physican, that should be the patient.
[*Aside.*

Ajax. An all men
Were o' my mind,—

Ulyss. Wit would be out of fashion.
[*Aside.*

Ajax. He should not bear it so;
He should eat swords first. Shall pride carry it?

Nest. An 'twould, you'd carry half. [*Aside.*

Ulyss. He'd have ten shares.
[*Aside.*

Ajax. I'll knead him, I will make him supple:—

Nest. He's not yet thorough warm: force him with
praises:

Pour in, pour in; his ambition is dry. [*Aside.*

Ulyss. My lord, you feed too much on this dislike.
[*To AGAMEMNON.*

Nest. O noble general, do not do so.

Dio. You must prepare to fight without Achilles.

Ulyss. Why, 'tis this naming of him does him harm.
Here is a man—But 'tis before his face;
I will be silent.

Nest. Wherefore should you so?
He is not emulous, as Achilles is.

Ulyss. Know the world, he is as valiant.

Ajax. A whoreson dog, that shall palter thus with us!
I would he were a Trojan!

Nest. What a vice
Were it in Ajax now——

Ulyss. If he were proud!

Dio. Or covetous of praise!

Ulyss. Ay, or surly borne!

Dio. Or strange, or self-affected!

Ulyss. Thank the Heavens, lord, thou art of sweet com
posure;
Praise him that got thee, she that gave thee suck:

Famed be thy tutor, and thy parts of nature
 Thrice-famed, beyond all erudition:
 But he that disciplined thy arms to fight,
 Let Mars divide eternity in twain,
 And give him half: and, for thy vigor,
 Bull-bearing Milo his addition yield
 To sinewy Ajax. I will not praise thy wisdom,
 Which, like a bourn, a pale, a shore, confines
 Thy spacious and dilated parts. Here's Nestor,—
 Instructed by the antiquary times,
 He must, he is, he cannot but be wise;—
 But, pardon, father Nestor, were your days
 As green as Ajax', and your brain so tempered,
 You should not have the eminence of him,
 But be as Ajax.

Ajax. Shall I call you father?

Nest. Ay, my good son.

Dio. Be ruled by him, lord *Ajax*.

Ulyss. There is no tarrying here; the hart *Achilles*
 Keeps thicket. Please it our great general
 To call together all his state of war;
 Fresh kings are come to Troy. To-morrow,
 We must with all our main of power stand fast:
 And here's a lord,—come knights from east to west,
 And cull their flower, *Ajax* shall cope the best.

Agam. Go we to council. Let *Achilles* sleep;
 Light boats sail swift, though greater hulks draw deep.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. Troy. A Room in Priam's Palace.

Enter PANDARUS and a Servant.

Pan. Friend! you! pray you, a word. Do not you
 follow the young lord *Paris*?

Serv. Ay, sir, when he goes before me.

Pan. You do depend upon him, I mean?

Serv. Sir, I do depend upon the Lord.

Pan. You do depend upon a noble gentleman; I must
 needs praise him.

Serv. The Lord be praised!

Pan. You know me, do you not?

Serv. 'Faith, sir, superficially.

Pan. Friend, know me better; I am the lord Pandarus.

Serv. I hope I shall know your honor better.

Pan. I do desire it.

Serv. You are in the state of grace. [*Music within*

Pan. Grace! not so, friend! honor and lordship are my titles;—What music is this?

Serv. I do but partly know, sir; it is music in parts.

Pan. Know you the musicians?

Serv. Wholly, sir.

Pan. Who play they to?

Serv. To the hearers, sir.

Pan. At whose pleasure, friend?

Serv. At mine, sir, and theirs that love music.

Pan. Command, I mean, friend.

Serv. Who shall I command, sir?

Pan. Friend, we understand not one another; I am too courtly, and thou art too cunning. At whose request do these men play?

Serv. That's to't, indeed, sir. Marry, sir, at the request of Paris, my lord, who is there in person; with him, the mortal Venus, the heart-blood of beauty, love's invisible soul,—

Pan. Who, my cousin Cressida?

Serv. No, sir; Helen. Could you not find out that by her attributes?

Pan. It should seem, fellow, that thou hast not seen the lady Cressida. I come to speak with Paris from the prince Troilus: I will make a complimentary assault upon him, for my business seethes.

Serv. Sudden business! there's a stewed phrase indeed!

Enter PARIS and HELEN, attended.

Pan. Fair be to you, my lord, and to all this fair company! fair desires, in all fair measure, fairly guide them! especially to you, fair queen! fair thoughts be your fair pillow.

Helen. Dear lord, you are full of fair words.

Pan. You speak your fair pleasure, sweet queen.—Fair prince, here is good broken music.

Par. You have broke it, cousin: and, by my life, you shall make it whole again; you shall piece it out with a piece of your performance:—Nell, he is full of harmony.

Pan. Truly, lady, no.

Helen. O, sir,—

Pan. Rude, in sooth; in good sooth, very rude.

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Par. Well said, my lord! well, you say so in fits.

Pan. I have business to my lord, dear queen:—My lord, will you vouchsafe me a word?

Helen. Nay, this shall not hedge us out: we'll hear you sing, certainly.

Pan. Well, sweet queen, you are pleasant with me.—But (marry) thus, my lord,—My dear lord, and most esteemed friend, your brother Troilus—

Helen. My lord Pandarus; honey-sweet lord,—

Pan. Go to, sweet queen, go to:—commends himself most affectionately to you.

Helen. You shall not bob us out of our melody; if you do, our melancholy upon your head!

Pan. Sweet queen, sweet queen; that's a sweet queen, i' faith.

Helen. And to make a sweet lady sad, is a sour offence.

Pan. Nay, that shall not serve your turn; that shall it not, in truth, la. Nay, I care not for such words; no, no.—And, my lord, he desires you, that, if the king call for him at supper, you will make his excuse.

Helen. My lord Pandarus,—

Pan. What says my sweet queen, my very, very sweet queen?

Par. What exploit's in hand? Where sups he to-night?

Helen. Nay, but, my lord,—

Pan. What says my sweet queen?—My cousin will fall out with you. You must not know where he sups.

Par. I'll lay my life, with my disposer Cressida.

Pan. No, no, no such matter; you are wide; come, your disposer is sick.

Par. Well, I'll make excuse.

Pan. Ay, good my lord. Why should you say—Cressida? no, your poor disposer's sick.

Par. I spy.

Pan. You spy! what do you spy?—Come, give me an instrument.—Now, sweet queen.

Helen. Why, this is kindly done.

Pan. My niece is horribly in love with a thing you have, sweet queen.

Helen. She shall have it, my lord, if it be not my lord Paris.

Pan. He! no, she'll none of him: they two are twain.

Helen. Falling in, after falling out, may make them three.

Pan. Come, come, I'll bear no more of this; I'll sing you a song now.

Helen. Ay, ay, pr'ythee now. By my troth, sweet lord, thou hast a fine forehead.

Pan. Ay, you may, you may.

Helen. Let thy song be love; this love will undo us all. O Cupid, Cupid, Cupid!

Pan. Love! ay, that it shall, i' faith.

Par. Ay, good now, love, love, nothing but love.

Pan. In good troth, it begins so:

Love, love, nothing but love, still more!

For oh, love's bow

Shoots buck and doe:

The shaft confounds,

Not that it wounds,

But tickles still the sore.

These lovers cry—Oh! ho! they die!

Yet that which seems the wound to kill,

Doth turn oh! oh! to ha! ha! ha! he!

So dying love lives still:

Oh! oh! a while, but ha! ha! ha!

Oh! oh! groans out for ha! ha! ha!

Hey ho!

Helen. In love, i' faith, to the very tip of the nose.

Par. He eats nothing but doves, love; and that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds is love.

Pan. Is this the generation of love? hot blood, hot thoughts, and hot deeds?—Why, they are vipers. Is love a generation of vipers? Sweet lord, who's afield to-day?

Par. Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor, and all the gallantry of Troy: I would fain have armed to-night, but my Nell would not have it so. How chance my brother Troilus went not?

Helen. He hangs the lip at something;—you know all, lord Pandarus.

Pan. Not I, honey-sweet queen.—I long to hear how they sped to-day.—You'll remember your brother's excuse?

Par. To a hair.

Pan. Farewell, sweet queen.

Helen. Commend me to your niece.

Pan. I will, sweet queen.

[*Exit.*

[*A retreat sounded.*

Par. They are come from field; let us to Priam's hall, To greet the warriors. Sweet Helen, I must woo you To help unarm our Hector: his stubborn buckles,

With these your white, enchanting fingers touched,
 Shall more obey, than to the edge of steel,
 Or force of Greekish sinews; you shall do more
 Than all the island kings—disarm great Hector.

Helen. 'Twill make us proud to be his servant, Paris.
 Yea, what he shall receive of us in duty,
 Gives us more palm in beauty than we have;
 Yea, overshines ourself.

Par. Sweet, above thought I love thee. [Exit

SCENE II. *The same.* Pandarus' Orchard.

Enter PANDARUS and a Servant, meeting.

Pan. How now? where's thy master? at my cousin
 Cressida's?

Serv. No, sir; he stays for you to conduct him thither.

Enter TROILUS.

Pan. O, here he comes.—How now, how now?

Tro. Sirrah, walk off. [Exit Servant

Pan. Have you seen my cousin?

Tro. No, Pandarus: I stalk about her door,
 Like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks,
 Staying for waftage. O, be thou my Charon,
 And give me swift transportance to those fields,
 Where I may wallow in the lily beds
 Proposed for the deserver? O gentle Pandarus,
 From Cupid's shoulder pluck his painted wings,
 And fly with me to Cressid!

Pan. Walk here i' the orchard, I'll bring her straight.
 [Exit PANDARUS

Tro. I am giddy; expectation whirls me round.
 The imaginary relish is so sweet
 That it enchants my sense. What will it be,
 When that the watery palate tastes indeed
 Love's thrice-reputed nectar? death, I fear me;
 swooning destruction; or some joy too fine,
 Too subtle potent, tuned too sharp in sweetness,
 For the capacity of my ruder powers:
 I fear it much; and I do fear besides,
 That I shall lose distinction in my joys;
 As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps
 The enemy flying.

Re-enter PANDARUS.

Pan. She's making her ready; she'll come straight; you

must be witty now. She does so blush, and fetches her wind so short, as if she were frayed with a sprite; I'll fetch her. It is the prettiest villain; she fetches her breath as short as a new-ta'en sparrow. *[Exit PANDARUS.]*

Tro. Even such a passion doth embrace my bosom. My heart beats thicker than a feverous pulse; And all my powers do their bestowing lose, Like vassalage at unawares encountering The eye of majesty.

Enter PANDARUS and CRESSIDA.

Pan. Come, come, what need you blush? shame's a baby.—Here she is now; swear the oaths now to her, that you have sworn to me.—What, are you gone again? you must be watched ere you be made tame, must you? Come your ways, come your ways; an you draw backward, we'll put you i' the fills.—Why do you not speak to her?—Come, draw the curtain, and let's see your picture. Alas the day. how loath you are to offend daylight! an 'twere dark, you'd close sooner. So, so; rub on, and kiss the mistress. How now, a kiss in fee-farm! build there, carpenter; the air is sweet. Nay, you shall fight your hearts out, ere I part you. The falcon as the tercel, for all the ducks i' the river; go to, go to.

Tro. You have bereft me of all words, lady.

Pan. Words pay no debts; give her deeds; but she'll bereave you of the deeds too, if she call your activity in question. What, billing again? Here's—*In witness whereof the parties interchangeably*—Come in, come in; I'll go get a fire. *[Exit PANDARUS.]*

Cres. Will you walk in, my lord?

Tro. O Cressida, how often have I wished me thus?

Cres. Wished, my lord?—The gods grant!—O my lord!

Tro. What should they grant? what makes this pretty abruption? What too curious dreg espies my sweet lady in the fountain of our love?

Cres. More dregs than water, if my fears have eyes.

Tro. Fears make devils cherubims; they never see truly.

Cres. Blind fear, that seeing reason leads, finds safer footing than blind reason stumbling without fear. To fear the worst, oft cures the worst.

Tro. O, let my lady apprehend no fear; in all Cupid's pageant there is presented no monster.

Cres. Nor nothing monstrous neither?

Tro. Nothing, but our undertakings; when we vow to weep seas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tigers; thinking it

harder for our mistress to devise imposition enough, than for us to undergo any difficulty imposed. This is the monstruosity in love, lady,—that the will is infinite, and the execution confined; that the desire is boundless, and the act a slave to limit.

Cres. They say, all lovers swear more performance than they are able, and yet reserve an ability that they never perform; vowing more than the perfection of ten, and discharging less than the tenth part of one. They that have the voice of lions, and the act of hares, are they not monsters?

Tro. Are there such? such are not we. Praise us as we are tasted, allow us as we prove; our head shall go bare, till merit crown it; no perfection in reversion shall have a praise in present; we will not name desert, before his birth; and, being born, his addition shall be humble. Few words to fair faith. Troilus shall be such to Cressid; as what envy can say worst, shall be a mock for his truth; and what truth can speak truest, not truer than Troilus.

Cres. Will you walk in, my lord?

Re-enter PANDARUS.

Pan. What, blushing still? have you not done talking yet?

Cres. Well, uncle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to you.

Pan. I thank you for that; if my lord get a boy of you, you'll give him me. Be true to my lord; if he flinch, chide me for it.

Tro. You know now your hostages; your uncle's word, and my firm faith.

Pan. Nay, I'll give my word for her too; our kindred, though they be long ere they are wooed, they are constant, being won: they are burs, I can tell you: they'll stick where they are thrown.

Cres. Boldness comes to me now, and brings me heart.—Prince Troilus, I have loved you night and day
For many weary months.

Tro. Why was my Cressid then so hard to win?

Cres. Hard to seem won; but I was won, my lord,
With the first glance that ever—pardon me;—
If I confess much, you will play the tyrant.
I love you now; but not, till now, so much
But I might master it; in faith, I lie;
My thoughts were like unbridled children, grown
Too headstrong for their mother. See, we fools!
Why have I blabbed? Who shall be true to us,

When we are so unsecret to ourselves?
But, though I loved you well, I wooed you not;
And yet, good faith, I wished myself a man;
Or that we women had men's privilege
Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue;
For, in this rapture, I shall surely speak
The thing I shall repent. See, see, your silence,
Cunning in dumbness, from my weakness draws
My very soul of counsel. Stop my mouth.

Tro. And shall, albeit sweet music issues thence.

Pan. Pretty, i' faith.

Cres. My lord, I do beseech you pardon me;
'Twas not my purpose thus to beg a kiss.
I am ashamed;—O Heavens! what have I done?—
For this time will I take my leave, my lord.

Tro. Your leave, sweet Cressid?

Pan. Leave! can you take leave till to-morrow morning,——

Cres. Pray you, content you.

Tro. What offends you, lady?

Cres. Sir, mine own company.

Tro. You cannot shun
Yourself.

Cres. Let me go and try:
I have a kind of self resides with you;
But an unkind self, that itself will leave,
To be another's fool. I would be gone.
Where is my wit? I know not what I speak.

Tro. Well know they what they speak, that speak so
wisely.

Cres. Perchance, my lord, I show more craft than love;
And fell so roundly to a large confession,
To angle for your thoughts. But you are wise;
Or else you love not. For to be wise, and love,
Exceeds man's might; that dwells with gods above.

Tro. O, that I thought it could be in a woman,
(As, if it can, I will presume in you,)
To feed for aye her lamp and flames of love;
To keep her constancy in plight and youth,
Outliving beauty's outward, with a mind
That doth renew swifter than blood decays!
Or, that persuasion could but thus convince me,---
That my integrity and truth to you
Might be affronted with the match and weight
Of such a winnowed purity in love;
How were I then uplifted! But, alas,

I am as true as truth's simplicity,
And simpler than the infancy of truth.

Cres. In that I'll war with you.

Tro. O virtuous fight,
When right with right wars who shall be most right!
True swains in love shall, in the world to come,
Approve their truths by Troilus; when their rhymes
Full of protest, of oath, and big compare,
Want similes of truth, tired with iteration,—
As true as steel, as plantage to the moon,
As sun to day, as turtle to her mate,
As iron to adamant, as earth to the centre,—
Yet, after all comparisons of truth,
As truth's authentic author to be cited,
As true as Troilus shall crown up the verse,
And sanctify the numbers.

Cres. Prophet may you be!
If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth,
When time is old and hath forgot itself,
When water-drops have worn the stones of Troy,
And blind oblivion swallowed cities up,
And mighty states characterless are grated
To dusty nothing; yet let memory,
From false to false, among false maids in love,
Upbraid my falsehood! When they have said—as false
As air, as water, wind, or sandy earth,
As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf,
Pard to the hind, or stepdame to her son;
Yea, let them say, to stick the heart of falsehood,
As false as Cressid.

Pan. Go to, a bargain made; seal it, seal it; I'll be the witness.—Here I hold your hand; here, my cousin's. If ever you prove false one to another, since I have taken such pains to bring you together, let all pitiful goers-between be called to the world's end after my name; call them all—Pandars: let all constant men be Troiluses, all false women, Cressids, and all brokers-between Pandars! say, amen.

Tro. Amen.

Cres. Amen.

Pan. Amen. Whereupon I will show you a chamber and a bed; which bed, because it shall not speak of your pretty encounters, press it to death; away.
And Cupid grant all tongue-tied maidens here,
Bed, chamber, Pandar, to provide this gear. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The Grecian Camp.*

Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, DIOMEDES, NESTOR, AJAX,
MENELAUS, *and* CALCHAS.

Cal. Now, princes, for the service I have done you,
The advantage of the time prompts me aloud
To call for recompense. Appear it to your mind,
That, through the sight I bear in things, to Jove
I have abandoned Troy, left my possession,
Incurred a traitor's name; exposed myself,
From certain and possessed conveniences,
To doubtful fortunes; sequestering from me all
That time, acquaintance, custom, and condition,
Made tame and most familiar to my nature;
And here, to do you service, am become
As new into the world, strange, unacquainted.
I do beseech you, as in way of taste,
To give me now a little benefit,
Out of those many registered in promise,
Which, you say, live to come in my behalf.

Agam. What wouldst thou of us, Trojan! make demand.

Cal. You have a Trojan prisoner, called Antenor,
Yesterday took; Troy holds him very dear.
Oft have you (often have you thanks therefore)
Desired my Cressid in right great exchange,
Whom Troy hath still denied. But this Antenor,
I know, is such a wrest in their affairs,
That their negotiations all must slack,
Wanting his manage; and they will almost
Give us a prince of blood, a son of Priam,
In change of him. Let him be sent, great princes,
And he shall buy my daughter; and her presence
Shall quite strike off all service I have done,
In most accepted pain.

Agam. Let Diomedes bear him,
And bring us Cressid hither; Calchas shall have
What he requests of us.—Good Diomed,
Furnish you fairly for this interchange;
Withal, bring word—if Hector will to-morrow
Be answered in his challenge. Ajax is ready.

Dio. This shall I undertake; and 'tis a burden
Which I am proud to bear.

[*Exeunt* DIOMEDES *and* CALCHAS.
2 G *

Enter ACHILLES, and PATROCLUS, *before their tent.*

Ulyss. Achilles stands i' the entrance of his tent.—
Please it our general to pass strangely by him,
As if he were forgot; and, princes all,
Lay negligent and loose regard upon him.
I will come last. 'Tis like, he'll question me,
Why such unplausive eyes are bent, why turned on him
If so, I have derision med'cinable,
To use between your strangeness and his pride,
Which his own will shall have desire to drink;
It may do good. Pride hath no other glass
To show itself, but pride; for supple knees
Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.

Agam. We'll execute your purpose, and put on
A form of strangeness as we pass along;
So do each lord; and either greet him not,
Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him more
Than if not looked on. I will lead the way.

Achil. What, comes the general to speak with me?
You know my mind; I'll fight no more 'gainst Troy.

Agam. What says Achilles? would he aught with us?

Nest. Would you, my lord, aught with the general?

Achil. No.

Nest. Nothing, my lord.

Agam. The better.

[*Exeunt* AGAMEMNON and NESTOR.]

Achil. Good day, good day.

Men. How do you? how do you? [*Exit* MENELAUS.]

Achil. What, does the cuckold scorn me?

Ajax. How now, Patroclus?

Achil. Good morrow, Ajax.

Ajax. Ha!

Achil. Good morrow.

Ajax. Ay, and good next day too.

[*Exit* AJAX.]

Achil. What mean these fellows? Know they not Achilles?

Patr. They pass by strangely; they were used to bend,
To send their smiles before them to Achilles;
To come as humbly as they used to creep
To holy altars.

Achil. What, am I poor of late?
'Tis certain, greatness, once fallen out with fortune,
Must fall out with men too. What the declined is,
He shall as soon read in the eyes of others,
As feel in his own fall; for men, like butterflies,

Show not their mealy wings, but to the summer;
 And not a man, for being simply man,
 Hath any honor; but honor for those honors
 That are without him, as place, riches, favor,
 Prizes of accident as oft as merit;
 Which when they fall, as being slippery standers,
 The love that leaned on them as slippery too,
 Do one pluck down another, and together
 Die in the fall. But 'tis not so with me.
 Fortune and I are friends; I do enjoy
 At ample point all that I did possess,
 Save these men's looks; who do, methinks, find out
 Something not worth in me such rich beholding
 As they have often given. Here is Ulysses;
 I'll interrupt his reading.—
 How now, Ulysses!

Ulyss. Now, great Thetis' son!

Achil. What are you reading?

Ulyss. A strange fellow here
 Writes me, that man—how dearly ever parted,
 How much in having, or without, or in—
 Cannot make boast to have that which he hath,
 Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection;
 As when his virtues shining upon others
 Heat them, and they retort that heat again
 To the first giver.

Achil. This is not strange, Ulysses.
 The beauty that is borne here in the face,
 The bearer knows not, but commends itself
 To others' eyes; nor doth the eye itself
 (That most pure spirit of sense) behold itself,
 Not going from itself; but eye to eye opposed,
 Salutes each other with each other's form.
 For speculation turns not to itself,
 Till it hath travelled, and is married there
 Where it may see itself; this is not strange at all.

Ulyss. I do not strain at the position;
 It is familiar; but at the author's drift;
 Who, in his circumstance, expressly proves—
 That no man is the lord of any thing,
 (Though in and of him there be much consisting,)
 Till he communicate his parts to others.
 Nor doth he of himself know them for aught
 Till he behold them formed in the applause
 Where they are extended; which, like an arch, reverberates
 The voice again; or like a gate of steel

Fronting the sun, receives and renders back
His figure and his heat. I was much rapt in this;
And apprehended here immediately
The unknown Ajax.

Heavens, what a man is there! a very horse;
That has he knows not what. Nature, what things there are,
Most abject in regard, and dear in use!
What things again most dear in the esteem,
And poor in worth! Now shall we see to-morrow,
An act that very chance doth throw upon him,—
Ajax renowned. O Heavens, what some men do,
While some men leave to do!
How some men creep in skittish fortune's hall,
Whiles others play the idiots in her eyes!
How one man eats into another's pride,
While pride is fasting in his wantonness!
To see these Grecian lords!—why, even already
They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder;
As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast,
And great Troy shrieking.

Achil. I do believe it; for they passed by me,
As misers do by beggars; neither gave to me
Good word, nor look. What, are my deeds forgot?

Ulyss. Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
A great-sized monster of ingritudes.
Those scraps are good deeds past; which are devoured
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As done. Perséverance, dear my lord,
Keeps honor bright. To have done, is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
In monumental mockery. Take the instant way;
For honor travels in a strait so narrow,
Where one but goes abreast. Keep then the path;
For emulation hath a thousand sons,
That one by one pursue. If you give way,
Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
Like to an entered tide, they all rush by,
And leave you hindmost;—
Or, like a gallant horse fallen in first rank,
Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,
O'errun and trampled on. Then what they do in present,
Though less than yours in past, must o'ertop yours;
For time is like a fashionable host,
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand;
And with his arms outstretched, as he would fly,

Grasps in the comer. Welcome ever smiles,
 And farewell goes out sighing. O, let not virtue seek
 Remuneration for the thing it was;
 For beauty, wit,
 High birth, vigor of bone, desert in service,
 Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
 To envious and calumniating time.
 One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,—
 That all, with one consent, praise new-born gawds,
 Though they are made and moulded of things past;
 And give to dust, that is a little gilt,
 More laud than gilt o'er-dusted.
 The present eye praises the present object.
 Then marvel not, thou great and complete man,
 That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax;
 Since things in motion sooner catch the eye,
 Than what not stirs. The cry went once on thee,
 And still it might; and yet it may again,
 If thou wouldst not entomb thyself alive,
 And case thy reputation in thy tent;
 Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of late,
 Made emulous missions 'mongst the gods themselves,
 And drave great Mars to faction.

Achil. Of this my privacy
 I have strong reasons.

Ulyss. But 'gainst your privacy
 The reasons are more potent and heroical.
 'Tis known, Achilles, that you are in love
 With one of Priam's daughters.

Achil. Ha! known?

Ulyss. Is that a wonder!
 The providence that's in a watchful state,
 Knows almost every grain of Plutus' gold;
 Finds bottom in the uncomprehensive deeps;
 Keeps place with thought, and almost, like the gods,
 Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.
 There is a mystery (with whom relation
 Durst never meddle) in the soul of state;
 Which hath an operation more divine,
 Than breath or pen can give expressure to.
 All the commerce that you have had with Troy,
 As perfectly is ours, as yours, my lord;
 And better would it fit Achilles much,
 To throw down Hector, than Polyxena.
 But it must grieve young Pyrrhus now at home,
 When fame shall in our islands sound her trump;

And all the Greekish girls shall tripping sing,—
Great Hector's sister did Achilles win;
But our great Ajax bravely beat down him.
 Farewell, my lord. I as your lover speak;
 The fool slides o'er the ice that you should break. [*Exit.*]

Patr. To this effect, Achilles, have I moved you.
 A woman impudent and mannish grown,
 Is not more loathed than an effeminate man
 In time of action. I stand condemned for this;
 They think my little stomach to the war,
 And your great love to me, restrains you thus:
 Sweet, rouse yourself; and the weak, wanton Cupid
 Shall from your neck unloose his amorous fold,
 And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,
 Be shook to air.

Achil. Shall Ajax fight with Hector?

Patr. Ay; and, perhaps, receive much honor by him.

Achil. I see my reputation is at stake;
 My fame is shrewdly gored.

Patr. O, then beware;
 Those wounds heal ill, that men do give themselves.
 Omission to do what is necessary,
 Seals a commission to a blank of danger;
 And danger, like an ague, subtly taints
 Even then when we sit idly in the sun.

Achil. Go call Thersites hither, sweet Patroclus;
 I'll send the fool to Ajax, and desire him
 To invite the Trojan lords, after the combat,
 To see us here unarmed. I have a woman's longing,
 An appetite that I am sick withal,
 To see great Hector in his weeds of peace;
 To talk with him, and to behold his visage,
 Even to my full of view. A labor saved!

Enter THERSITES.

Ther. A wonder!

Achil. What?

Ther. Ajax goes up and down the field, asking for himself.

Achil. How so?

Ther. He must fight singly to-morrow with Hector; and
 is so prophetically proud of an heroical cudgelling, that he
 raves in saying nothing.

Achil. How can that be?

Ther. Why, he stalks up and down like a peacock, a stride,
 and a stand; ruminates, like an hostess, that hath no arith-
 metic but her brain to set down her reckoning: bites his lip

with a politic regard, as who should say—there were wit in this head, an 'twould out; and so there is; but it lies as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which will not show without knocking. The man's undone forever; for if Hector break not his neck i' the combat, he'll break it himself in vain-glory. He knows not me; I said, *Good-morrow, Ajax*; and he replies, *Thanks, Agamemnon*. What think you of this man, that takes me for the general? He is grown a very land-fish, languageless, a monster. A plague of opinion! a man may wear it on both sides, like a leather jerkin.

Achil. Thou must be my ambassador to him, Thersites.

Ther. Who, I? why, he'll answer nobody; he professes not answering; speaking is for beggars; he wears his tongue in his arms. I will put on his presence; let Patroclus make demands to me, you shall see the pageant of Ajax.

Achil. To him, Patroclus; tell him,—I humbly desire the valiant Ajax, to invite the most valorous Hector to come unarmed to my tent; and to procure safe conduct for his person, of the magnanimous, and most illustrious, six-or-seven-times-honored captain-general of the Grecian army, Agamemnon. Do this.

Patr. Jove bless great Ajax.

Ther. Humph!

Patr. I come from the worthy Achilles,—

Ther. Ha!

Patr. Who most humbly desires you to invite Hector to his tent!—

Ther. Humph!

Patr. And to procure safe conduct from Agamemnon.

Ther. Agamemnon?

Patr. Ay, my lord.

Ther. Ha!

Patr. What say you to't?

Ther. God be wi' you, with all my heart.

Patr. Your answer, sir.

Ther. If to-morrow be a fair day, by eleven o'clock it will go one way or other; howsoever, he shall pay for me ere he has me.

Patr. Your answer, sir.

Ther. Fare you well, with all my heart.

Achil. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

Ther. No, but he's out o' tune thus. What music will be in him when Hector has knocked out his brains, I know not. But I am sure none; unless the fiddler Apollo gets his sinews to make catlings on.

Achil. Come, thou shalt bear a letter to him straight

Ther. Let me bear another to his horse; for that's the more capable creature.

Achil. My mind is troubled, like a fountain stirred: And I myself see not the bottom of it.

[*Exeunt* ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.

Ther. 'Would the fountain of your mind were clear again, that I might water an ass at it! I had rather be a tick in a sheep, than such a valiant ignorance. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. Troy. A Street.

Enter, at one side, ÆNEAS, and Servant with a torch; at the other, PARIS, DEIPHOBUS, ANTENOR, DIOMEDES, and others, with torches.

Par. See, ho! who's that there?

Dei. 'Tis the lord Æneas.

Æne. Is the prince there in person?

Had I so good occasion to lie long,
As you, prince Paris, nothing but heavenly business
Should rob my bed-mate of my company.

Dio. That's my mind too.—Good morrow, lord Æneas.

Par. A valiant Greek, Æneas; take his hand:
Witness the process of your speech, wherein
You told—how Diomed, a whole week by days,
Did haunt you in the field.

Æne. Health to you, valiant sir,
During all question of the gentle truce;
But when I meet you armed, as black defiance,
As heart can think, or courage execute.

Dio. The one and other Diomed embraces.
Our bloods are now in calm; and so long, health:
But when contention and occasion meet,
By Jove, I'll play the hunter for thy life,
With all my force, pursuit, and policy.

Æne. And thou shalt hunt a lion, that will fly
With his face backward.—In humane gentleness,
Welcome to Troy! Now, by Anchises' life,
Welcome, indeed! By Venus' hand I swear,
No man alive can love, in such a sort,
The thing he means to kill more excellently.

Dio. We sympathize:—Jove, let Æneas live,

If to my sword his fate be not the glory,
A thousand complete courses of the sun!
But, in mine emulous honor, let him die,
With every joint a wound; and that to-morrow!

Æne. We know each other well.

Dio. We do; and long to know each other worse.

Par. This is the most despiteful gentle greeting,
The noblest hateful love, that e'er I heard of.—
What business, lord, so early?

Æne. I was sent for to the king; but why, I know not.

Par. His purpose meets you: 'twas to bring this Greek
To Calchas' house; and there to render him,
For the enfreed Antenor, the fair Cressid.
Let's have your company; or if you please,
Haste there before us: I constantly do think
(Or, rather, call my thoughts a certain knowledge)
My brother Troilus lodges there to-night;
Rouse him, and give him note of our approach,
With the whole quality wherefore. I fear
We shall be much unwelcome.

Æne. That I assure you;
Troilus had rather Troy were borne to Greece,
Than Cressid borne from Troy.

Par. There is no help;
The bitter disposition of the time
Will have it so. On, lord; we'll follow you.

Æne. Good morrow, all. *[Exit.]*

Par. And tell me, noble Diomed; 'faith, tell me true,
Even in the soul of sound good-fellowship,—
Who, in your thoughts, merits fair Helen best,
Myself, or Menelaus?

Dio. Both alike.
He merits well to have her, that doth seek her,
(Not making any scruple of her soilure,
With such a hell of pain, and world of charge;
And you as well to keep her, that defend her,
(Not palating the taste of her dishonor,
With such a costly loss of wealth and friends:
He, like a puling cuckold, would drink up
The lees and dregs of a flat, tamed piece;
You, like a lecher, out of whorish loins
Are pleased to breed out your inheritors:
Both merits poised, each weighs nor less nor more;
But he as he, the heavier for a whore.

Par. You are too bitter to your countrywoman.

Dio. She's bitter to her country. Hear me, Paris,—

For every false drop in her bawdy veins
 A Grecian's life hath sunk; for every scruple
 Of her contaminated, carrion weight,
 A Trojan hath been slain: since she could speak,
 She hath not given so many good words breath,
 As for her Greeks and Trojans suffered death.

Par. Fair Diomed, you do as chapmen do,
 Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy;
 But we in silence hold this virtue well;—
 We'll not commend what we intend to sell.
 Here lies our way.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. Court before the House of Pandarus.*

Enter TROIILUS and CRESSIDA.

Tro. Dear, trouble not yourself; the morn is cold.

Cres. Then, sweet my lord, I'll call mine uncle down;
 He shall unbolt the gates.

Tro. Trouble him not;
 To bed, to bed. Sleep kill those pretty eyes,
 And give as soft attachment to thy senses,
 As infants' empty of all thought!

Cres. Good morrow, then.

Tro. 'Pr'ythee now, to bed.

Cres. Are you awearry of me?

Tro. O Cressida! but that the busy day,
 Waked by the lark, hath roused the ribald crows,
 And dreaming night will hide our joys no longer,
 I would not from thee.

Cres. Night hath been too brief.

Tro. Beshrew the witch! with venomous wights she stays,
 As tediously as hell; but flies the grasps of love,
 With wings more momentary-swift than thought.
 You will catch cold, and curse me.

Cres. Pr'ythee, tarry;—

You men will never tarry.—

O foolish Cressid!—I might have still held off,
 And then you would have tarried. Hark! there's one up.

Pan. [*Within.*] What, are all the doors open here?

Tro. It is your uncle.

Enter PANDARUS.

Cres. A pestilence on him! now will he be mocking;
 I shall have such a life,—

Pan. How now, how now? How go maidenheads?—Here, you maid! where's my cousin Cressid?

Cres. Go hang yourself, you naughty, mocking uncle! You bring me to do, and then you flout me too.

Pan. To do what? to do what?—let her say what: what have I brought you to do?

Cres. Come, come; beshrew your heart! you'll ne'er be good,
Nor suffer others.

Pan. Ha, ha! alas, poor wretch! a poor capocchia!—hast not slept to-night? Would he not, a naughty man, let it sleep? a bugbear take him! [*Knocking.*]

Cres. Did I not tell you?—'Would he were knocked o' the head!—

Who's that at door? Good uncle, go and see.—

My lord, come you again into my chamber:

You smile and mock me, as if I meant naughtily.

Tro. Ha, ha!

Cres. Come, you are deceived, I think of no such thing.—
[*Knocking.*]

How earnestly they knock!—Pray you, come in;

I would not for half Troy have you seen here.

[*Exeunt TROILUS and CRESSIDA.*]

Pan. [*Going to the door.*] Who's there? what's the matter? will you beat down the door? How now? what's the matter?

Enter ÆNEAS.

Æne. Good morrow, lord, good morrow.

Pan. Who's there? my lord Æneas? By my troth, I knew you not: what news with you so early?

Æne. Is not prince Troilus here?

Pan. Here! what should he do here?

Æne. Come, he is here, my lord, do not deny him: It doth import him much to speak with me.

Pan. Is he here, say you? 'tis more than I know, I'll be sworn.—For my own part, I came in late: What should he do here?

Æne. Who!—nay, then.—

Come, come, you'll do him wrong, ere you are 'ware: You'll be so true to him, to be false to him; Do not you know of him? yet go fetch him hither; Go.

As PANDARUS is going out, enter TROILUS.

Tro. How now? what's the matter?

Æne. My lord, I scarce have leisure to salute you,
My matter is so rash. There is at hand
Paris your brother, and Deiphobus,
The Grecian Diomed, and our Antenor
Delivered to us; and for him forthwith,
Ere the first sacrifice, within this hour,
We must give up to Diomedes' hand
The lady Cressida.

Tro. Is it so concluded?

Æne. By Priam, and the general state of Troy;
They are at hand, and ready to effect it.

Tro. How my achievements mock me!
I will go meet them: and, my lord Æneas,
We met by chance; you did not find me here.

Æne. Good, good, my lord; the secrets of nature
Have not more gift in taciturnity.

[*Exeunt TROILUS and ÆNEAS.*

Pan. Is't possible? no sooner got, but lost? The devil
take Antenor! The young prince will go mad. A plague
upon Antenor! I would they had broke's neck!

Enter CRESSIDA.

Cres. How now? what is the matter? Who was here?

Pan. Ah, ah!

Cres. Why sigh you so profoundly? where's my lord gone;
Tell me, sweet uncle, what's the matter?

Pan. 'Would I were as deep under the earth as I am
above!

Cres. O the gods!—what's the matter?

Pan. Pr'ythee, get thee in. 'Would thou hadst ne'er
been born! I knew thou wouldst be his death:—O poor gen-
tleman!—A plague upon Antenor!

Cres. Good uncle, I beseech you on my knees,
I beseech you, what's the matter?

Pan. Thou must be gone, wench, thou must be gone:
thou art changed for Antenor! thou must to thy father, and
be gone from Troilus; 'twill be his death; 'twill be his bane:
he cannot bear it.

Cres. O you immortal gods!—I will not go.

Pan. Thou must.

Cres. I will not, uncle: I have forgot my father;
I know no touch of consanguinity;
No kin, no love, no blood, no soul so near me,
As the sweet Troilus.—O you gods divine!
Make Cressid's name the very crown of falsehood,
If ever she leave Troilus! Time, force, and death,

Do to this body what extremes you can;
But the strong base and building of my love
Is as the very centre of the earth,
Drawing all things to it.—I'll go in, and weep;—

Pan. Do, do.

Cres. Tear my bright hair, and scratch my praised cheeks,
Crack my clear voice with sobs, and break my heart
With sounding Troilus. I will not go from Troy. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same. Before Pandarus' House.*

Enter PARIS, TROILUS, ÆNEAS, DEIPHOBUS, ANTENOR, and
DIOMEDES.

Par. It is great morning; and the hour prefixed
Of her delivery to this valiant Greek
Comes fast upon.—Good my brother Troilus,
Tell you the lady what she is to do,
And haste her to the purpose.

Tro. Walk in to her house
I'll bring her to the Grecian presently;
And to his hand when I deliver her,
Think it an altar; and thy brother Troilus
A priest, there offering to it his own heart. [*Exit.*

Par. I know what 'tis to love;
And 'would, as I shall pity, I could help!—
Please you, walk in, my lords. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The same. A Room in Pandarus' House.*

Enter PANDARUS and CRESSIDA.

Pan. Be moderate, be moderate.

Cres. Why tell you me of moderation?
The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste,
And violenteth in a sense as strong
As that which causeth it? How can I moderate it?
If I could temporize with my affection,
Or brew it to a weak and colder palate,
The like allayment could I give my grief.
My love admits no qualifying dross;
No more my grief, in such a precious loss.

Enter TROILUS.

Pan. Here, here, here he comes.—Ah, sweet ducks!

Cres. O Troilus! Troilus! [*Embracing him.*

Pan. What a pair of spectacles is here! Let me embrace too. *O heart*,—as the goodly saying is,—

—*O heart, O heavy heart,
Why sigh'st thou without breaking?*

where he answers again,

*Because thou canst not ease thy smart,
By friendship, nor by speaking.*

There never was a truer rhyme. Let us cast away nothing, for we may live to have need of such a verse; we see it, we see it.—How now, lambs?

Tro. Cressid, I love thee in so strained a purity, That the blessed gods—as angry with my fancy, More bright in zeal than the devotion which Cold lips blow to their deities—take thee from me.

Cres. Have the gods envy?

Pan. Ay, ay, ay, ay; 'tis too plain a case.

Cres. And is it true, that I must go from Troy?

Tro. A hateful truth.

Cres. What, and from Troilus too?

Tro. From Troy, and Troilus.

Cres. Is it possible?

Tro. And suddenly; where injury of chance Puts back leave-taking, justles roughly by All time of pause, rudely beguiles our lips Of all rejoindure, forcibly prevents Our locked embrasures, strangles our dear vows Even in the birth of our own laboring breath. We two, that with so many thousand sighs Did buy each other, must poorly sell ourselves With the rude brevity and discharge of one. Injurious time now, with a robber's haste, Crams his rich thievery up, he knows not how. As many farewells as be stars in heaven, With distinct breath and consigned kisses to them, He fumbles up into a loose adieu; And scants us with a single, famished kiss, Distasted with the salt of broken tears.

Æne. [*Within.*] My lord! is the lady ready?

Tro. Hark! you are called: some say, the Genius so Cries, *Come!* to him that instantly must die.— Bid them have patience; she shall come anon.

Pan. Where are my tears? rain, to lay this wind, or my heart will be blown up by the root! [*Exit PANDARUS.*]

Cres. I must then to the Greeks?

Tro. No remedy.

Cres. A woful Cressid 'mongst the merry Greeks!
When shall we see again?

Tro. Hear me, my love. Be thou but true of heart,——

Cres. I true! how now? what wicked deem is this?

Tro. Nay, we must use expostulation kindly,
For it is parting from us.

I speak not, *Be thou true*, as fearing thee;
For I will throw my glove to death himself,
That there's no maculation in thy heart;
But, *Be thou true*, say I, to fashion in
My sequent protestation; be thou true,
And I will see thee.

Cres. O, you shall be exposed, my lord, to dangers
As infinite as imminent! but, I'll be true.

Tro. And I'll grow friend with danger. Wear this sleeve.

Cres. And you this glove. When shall I see you?

Tro. I will corrupt the Grecian sentinels,
To give thee nightly visitation.
But yet be true.

Cres. O heavens!—*Be true* again?

Tro. Hear why I speak it, love.
The Grecian youths are full of quality;
They're loving, well composed, with gifts of nature flowing,
And swelling o'er with arts and exercise;
How novelty may move, and parts with person,
Alas, a kind of godly jealousy
(Which, I beseech you, call a virtuous sin)
Makes me afeard.

Cres. O Heavens! you love me not.

Tro. Die I a villain then!
In this I do not call your faith in question,
So mainly as my merit; I cannot sing,
Nor heel the high lavolt, nor sweeten talk,
Nor play at subtle games; fair virtues all,
To which the Grecians are most prompt and pregnant;
But I can tell, that in each grace of these
There lurks a still and dumb-discoursive devil,
That tempts most cunningly: but be not tempted.

Cres. Do you think I will?

Tro. No.

But something may be done, that we will not;
And sometimes we are devils to ourselves,
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
Presuming on their changeful potency.

Æne. [*Within.*] Nay, good my lord,——

Tro. Come, kiss; and let us part.

Par. [*Within.*] Brother Troilus!

Tro. Good brother, come you hither:
And bring Æneas, and the Grecian, with you.

Cres. My lord, will you be true?

Tro. Who, I? Alas, it is my vice, my fault.
While others fish with craft for great opinion,
I with great truth catch mere simplicity:
Whilst some with cunning gild their copper crowns,
With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare.
Fear not my truth; the moral of my wit
Is,—*Plain and true*;—there's all the reach of it.

Enter ÆNEAS, PARIS, ANTENOR, DEIPHOBUS, and DIOMEDES

Welcome, sir Diomed! here is the lady,
Which for Antenor we deliver you.
At the port, lord, I'll give her to thy hand;
And, by the way, possess thee what she is.
Entreat her fair; and, by my soul, fair Greek,
If e'er thou stand at mercy of my sword,
Name Cressid, and thy life shall be as safe
As Priam is in Ilion.

Dio. Fair lady Cressid,
So please you, save the thanks this prince expects.
The lustre in your eye, heaven in your cheek,
Pleads your fair usage; and to Diomed
You shall be mistress, and command him wholly.

Tro. Grecian, thou dost not use me courteously,
To shame the zeal of my petition to thee,
In praising her. I tell thee, lord of Greece,
She is as far high-soaring o'er thy praises,
As thou unworthy to be called her servant.
I charge thee, use her well, even for my charge;
For, by the dreadful Pluto, if thou dost not,
Though the great bulk Achilles be thy guard,
I'll cut thy throat.

Dio. O, be not moved, prince Troilus;
Let me be privileged by my place, and message,
To be a speaker free. When I am hence,
I'll answer to my lust; and know, my lord,
I'll nothing do on charge. To her own worth
She shall be prized; but that you say—be't so,
I'll speak it in my spirit and honor,—no.

Tro. Come, to the post.—I tell thee, Diomed,
This brave shall oft make thee to hide thy head.—

Lady, give me your hand; and, as we walk,
To our own selves bend we our needful talk.

[*Exeunt* TROILUS, CRESSIDA, and DIOMED
[*Trumpet heard.*

Par. Hark! Hector's trumpet.

Æne. How have we spent this morning!
The prince must think me tardy and remiss,
That swore to ride before him to the field.

Par. 'Tis Troilus' fault. Come, come, to field with him.

Dei. Let us make ready straight.

Æne. Yea, with a bridegroom's fresh alacrity,
Let us address to tend on Hector's heels.
The glory of our Troy doth this day lie
On his fair worth and single chivalry. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The Grecian Camp. Lists set out.*

Enter AJAX, armed; AGAMEMNON, ACHILLES, PATROCLUS,
MENELAUS, ULYSSES, NESTOR, and others.

Agam. Here art thou in appointment fresh and fair,
Anticipating time with starting courage.
Give with thy trumpet a loud note to Troy,
Thou dreadful Ajax; that the appalled air
May pierce the head of the great combatant,
And hale him hither.

Ajax. Thou, trumpet, there's my purse.
Now crack thy lungs, and split thy brazen pipe.
Blow, villain, till thy sphered bias-cheek
Outswell the colic of puffed Aquilon.
Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout blood;
Thou blow'st for Hector. [*Trumpet sounds*

Ulyss. No trumpet answers.

Achil. 'Tis but early day.

Agam. Is not yon Diomed, with Calchas' daughter?

Ulyss. 'Tis he; I ken the manner of his gait;
He rises on the toe; that spirit of his
In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

Enter DIOMED, with CRESSIDA.

Agam. Is this the lady Cressid?

Dio. Even she.

Agam. Most dearly welcome to the Greeks, sweet lady.

Nest. Our general doth salute you with a kiss.

Ulyss. Yet is the kindness but particular;
'Twere better she were kissed in general.

Nest. And very courtly counsel. I'll begin.—
So much for Nestor.

Achil. I'll take that winter from your lips, fair lady;
Achilles bids you welcome.

Men. I had good argument for kissing once.

Patr. But that's no argument for kissing now;
For thus popped Paris in his hardiment;
And parted thus you and your argument.

Ulyss. O deadly gall, and theme of all our scorns!
For which we lose our heads, to gild his horns.

Patr. The first was Menelaus' kiss;—this, mine;
Patroclus kisses you.

Men. O, this is trim!

Patr. Paris, and I, kiss evermore for him.

Men. I'll have my kiss, sir.—Lady, by your leave.

Cres. In kissing, do you render or receive?

Patr. Both take and give.

Cres. I'll make my match to live.
The kiss you take is better than you give;
Therefore no kiss.

Men. I'll give you boot; I'll give you three for one.

Cres. You're an odd man; give even, or give none.

Men. An odd man, lady? every man is odd.

Cres. No, Paris is not; for, you know, 'tis true,
That you are odd, and he is even with you.

Men. You fillip me o' the head.

Cres. No, I'll be sworn.

Ulyss. It were no match, your nail against his horn.—
May I, sweet lady, beg a kiss of you?

Cres. You may.

Ulyss. I do desire it.

Cres. Why, beg, then.

Ulyss. Why, then, for Venus' sake, give me a kiss,
When Helen is a maid again, and his.

Cres. I am your debtor; claim it when 'tis due.

Ulyss. Never's my day, and then a kiss of you.

Dio. Lady, a word;—I'll bring you to your father.

[DIOMED leads out CRESSIDA.]

Nest. A woman of quick sense.

Ulyss. Fie, fie upon her!
There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip;
Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton spirits look out
At every joint and motive of her body.
O, these encounterers, so glib of tongue,
That give a coasting welcome ere it comes,
And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts

To every ticklish reader! set them down
For sluttish spoils of opportunity,
And daughters of the game. [Trumpet within.

All. The Trojan's trumpet.

Agam.

Yonder comes the troop.

Enter HECTOR, *armed*; ÆNEAS, TROILUS, and other Trojans, *with* Attendants.

Æne. Hail, all the state of Greece! What shall be done
To him that victory commands? or do you purpose
A victor shall be known? Will you the knights
Shall to the edge of all extremity
Pursue each other; or shall they be divided
By any voice or order of the field?
Hector bade ask.

Agam. Which way would Hector have it?

Æne. He cares not; he'll obey conditions.

Achil. 'Tis done like Hector; but securely done,
A little proudly, and great deal misprizing
The knight opposed.

Æne. If not Achilles, sir,
What is your name?

Achil. If not Achilles, nothing.

Æne. Therefore Achilles. But, whate'er, know this;—
In the extremity of great and little,
Valor and pride excel themselves in Hector;
The one almost as infinite as all,
The other blank as nothing. Weigh him well,
And that, which looks like pride, is courtesy.
This Ajax is half made of Hector's blood;
In love whereof, half Hector stays at home:
Half heart, half hand, half Hector comes to seek
This blended knight, half Trojan and half Greek.

Achil. A maiden battle, then?—O, I perceive you.

Re-enter DIOMED.

Agam. Here is sir Diomed.—Go, gentle knight,
Stand by our Ajax; as you and lord Æneas
Consent upon the order of their fight,
So be it; either to the uttermost,
Or else a breath; the combatants being kin,
Half stints their strife before their strokes begin.

[AJAX and HECTOR enter the lists

Ulyss. They are opposed already.

Agam. What Trojan is that same that looks so heavy?

Ulyss. The youngest son of Priam, a true knight;

Not yet mature, yet matchless; firm of word;
 Speaking in deeds, and deedless in his tongue;
 Not soon provoked, nor, being provoked, soon calmed.
 His heart and hand both open, and both free;
 For what he has, he gives, what thinks, he shows;
 Yet gives he not till judgment guide his bounty,
 Nor dignifies an impair thought with breath.
 Manly as Hector, but more dangerous;
 For Hector, in his blaze of wrath, subscribes
 To tender objects; but he, in heat of action,
 Is more vindicative than jealous love:
 They call him Troilus; and on him erect
 A second hope, as fairly built as Hector.
 Thus says Æneas; one that knows the youth,
 Even to his inches; and with private soul,
 Did in great Ilion thus translate him to me.

[*Alarum. HECTOR and AJAX fight.*

Agam. They are in action.

Nest. Now, Ajax, hold thine own!

Tro. Hector, thou sleep'st;
 Awake thee!

Agam. His blows are well disposed:—there, Ajax!

Dio. You must no more. [*Trumpets cease.*

Æne. Princes, enough, so please you.

Ajax. I am not warm yet; let us fight again.

Dio. As Hector pleases.

Hect. Why then, will I no more:—
 Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son,
 A cousin-german to great Priam's seed.
 The obligation of our blood forbids
 A gory emulation 'twixt us twain.
 Were thy commixtion Greek and Trojan so,
 That thou couldst say—*This hand is Grecian all,*
And this is Trojan; the sinews of this leg
All Greek, and this all Troy; my mother's blood
Runs on the dexter cheek, and this sinister
Bounds in my father's; by Jove multipotent,
 Thou shouldst not bear from me a Greekish member,
 Wherein my sword had not impressure made
 Of our rank feud. But the just gods gainsay,
 That any drop thou borrow'st from thy mother,
 My sacred aunt, should by my mortal sword
 Be drained! Let me embrace thee, Ajax.
 By him that thunders, thou hast lusty arms;
 Hector would have them fall upon him thus.
 Cousin, all honor to thee!

Ajax. I thank thee, Hector;
Thou art too gentle and too free a man.
I came to kill thee, cousin, and bear hence
A great addition earned in thy death.

Hect. Not Neoptolemus so mirable
(On whose bright crest Fame with her loud'st O yes
Cries, *This is he!*) could promise to himself
A thought of added honor torn from Hector.

Æne. There is expectance here from both the sides,
What further you will do.

Hect. We'll answer it;
The issue is embracement.—*Ajax*, farewell.

Ajax. If I might in entreaties find success,
(As seld I have the chance,) I would desire
My famous cousin to our Grecian tents.

Dio. 'Tis Agamemnon's wish; and great Achilles
Doth long to see unarmed the valiant Hector.

Hect. Æneas, call my brother Troilus to me;
And signify this loving interview
To the expecters of our Trojan part;
Desire them home.—Give me thy hand, my cousin;
I will go eat with thee, and see your knights.

Ajax. Great Agamemnon comes to meet us here.

Hect. The worthiest of them tell me name by name;
But for Achilles, my own searching eyes
Shall find him by his large and portly size.

Agam. Worthy of arms! as welcome as to one
That would be rid of such an enemy;
But that's no welcome. Understand more clear,
What's past, and what's to come, is strewed with husks
And formless ruin of oblivion;
But in this extant moment, faith and troth,
Strained purely from all hollow bias-drawing,
Bids thee, with most divine integrity,
From heart of very heart, great Hector, welcome.

Hect. I thank thee, most imperious Agamemnon.

Agam. My well-famed lord of Troy, no less to you.

[*To TROILUS.*

Men. Let me confirm my princely brother's greeting;—
You brace of warlike brothers, welcome hither.

Hect. Whom must we answer?

Men. The noble Menelaus.

Hect. O you, my lord? by Mars his gauntlet, thanks!
Mock not, that I affect the untraded oath;
Your *quondam* wife swears still by Venus' glove:
She's well, but bade me not commend her to you.

Men. Name her not now, sir; she's a deadly theme.

Hect. O, pardon; I offend.

Nest. I have, thou gallant Trojan, seen thee oft,
Laboring for destiny, make cruel way
Through ranks of Greekish youths; and I have seen thee,
As hot as Perseus, spur thy Phrygian steed,
Despising many forfeits and subduements,
When thou hast hung thy advanced sword i' the air,
Not letting it decline on the declined;

That I have said to some my standers-by,

Lo, Jupiter is yonder, dealing life!

And I have seen thee pause, and take thy breath,
When that a ring of Greeks have hemmed thee in,
Like an Olympian wrestling. This have I seen;
But this thy countenance, still locked in steel,
I never saw till now. I knew thy grandsire,
And once fought with him: he was a soldier good;
But, by great Mars, the captain of us all,
Never like thee. Let an old man embrace thee;
And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.

Æne. 'Tis the old Nestor.

Hect. Let me embrace thee, good old chronicle,
That hast so long walked hand in hand with time,—
Most reverend Nestor, I am glad to clasp thee.

Nest. I would my arms could match thee in contention,
As they contend with thee in courtesy.

Hect. I would they could.

Nest. Ha!

By this white beard, I'd fight with thee to-morrow.
Well, welcome, welcome! I have seen the time—

Ulyss. I wonder now how yonder city stands,
When we have here her base and pillar by us.

Hect. I know your favor, lord Ulysses, well.
Ah, sir, there's many a Greek and Trojan dead,
Since first I saw yourself and Diomed
In Ilion, on your Greekish embassy.

Ulyss. Sir, I foretold you then what would ensue
My prophecy is but half his journey yet;
For yonder walls, that pertly front your town,
Yon towers, whose wanton tops do buss the clouds,
Must kiss their own feet.

Hect. I must not believe you.
There they stand yet; and modestly I think,
The fall of every Phrygian stone will cost
A drop of Grecian blood The end crowns all;

And that old, common arbitrator, time,
Will one day end it.

Ulyss. So to him we leave it.
Most gentle and most valiant Hector, welcome:
After the general, I beseech you next
To feast with me, and see me at my tent.

Achil. I shall forestall thee, lord Ulysses, thou!—
Now, Hector, I have fed mine eyes on thee;
I have with exact view perused thee, Hector,
And quoted joint by joint.

Hect. Is this Achilles?

Achil. I am Achilles.

Hect. Stand fair, I pray thee; let me look on thee.

Achil. Behold thy fill.

Hect. Nay, I have done already.

Achil. Thou art too brief; I will the second time,
As I would buy thee, view thee limb by limb.

Hect. O, like a book of sport thou'lt read me o'er;
But there's more in me than thou understand'st.
Why dost thou so oppress me with thine eye?

Achil. Tell me, you heavens, in which part of his body
Shall I destroy him? Whether there, there, or there?
That I may give the local wound a name;
And make distinct the very breach whereout
Hector's great spirit flew. Answer me, heavens!

Hect. It would discredit the blessed gods, proud man,
To answer such a question. Stand again:
Think'st thou to catch my life so pleasantly,
As to prenominate, in nice conjecture,
Where thou wilt hit me dead?

Achil. I tell thee, yea.

Hect. Wert thou an oracle to tell me so,
I'd not believe thee. Henceforth guard thee well;
For I'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there;
But, by the forge that stithed Mars his helm,
I'll kill thee every where, yea, o'er and o'er.—
You wisest Grecians, pardon me this brag;
His insolence draws folly from my lips;
But I'll endeavor deeds to match these words,
Or may I never——

Ajax. Do not chafe thee, cousin;—
And you, Achilles, let these threats alone,
Till accident, or purpose, bring you to't:
You may have every day enough of Hector,
If you have stomach; the general state, I fear,
Can scarce entreat you to be odd with him.

Hect. I pray you, let us see you in the field:
We have had pelting wars, since you refused
The Grecians' cause.

Achil. Dost thou entreat me, Hector?
To-morrow do I meet thee, fell as death;
To-night, all friends.

Hect. Thy hand upon that match.

Agam. First, all you peers of Greece, go to my tent;
There in the full convive we: afterwards,
As Hector's leisure and your bounties shall
Concur together, severally entreat him.—
Beat loud the taborines, let the trumpets blow,
That this great soldier may his welcome know.

[*Exeunt all but TROILUS and ULYSSES.*

Tro. My lord Ulysses, tell me, I beseech you,
In what place of the field doth Calchas keep?

Ulyss. At Menelaus' tent, most princely Troilus:
There Diomed doth feast with him to-night;
Who neither looks upon the heaven, nor earth,
But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view
On the fair Cressid.

Tro. Shall I, sweet lord, be bound to you so much,
After we part from Agamemnon's tent,
To bring me thither?

Ulyss. You shall command me, sir.
As gentle tell me, of what honor was
This Cressida in Troy? Had she no lover there
That wails her absence?

Tro. O sir, to such as boasting show their scars,
A mock is due. Will you walk on, my lord?
She was beloved, she loved; she is, and doth:
But, still sweet love is food for fortune's tooth. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The Grecian Camp. Before Achilles' Tent.*

Enter ACHILLES *and* PATROCLUS.

Achil. I'll heat his blood with Greekish wine to-night,
Which with my cimeter I'll cool to-morrow.—
Patroclus, let us feast him to the height.

Patr. Here comes Thersites.

Enter THERSITES.

Achil. How now, thou core of envy?
Thou crusty batch of nature, what's the news?

Ther. Why, thou picture of what thou seemest, and idol
of idiot-worshippers, here's a letter for thee.

Achil. From whence, fragment?

Ther. Why, thou full dish of fool, from Troy.

Patr. Who keeps the tent now?

Ther. The surgeon's box, or the patient's wound.

Patr. Well said, Adversity! and what need these tricks?

Ther. Pr'ythee be silent, boy; I profit not by thy talk:
thou art thought to be Achilles' male varlet.

Patr. Male varlet, you rogue! what's that?

Ther. Why, his masculine whore. Now, the rotten
diseases of the south, the guts-griping, ruptures, catarrhs,
loads o' gravel i' the back, lethargies, cold palsies, raw eyes,
dirt-rotten livers, wheezing lungs, bladders full of impos-
thume, sciaticas, lime kilns i' the palm, incurable bone-ache,
and the rivalled fee-simple of the tetter, take and take again
such preposterous discoveries!

Patr. Why, thou damnable box of envy, thou, what mean-
est thou to curse thus?

Ther. Do I curse thee?

Patr. Why, no, you ruinous butt; you whoreson, indis-
tinguishable cur, no.

Ther. No? why art thou then exasperate, thou idle,
immaterial skein of sleive silk, thou green sarcenet flap for
a sore eye, thou tassel of a prodigal's purse, thou? Ah,
how the poor world is pestered with such water-flies;
diminutives of nature!

Patr. Out, gall!

Ther. Finch egg!

Achil. My sweet Patroclus, I am thwarted quite
From my great purpose in to-morrow's battle.

Here is a letter from queen Hecuba;

A token from her daughter, my fair love;

Both taxing me, and gaging me to keep

An oath that I have sworn. I will not break it:

Fall, Greeks; fail, fame; honor, or go, or stay,

My major vow lies here; this I'll obey.—

Come, come, Thersites, help to trim my tent;

This night in banqueting must all be spent.

Away, Patroclus. *Exeunt* ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.

Ther. With too much blood, and too little brain, these
two may run mad; but if with too much brain, and too little

blood, they do, I'll be a curer of madmen. Here's Agamemnon,—an honest fellow enough, and one that loves quails; but he has not so much brain as ear-wax. And the goodly transformation of Jupiter there, his brother, the bull,—the primitive statue, and oblique memorial of cuckolds; a thrifty shoeing-horn in a chain, hanging at his brother's leg,—to what form, but that he is, should wit larded with malice, and malice forced with wit, turn him to? To an ass, were nothing: he is both ass and ox: to an ox were nothing: he is both ox and ass. To be a dog, a mule, a cat, a fitchew, a toad, a lizard, an owl, a puttock, or a herring without a roe, I would not care: but to be Menelaus,—I would conspire against destiny. Ask me not what I would be, if I were not Thersites; for I care not to be the louse of a lazar, so I were not Menelaus—Hey-day! spirits and fires!

Enter HECTOR, TROILUS, AJAX, AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, MENELAUS, *and* DIOMED, *with lights*.

Agam. We go wrong, we go wrong.

Ajax.

No, yonder 'tis;

There, where we see the lights.

Hect.

I trouble you.

Ajax. No, not a whit.

Ulyss.

Here comes himself to guide you.

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Welcome, brave Hector; welcome, princes all.

Agam. So now, fair prince of Troy, I bid good night.

Ajax commands the guard to tend on you.

Hect. Thanks, and good night, to the Greeks' general.

Men. Good night, my lord.

Hect.

Good night, sweet lord Menelaus.

Ther. Sweet draught. Sweet, quoth 'a! sweet sink, sweet sewer.

Achil. Good night,

And welcome both to those that go, or tarry

Agam. Good night.

[*Exeunt* AGAMEMNON *and* MENELAUS

Achil. Old Nestor tarries; and you too, Diomed, Keep Hector company an hour or two.

Dio. I cannot, lord; I have important business, The tide whereof is now.—Good night, great Hector.

Hect. Give me your hand.

Ulyss.

Follow his torch; he goes

To Calchas' tent: I'll keep you company.

[*Aside* to TROILUS.

Tro. Sweet sir, you honor me.

Hect. And so good night.

[*Exit* DIOMED; ULYSSES and TROILUS following

Achil. Come, come, enter my tent.

[*Exeunt* ACHILLES, HECTOR, AJAX, and NESTOR.

Ther. That same Diomed's a false-hearted rogue, a most unjust knave; I will no more trust him when he leers, than I will a serpent when he hisses: he will spend his mouth, and promise, like Brabblers the hound; but when he performs, astronomers foretell it; it is prodigious, there will come some change; the sun borrows of the moon, when Diomed keeps his word. I will rather leave to see Hector, than not to dog him; they say, he keeps a Trojan drab, and uses the traitor Calchas' tent: I'll after.—Nothing but lechery! all incontinent varlets! [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The same. Before Calchas' Tent.*

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. What, are you up here, ho? speak?

Cal. [*Within.*] Who calls?

Dio. Diomed.—Calchas, I think.—Where's your daughter?

Cal. [*Within.*] She comes to you.

Enter TROILUS and ULYSSES, at a distance; after them, THERSITES.

Ulyss. Stand where the torch may not discover us.

Enter CRESSIDA.

Tro. Cressid comes forth to him!

Dio. How now, my charge?

Cres. Now, my sweet guardian!—Hark! a word with you. [*Whispers.*

Tro. Yea, so familiar!

Ulyss. She will sing any man at first sight.

Ther. And any man may sing her, if he can take her cliff! She's noted.

Dio. Will you remember?

Cres. Remember? yes.

Dio. Nay, but do, then,

And let your mind be coupled with your words.

Tro. What should she remember?

Ulyss. List!

Cres. Sweet honey Greek, tempt me no more to folly.

Ther. Roguery!

Dio. Nay, then,—

Cres. I'll tell you what.

Dio. Pho! pho! come, tell a pin. You are forsworn.—

Cres. In faith, I cannot. What would you have me do?

Ther. A juggling trick, to be—secretly open.

Dio. What did you swear you would bestow on me?

Cres. I pr'ythee, do not hold me to mine oath;
Bid me do any thing but that, sweet Greek.

Dio. Good night.

Tro. Hold, patience!

Ulyss. How now, Trojan?

Cres. Diomed,—

Dio. No, no, good night. I'll be your fool no more.

Tro. Thy better must.

Cres. Hark! one word in your ear.

Tro. O plague and madness!

Ulyss. You are moved, prince; let us depart, I pray you,
Lest your displeasure should enlarge itself
To wrathful terms: this place is dangerous;
The time right deadly; I beseech you, go.

Tro. Behold, I pray you!

Ulyss. Now, good my lord, go off;
You flow to great destruction; come, my lord.

Tro. I pr'ythee, stay.

Ulyss. You have not patience; come.

Tro. I pray you, stay; by hell, and all hell's torments,
I will not speak a word.

Dio. And so, good night.

Cres. Nay, but you part in anger.

Tro. Doth that grieve thee?
O withered truth!

Ulyss. Why, how now, my lord?

Tro. By Jove,
I will be patient.

Cres. Guardian!—why, Greek!

Dio. Pho, pho! adieu; you palter.

Cres. In faith, I do not; come hither once again.

Ulyss. You shake, my lord, at something; will you go?
You will break out.

Tro. She strokes his cheek!

Ulyss. Come, come.

Tro. Nay, stay; by Jove, I will not speak a word.
There is between my will and all offences
A guard of patience;—stay a little while.

Ther. How the devil luxury, with his fat rump, and
potatoe finger, tickles these together! Fry, lechery, fry!

Dio. But will you then?

Cres. In faith, I will, la; never trust me else.

Dio. Give me some token for the surety of it.

Cres. I'll fetch you one. [*Exit.*

Ulyss. You have sworn patience.

Tro. Fear me not, my lord;

I will not be myself, nor have cognition
Of what I feel; I am all patience.

Re-enter CRESSIDA.

Ther. Now the pledge; now, now, now!

Cres. Here, Diomed, keep this sleeve.

Tro. O beauty! where's thy faith?

Ulyss. My lord!--

Tro. I will be patient; outwardly I will.

Cres. You look upon that sleeve; behold it well.—
He loved me—O false wench!—Give't me again.

Dio. Whose was't?

Cres. No matter, now I have't again.
I will not meet with you to-morrow night;
I pr'ythee, Diomed, visit me no more.

Ther. Now she sharpens;—Well said, whetstone.

Dio. I shall have it.

Cres. What, this?

Dio. Ay, that.

Cres. O, all you gods!—O pretty, pretty pledge!
Thy master now lies thinking in his bed
Of thee, and me; and sighs and takes my glove,
And gives memorial dainty kisses to it,
As I kiss thee.—Nay, do not snatch it from me;
He that takes that, must take my heart withal.

Dio. I had your heart before; this follows it.

Tro. I did swear patience.

Cres. You shall not have it, Diomed; 'faith, you shall not;
I'll give you something else.

Dio. I will have this. Whose was it?

Cres. 'Tis no matter.

Dio. Come, tell me whose it was.

Cres. 'Twas one's that loved me better than you will.
But, now you have it, take it.

Dio. Whose was it?

Cres. By all Diana's waiting-women yonder,
And by herself, I will not tell you whose.

Dio. To-morrow will I wear it on my helm;
And grieve his spirit that dares not challenge it.

Tro. Wert thou the devil, and wor'st it on thy horn,
It should be challenged.

Cres. Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis past.—And yet it is not;
I will not keep my word.

Dio. Why then, farewell;
Thou never shalt mock Diomed again.

Cres. You shall not go.—One cannot speak a word,
But it straight starts you.

Dio. I do not like this fooling.

Ther. Nor I, by Pluto; but that that likes not you,
pleases me best.

Dio. What, shall I come? the hour?

Cres. Ay, come.—O Jove!—
Do come;—I shall be plagued.

Dio. Farewell till then.

Cres. Good night. I pr'ythee, come.—

[*Exit* DIOMEDES

Troilus, farewell! one eye yet looks on thee;

But with my heart the other eye doth see.

Ah! poor our sex! this fault in us I find,

The error of our eye directs our mind.

What error leads, must err; O then conclude,

Minds, swayed by eyes, are full of turpitude.

[*Exit* CRESSIDA.

Ther. A proof of strength, she could not publish more,
Unless she said, my mind is now turned whore.

Ulyss. All's done, my lord.

Tro. It is.

Ulyss. Why stay we, then?

Tro. To make a recordation to my soul
Of every syllable that here was spoke.
But, if I tell how these two did co-act,
Shall I not lie in publishing a truth?
Sith yet there is a credence in my heart,
An esperance so obstinately strong,
That doth invert the attest of eyes and ears;
As if those organs had deceptious functions,
Created only to calumniate.—
Was Cressid here?

Ulyss. I cannot conjure, Trojan.

Tro. She was not, sure.

Ulyss. Most sure she was.

Tro. Why, my negation hath no taste of madness.

Ulyss. Nor mine, my lord; Cressid was here but now.

Tro. Let it not be believed for womanhood!
Think, we had mothers; do not give advantage

To stubborn critics—apt, without a theme,
For depravation—to square the general sex
By Cressid's rule; rather think this not Cressid.

Ulyss. What hath she done, prince, that can soil our
mothers?

Tro. Nothing at all, unless that this were she.

Ther. Will he swagger himself out on's own eyes?

Tro. This she? No, this is Diomed's Cressida.

If beauty have a soul, this is not she;
If souls guide vows, if vows be sanctimonies,
If sanctimony be the gods' delight,
If there be rule in unity itself,
This was not she. O madness of discourse,
That cause sets up with and against itself!
Bi-fold authority! where reason can revolt
Without perdition, and loss assume all reason
Without revolt: this is, and is not, Cressid!
Within my soul there doth conduce a fight
Of this strange nature, that a thing inseparate
Divides more wider than the sky and earth;
And yet the spacious breadth of this division
Admits no orifice for a point, as subtle
As Ariachne's broken woof, to enter.
Instance, O instance! strong as Pluto's gates;
Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of Heaven.
Instance, O instance! strong as Heaven itself;
The bonds of Heaven are slipped, dissolved, and loosed;
And with another knot, five-finger-tied.
The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,
The fragments, scraps, the bits and greasy relics
Of her o'er-eaten faith, are bound to Diomed.

Ulyss. May worthy Troilus be half attached
With that which here his passion doth express?

Tro. Ay, Greek; and that shall be divulged well
In characters as red as Mars his heart
Inflamed with Venus; never did young man fancy
With so eternal and so fixed a soul.

Hark, Greek.—As much as I do Cressid love,
So much by weight hate I her Diomed.
That sleeve is mine, that he'll bear on his helm;
Were it a casque composed by Vulcan's skill,
My sword should bite it; not the dreadful spout,
Which shipmen do the hurricano call,
Constringed in mass by the almighty sun,
Shall dizzy with more clamor Neptune's ear

In his descent, than shall my prompted sword
Falling on Diomed.

Ther. He'll tickle it for his concupy.

Tro. O Cressid! O false Cressid! false, false, false!
Let all untruths stand by thy stained name,
And they'll seem glorious.

Ulyss. O, contain yourself;
Your passion draws ears hither.

Enter ÆNEAS.

Æne. I have been seeking you this hour, my lord.
Hector, by this, is arming him in Troy;
Ajax, your guard, stays to conduct you home.

Tro. Have with you, prince.—My courteous lord, adieu;
Farewell, revolted fair!—and, Diomed,
Stand fast, and wear a castle on thy head!

Ulyss. I'll bring you to the gates.

Tro. Accept distracted thanks.

[Exeunt TROILUS, ÆNEAS, and ULYSSES.]

Ther. 'Would I could meet that rogue Diomed! I would
croak like a raven; I would bode, I would bode. Patroclus
will give me any thing for the intelligence of this whore;
the parrot will not do more for an almond, than he for a
commodious drab. Lechery, lechery; still, wars and lechery;
nothing else holds fashion. A burning devil take them!

[Exit.]

SCENE III. Troy. Before Priam's Palace.

Enter HECTOR and ANDROMACHE.

And. When was my lord so much ungently tempered,
To stop his ears against admonishment?
Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day.

Hect. You train me to offend you; get you in.
By all the everlasting gods, I'll go.

And. My dreams will, sure, prove ominous to the day.

Hect. No more, I say.

Enter CASSANDRA.

Cas. Where is my brother Hector?

And. Here, sister; armed and bloody in intent.
Consort with me in loud and dear petition,
Pursue we him on knees; for I have dreamed
Of bloody turbulence, and this whole night.
Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of slaughter.

Cas. O, it is true.

Hect. Ho! bid my trumpet sound!

Cas. No notes of sally, for the heavens, sweet brother.

Hect. Begone, I say; the gods have heard me swear.

Cas. The gods are deaf to hot and peevish vows;
They are polluted offerings, more abhorred
Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.

And. O! be persuaded. Do not count it holy
To hurt by being just; it is as lawful,
For we would give much, to use violent thefts,
And rob in the behalf of charity.

Cas. It is the purpose that makes strong the vow;
But vows to every purpose must not hold;
Unarm, sweet Hector.

Hect. Hold you still, I say;
Mine honor keeps the weather of my fate.
Life every man holds dear; but the dear man
Holds honor far more precious-dear than life.--

Enter TROILUS.

How now, young man? mean'st thou to fight to-day?

And. Cassandra, call my father to persuade.

[*Exit* CASSANDRA.]

Hect. No, 'faith, young Troilus; doff thy harness, youth;
I am to-day i' the vein of chivalry.

Let grow thy sinews till their knots be strong,
And tempt not yet the brushes of the war.

Unarm thee, go; and doubt thou not, brave boy,
I'll stand to-day, for thee, and me, and Troy,

Tro. Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you,
Which better fits a lion than a man.

Hect. What vice is that, good Troilus? Chide me for it.

Tro. When many times the captive Grecians fall,
Even in the fan and wind of your fair sword,
You bid them rise and live.

Hect. O, 'tis fair play.

Tro. Fool's play, by Heaven, Hector.

Hect. How now? how now?

Tro. For the love of all the gods,
Let's leave the hermit Pity with our mother;
And when we have our armors buckled on,
The venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords;
Spur them to ruthless work, rein them from ruth.

Hect. Fie, savage, fie!

Tro. Hector, then 'tis wars.

Hect. Troilus, I would not have you fight to-day.

Tro. Who should withhold me?
 Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars
 Beckoning with fiery truncheon my retire;
 Not Priamus and Hecuba on knees,
 Their eyes o'ergalled with recourse of tears;
 Nor you, my brother, with your true sword drawn,
 Opposed to hinder me, should stop my way,
 But by my ruin.

Re-enter CASSANDRA, with PRIAM.

Cas. Lay hold upon him, Priam; hold him fast:
 He is thy crutch; now, if thou lose thy stay,
 Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,
 Fall all together.

Pri. Come, Hector, come, go back.
 Thy wife hath dreamed; thy mother hath had visions;
 Cassandra doth foresee; and I myself
 Am like a prophet suddenly enrapt,
 To tell thee—that this day is ominous.
 Therefore, come back.

Hect. Æneas is afield;
 And I do stand engaged to many Greeks,
 Even in the faith of valor, to appear
 This morning to them.

Pri. Ay, but thou shalt not go.

Hect. I must not break my faith.
 You know me dutiful; therefore, dear sir,
 Let me not shame respect; but give me leave
 To take that course by your consent and voice,
 Which you do here forbid me, royal Priam.

Cas. O Priam, yield not to him.

And. Do not, dear father.

Hect. Andromache, I am offended with you;
 Upon the love you bear me, get you in.

[*Exit ANDROMACHE*

Tro. This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girl
 Makes all these bodements.

Cas. O farewell, dear Hector.
 Look, how thou diest! look, how thy eye turns pale!
 Look, how thy wounds do bleed at many vents!
 Hark, how Troy roars! how Hecuba cries out!
 How poor Andromache shrills her dolours forth!
 Behold! destruction, frenzy, and amazement,
 Like witless antics, one another meet,
 And all cry—*Hector! Hector's dead! O Hector!*

Tro. Away!—Away!

Cas. Farewell.—Yet, soft.—Hector, I take my leave;
Thou dost thyself and all our Troy deceive. [*Exit.*

Hect. You are amazed, my liege, at her exclaim.
Go in, and cheer the town: we'll forth, and fight;
Do deeds worth praise, and tell you them at night.

Pri. Farewell; the gods with safety stand about thee!

[*Exeunt severally* PRIAM and HECTOR. *Alarums.*

Tro. They are at it; hark! Proud Diomed, believe,
I come to lose my arm, or win my sleeve.

As TROILUS *is going out, enter, from the other side, PANDARUS.*

Pan. Do you hear, my lord? do you hear?

Tro. What now?

Pan. Here's a letter from yon' poor girl.

Tro. Let me read.

Pan. A whoreson phthisic, a whoreson, rascally phthisic
so troubles me, and the foolish fortune of this girl; and
what one thing, what another, that I shall leave you one
o' these days. And I have a rheum in mine eyes too;
and such an ache in my bones, that, unless a man were
cursed, I cannot tell what to think on't.—What says she
there?

Tro. Words, words, mere words, no matter from the
heart; [*Tearing the letter.*

The effect doth operate another way.—

Go, wind, to wind, there turn and change together.

My love with words and errors still she feeds;

But edifies another with her deeds. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE IV. *Between Troy and the Grecian Camp.*

Alarums: Excursions. Enter THERSITES.

Ther. Now they are clapper-clawing one another; I'll
go look on. That dissembling, abominable varlet, Diomed,
has got that same scurvy, doting, foolish young knave's
sleeve of Troy there, in his helm. I would fain see them
meet; that that same young Trojan ass, that loves the whore
there, might send that Greekish, whoremasterly villain, with
the sleeve, back to the dissembling, luxurious drab, on a
sleeveless errand. O' the other side, the policy of those
crafty, swearing rascals,—that stale, old, mouse-eaten, dry
cheese, Nestor; and that same dog-fox, Ulysses,—is not
proved worth a blackberry.—They set me up, in policy, that
mongrel cur, Ajax, against that dog of as bad a kind,
Achilles; and now is the cur Ajax prouder than the cur

Achilles, and will not arm to-day; whereupon the Grecians begin to proclaim barbarism, and policy grows into an ill opinion. Soft! here comes sleeve, and t'other.

Enter DIOMEDES, TROILUS *following*.

Tro. Fly not; for, shouldst thou take the river Styx, I would swim after.

Dio. Thou dost miscall retire.
I do not fly; but advantageous care
Withdrew me from the odds of multitude.
Have at thee!

Ther. Hold thy whore, Grecian!—now for thy whore, Trojan!—now the sleeve, now the sleeve!

[*Exeunt* TROILUS and DIOMEDES, *fighting*.

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. What art thou, Greek? art thou for Hector's match? Art thou of blood, and honor?

Ther. No, no.—I am a rascal; a scurvy, railing knave; a very filthy rogue.

Hect. I do believe thee;—live. [*Exit.*

Ther. God-a-mercy, that thou wilt believe me; but a plague break thy neck, for frightening me! What's become of the wenching rogues? I think they have swallowed one another; I would laugh at that miracle. Yet, in a sort, lechery eats itself. I'll seek them. [*Exit*

SCENE V. *The same.*

Enter DIOMEDES and a Servant.

Dio. Go, go, my servant, take thou Troilus' horse; Present the fair steed to my lady Cressid: Fellow, commend my service to her beauty; Tell her, I have chastised the amorous Trojan, And am her knight by proof.

Serv.

I go, my lord.

[*Exit* Servant.

Enter AGAMEMNON.

Agam. Renew, renew! The fierce Polydamas Hath beat down Menon; bastard Margarelon Hath Doreus prisoner; And stands colossus-wise, waving his beam, Upon the fashed corse of the kings Epistrophus and Cedius. Polixenes is slain;

Amphimachus, and Thoas, deadly hurt;
 Patroclus ta'en, or slain; and Palamedes
 Sore hurt and bruised; the dreadful Sagittary
 Appals our numbers; haste we, Diomed,
 To reinforcement, or we perish all.

Enter NESTOR.

Nest. Go, bear Patroclus' body to Achilles;
 And bid the snail-paced Ajax arm for shame.—
 There is a thousand Hectors in the field;
 Now here he fights on Galathea his horse,
 And there lacks work; anon, he's there afoot,
 And there they fly, or die, like scaled sculls
 Before the belching whale; then is he yonder,
 And there the strawy Greeks, ripe for his edge,
 Fall down before him, like the mower's swath.
 Here, there, and every where, he leaves and takes;
 Dexterity so obeying appetite,
 That what he will, he does; and does so much,
 That proof is called impossibility.

Enter ULYSSES.

Ulyss. O, courage, courage, princes! great Achilles
 Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance.
 Patroclus' wounds have roused his drowsy blood,
 Together with his mangled Myrmidons,
 That noseless, handless, hacked and chipped, come to him,
 Crying on Hector. Ajax hath lost a friend,
 And foams at mouth, and he is armed, and at it,
 Roaring for Troilus; who hath done to-day
 Mad and fantastic execution;
 Engaging and redeeming of himself,
 With such a careless force, and forceless care,
 As if that luck, in very spite of cunning,
 Bade him win all.

Enter AJAX.

Ajax. Troilus! thou coward Troilus! *[Exit.*

Dio. Ay, there, there.

Nest. So, so, we draw together.

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Where is this Hector?
 Come, come, thou boy-queller, show thy face;
 Know what it is to meet Achilles angry.
 Hector! where's Hector? I will none but Hector. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Another Part of the Field.**Enter AJAX.**Ajax.* Troilus, thou coward Troilus, show thy head!*Enter DIOMEDES.**Dio.* Troilus, I say! where's Troilus?*Ajax.* What wouldst thou?*Dio.* I would correct him.*Ajax.* Were I the general, thou shouldst have my office Ere that correction.—Troilus, I say! what, Troilus!*Enter TROILUS.**Tro.* O, traitor Diomed!—turn thy false face, thou traitor, And pay thy life thou owest me for my horse!*Dio.* Ha! art thou there?*Ajax.* I'll fight with him alone; stand, Diomed.*Dio.* He is my prize; I will not look upon.*Tro.* Come both, you cogging Greeks; have at you both.
[*Exeunt, fighting.*]*Enter HECTOR.**Hect.* Yea, Troilus! O, well fought, my youngest brother!*Enter ACHILLES.**Achil.* Now do I see thee; ha!—Have at thee, Hector*Hect.* Pause, if thou wilt.*Achil.* I do disdain thy courtesy, proud Trojan;
Be happy, that my arms are out of use.
My rest and negligence befriend thee now,
But thou anon shalt hear of me again;
Till when go seek thy fortune. [Exit.]*Hect.* Fare thee well:—
I would have been much more a fresher man,
Had I expected thee.—How now, my brother?*Re-enter TROILUS.**Tro.* Ajax hath ta'en Æneas; shall it be?
No, by the flame of yonder glorious heaven,
He shall not carry him; I'll be taken too,
Or bring him off.—Fate, hear me what I say!
I reck not though I end my life to-day. [Exit.]*Enter one in sumptuous armor.**Hect.* Stand, stand, thou Greck; thou art a goodly mark:—
No? wilt thou not?—I like thy armor well;

I'll frush it, and unlock the rivets ail,
But I'll be master of it.—Wilt thou not, beast, abide?
Why then, fly on; I'll hunt thee for thy hide. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *The same.*

Enter ACHILLES, *with* Myrmidons.

Achil. Come here about me, you my Myrmidons;
Mark what I say.—Attend me where I wheel;
Strike not a stroke, but keep yourselves in breath;
And when I have the bloody Hector found,
Empale him with your weapons round about;
In fellest manner execute your arms.
Follow me, sirs, and my proceedings eye!
It is decreed—Hector the great must die. [*Exeunt*

SCENE VIII. *The same.*

Enter MENELAUS *and* PARIS, *fighting*; *then* THERSITES.

Ther. The cuckold and the cuckold-maker are at it. Now,
bull! now, dog! 'Loo, Paris, 'loo! now my double-henned
sparrow! 'loo, Paris, loo! The bull has the game:—'ware
horns, ho! [*Exeunt* PARIS *and* MENELAUS.

Enter MARGARELON.

Mar. Turn, slave, and fight.

Ther. What art thou?

Mar. A bastard son of Priam's.

Ther. I am a bastard too; I love bastards; I am a bastard begot, bastard instructed, bastard in mind, bastard in valor, in every thing illegitimate. One bear will not bite another, and wherefore should one bastard? Take heed, the quarrel's most ominous to us: if the son of a whore fight for a whore, he tempts judgment. Farewell, bastard.

Mar. The devil take thee, coward! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX. *Another Part of the Field.*

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. Most putrified core, so fair without,
Thy goodly armor thus hath cost thy life.
Now is my day's work done; I'll take good breath:
Rest, sword; thou hast thy fill of blood and death!
[*Puts off his helmet, and hangs his shield*
behind him.

Enter ACHILLES *and* Myrmidons.

Achil. Look, Hector, how the sun begins to set;
How ugly night comes breathing at his heels.
Even with the vail and darkening of the sun,
To close the day up, Hector's life is done.

Hect. I am unarmed: forego this vantage, Greek.

Achil. Strike, fellows, strike; this is the man I seek.

[HECTOR falls

So, Ilium, fall thou next! now, Troy, sink down!
Here lies thy heart, thy sinews, and thy bone.—
On, Myrmidons; and cry you all amain,
Achilles hath the mighty Hector slain. [*A retreat sounded.*
Hark! a retreat upon our Grecian part.

Myr. The Trojan trumpets sound the like, my lord.

Achil. The dragon wing of night o'erspreads the earth,
And, stickler like, the armies separate.
My half-supped sword, that frankly would have fed,
Pleased with this dainty bit, thus goes to bed.—

[*Sheathes his sword.*

Come, tie his body to my horse's tail;
Along the field I will the Trojan trail. [Exeunt.

SCENE X. *The same.*

Enter AGAMEMNON, AJAX, MENELAUS, NESTOR, DIOMEDES,
and others, marching. Shouts within.

Agam. Hark! hark! what shout is that?

Nest.

Peace, drums.

[*Within.*]

Achilles!

Achilles! Hector's slain! Achilles!

Dio. The bruit is—Hector's slain, and by Achilles.

Ajax. If it be so, yet bragless let it be;
Great Hector was as good a man as he.

Agam. March patiently along.—Let one be sent
To pray Achilles see us at our tent.—

If in his death the gods have us befriended,
Great Troy is ours, and our sharp wars are ended.

[*Exeunt, marching.*

SCENE XI. *Another Part of the Field.*

Enter ÆNEAS *and* Trojans.

Æne. Stand, ho! yet are we masters of the field.
Never go home; here starve we out the night.

Enter TROILUS.

Tro. Hector is slain.

All. Hector?—The gods forbid!

Tro. He's dead; and at the murderer's horse's tail,
In beastly sort, dragged through the shameful field.—
Frown on, you heavens; effect your rage with speed!
Sit, gods, upon your thrones, and smile at Troy!
I say, at once let your brief plagues be mercy,
And linger not our sure destructions on!

Æne. My lord, you do discomfort all the host.

Tro. You understand me not, that tell me so;
I do not speak of flight, of fear, of death;
But dare all imminence, that gods and men
Address their dangers in. Hector is gone!
Who shall tell Priam so, or Hecuba?
Let him, that will a screech-owl aye be called,
Go into Troy, and say there—*Hector's dead*.
There is a word will Priam turn to stone;
Make wells and Niobes of the maids and wives,
Cold statues of the youth; and, in a word,
Scare Troy out of itself. But, march, away:
Hector is dead; there is no more to say.
Stay yet.—You vile, abominable tents,
Thus proudly pight upon our Phrygian plains,
Let Titan rise as early as he dare,
I'll through and through you!—And thou, great-sized
coward!

No space of earth shall sunder our two hates;
I'll haunt thee like a wicked conscience still,
That mouldeth goblins swift as frenzy thoughts.—
Strike a free march to Troy!—with comfort go:
Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe.

[*Exeunt* ÆNEAS and Trojans.

As TROILUS *is going out, enter, from the other side,* PANDARUS.

Pan. But hear you, hear you!

Tro. Hence, broker lackey! ignomy and shame
Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name!

[*Exit* TROILUS.

Pan. A goodly med'cine for my aching bones!—O world!
world! world! thus is the poor agent despised! O traitors
and bawds, how earnestly are you set a' work, and how ill
requited! Why should our endeavor be so loved, and the

performance so loathed? what verse for it? what instance for it?—Let me see:

Full merrily the humble-bee doth sing,
Till he hath lost his honey and his sting;
And being once subdued in armed tail,
Sweet honey and sweet notes together fail.—

Good traders in the flesh, set this in your painted cloths.

As many as be here of Pandar's hall,
Your eyes, half out, weep out at Pandar's fall.
Or, if you cannot weep, yet give some groans,
Though not for me, yet for your aching bones
Brethren, and sisters, of the hold-door trade,
Some two months hence my will shall here be made;
It should be now, but that my fear is this,—
Some galled goose of Winchester would hiss;
Till then I'll sweat, and seek about for eases,
And, at that time, bequeath you my diseases. [Exit.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

TIMON, *a noble Athenian.*

LUCIUS,
LUCULLUS, } *Lords, and Flatterers of Timon*
SEMPRONIUS,

VENTIDIUS, *one of Timon's false Friends.*

APEMANTUS, *a churlish Philosopher.*

ALCIBIADES, *an Athenian General.*

FLAVIUS, *Steward to Timon.*

FLAMINIUS,
LUCILIUS, } *Timon's Servants.*
SERVILIUS,

CAPHIS,
PHILOTUS,
TITUS,
LUCIUS.
HORTENSIVS, } *Servants to Timon's Creditors.*

*Two Servants of Varro, and the Servant of Isidore, are of
Timon's Creditors.*

CUPID and Maskers. *Three Strangers.*

Poet, Painter, Jeweller, and Merchant.

An old Athenian. A Page. A Fool.

PHRYNIA, } *Mistresses to Alcibiades.*
TIMANDRA,

*Other Lords, Senators, Officers, Soldiers, Thieves, and
Attendants.*

SCENE. *Athens, and the Woods adjoining.*

TIMON OF ATHENS.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Athens. *A Hall in Timon's House.*

Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, and others, at several doors.

Poet. Good day, sir.

Pain. I am glad you are well.

Poet. I have not seen you long; how goes the world?

Pain. It wears, sir, as it grows.

Poet. Ay, that's well known.

But what particular rarity? what strange,
Which manifold record not matches? See,
Magic of bounty! all these spirits thy power
Hath conjured to attend. I know the merchant.

Pain. I know them both; t'other's a jeweller.

Mer. O, 'tis a worthy lord!

Jew. Nay, that's most fixed.

Mer. A most incomparable man; breathed, as it were,
To an untirable and continue goodness.
He passes.

Jew. I have a jewel here.

Mer. O, pray, let's see't; for the lord Timon, sir?

Jew. If he will touch the estimate. But for that——

Poet. *When we for recompense have praised the vile,
It stains the glory in that happy verse
Which aptly sings the good.*

Mer. 'Tis a good form.

[*Looking at the jewel.*]

Jew. And rich; here is a water, look you.

Pain. You are rapt, sir, in some work, some dedication
To the great lord.

Poet. A thing slipped idly from me.
Our poesy is as a gum, which oozes
From whence 'tis nourished. The fire i' the flint
Shows not, till it be struck; our gentle flame
Provokes itself, and, like the current, flies
Each bound it chafes. What have you there?

Pain. A picture, sir.—And when comes your book forth?

Poet. Upon the heels of my presentment, sir.
Let's see your piece.

Pain. 'Tis a good piece.

Poet. So 'tis; this comes off well and excellent.

Pain. Indifferent.

Poet. Admirable. How this grace
Speaks his own standing? what a mental power
This eye shoots forth! how big imagination
Moves in this lip! to the dumbness of the gesture
One might interpret.

Pain. It is a pretty mocking of the life.
Here is a touch; is't good?

Poet. I'll say of it,
It tutors nature; artificial strife
Lives in these touches, livelier than life.

Enter certain Senators, and pass over.

Pain. How this lord's followed!

Poet. The senators of Athens;—happy men!

Pain. Look, more!

Poet. You see this confluence, this great flood of visitors.
I have, in this rough work, shaped out a man,
Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hug
With amplest entertainment. My free drift
Halts not particularly, but moves itself
In a wide sea of wax. No levelled malice
Infects one comma in the course I hold;
But flies an eagle flight, bold, and forth on,
Leaving no tract behind.

Pain. How shall I understand you?

Poet. I'll unbolt to you.
You see how all conditions, how all minds,
(As well of glib and slippery creatures, as
Of grave and austere quality,) tender down
Their services to lord Timon. His large fortune,
Upon his good and gracious nature hanging,
Subdues and properties to his love and tendance
All sorts of hearts; yea, from the glass-faced flatterer
To Apemantus, that few things loves better

Than to abhor himself; even he drops down
The knee before him, and returns in peace,
Most rich in Timon's nod.

Pain. I saw them speak together.

Poet. Sir, I have upon a high and pleasant hill,
Feigned Fortune to be throned. The base o' the mount
Is ranked with all deserts, all kind of natures,
That labor on the bosom of this sphere
To propagate their states. Amongst them all,
Whose eyes are on this sovereign lady fixed,
One do I personate of lord Timon's frame,
Whom Fortune with her ivory hand wafts to her;
Whose present grace to present slaves and servants
Translates his rivals.

Pain. 'Tis conceived to scope.
This throne, this Fortune, and this hill, methinks,
With one man beckoned from the rest below,
Bowing his head against the steepy mount
To climb his happiness, would be well expressed
In our condition.

Poet. Nay, sir, but hear me on.
All those which were his fellows but of late,
(Some better than his value,) on the moment
Follow his strides, his lobbies fill with tendance,
Rain sacrificial whisperings in his ear,
Make sacred even his stirrup, and through him
Drink the free air.

Pain. Ay, marry, what of these?

Poet. When Fortune, in her shift and change of mood,
Spurns down her late beloved, and all his dependants,
Which labored after him to the mountain's top,
Even on their knees and hands, let him slip down,
Not one accompanying his declining foot.

Pain. 'Tis common.
A thousand moral paintings I can show,
That shall demonstrate these quick blows of fortune
More pregnantly than words. Yet you do well,
To show lord Timon, that mean eyes have seen
The foot above the head.

Trumpets sound. Enter TIMON attended; the Servant of
VENTIDIUS talking with him.

Tim. Imprisoned is he, say you?

Ven. Serv. Ay, my good lord: five talents is his debt;
His means most short, his creditors most strait.
Your honorable letter he desires

To those have shut him up; which failing to him,
Periods his comfort.

Tim. Noble Ventidius! Well,
I am not of that feather, to shake off
My friend when he must need me. I do know him
A gentleman that well deserves a help,
Which he shall have. I'll pay the debt, and free him.

Ven. Serv. Your lordship ever binds him.

Tim. Commend me to him; I will send his ransom;
And, being enfranchised, bid him come to me:—
'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to support him after.—Fare you well.

Ven. Serv. All happiness to your honor! [Exit.

Enter an old Athenian.

Old Ath. Lord Timon, hear me speak.

Tim. Freely, good father

Old Ath. Thou hast a servant named Lucilius.

Tim. I have so. What of him?

Old Ath. Most noble Timon, call the man before thee.

Tim. Attends he here, or no?—Lucilius!

Enter LUCILIUS.

Luc. Here, at your lordship's service.

Old Ath. This fellow here, lord Timon, this thy creature,
By night frequents my house. I am a man
That from my first have been inclined to thrift;
And my estate deserves an heir more raised,
Than one which holds a trencher.

Tim. Well; what further?

Old Ath. One only daughter have I, no kin else,
On whom I may confer what I have got:
The maid is fair, o' the youngest for a bride,
And I have bred her at my dearest cost,
In qualities of the best. This man of thine
Attempts her love. I pr'ythee, noble lord,
Join with me to forbid him her resort;
Myself have spoke in vain.

Tim. The man is honest.

Old Ath. Therefore he will be, Timon.
His honesty rewards him in itself,
It must not bear my daughter.

Tim. Does she love him?

Old Ath. She is young, and apt:
Our own precedent passions do instruct us
What levity's in youth.

Tim. [*To LUCILIUS.*] Love you the maid?

Luc. Ay, my good lord, and she accepts of it.

Old Ath. If in her marriage my consent be missing,
I call the gods to witness, I will choose
Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world,
And dispossess her all.

Tim. How shall she be endowed,
If she be mated with an equal husband?

Old Ath. Three talents, on the present; in future, all.

Tim. This gentleman of mine hath served me long:
To build his fortune, I will strain a little,
For 'tis a bond in men. Give him thy daughter;
What you bestow, in him I'll counterpoise,
And make him weigh with her.

Old Ath. Most noble lord,
Pawn me to this your honor, she is his.

Tim. My hand to thee; mine honor on my promise.

Luc. Humbly I thank your lordship. Never may
That state or fortune fall into my keeping,
Which is not owed to you!

[*Exeunt LUCILIUS and old Athenian.*]

Poet. Vouchsafe my labor, and long live your lordship!

Tim. I thank you; you shall hear from me anon;
Go not away.—What have you there, my friend?

Pain. A piece of painting, which I do beseech
Your lordship to accept.

Tim. Painting is welcome.
The painting is almost the natural man;
For since dishonor traffics with man's nature,
He is but outside. These pencilled figures are
Even such as they give out. I like your work,
And you shall find, I like it: wait attendance
Till you hear further from me.

Pain. The gods preserve you!

Tim. Well fare you, gentlemen. Give me your hand;
We must needs dine together.—Sir, your jewel
Hath suffered under praise.

Jew. What, my lord? dispraise?

Tim. A mere satiety of commendations.
If I should pay you for it as 'tis extolled,
It would unclaw me quite.

Jew. My lord, 'tis rated
As those, which sell, would give. But you well know,
Things of like value, differing in the owners,
Are prized by their masters: believe't, dear lord,
You mend the jewel by the wearing it.

Tim. Well mocked.

Mer. No, my good lord; he speaks the common tongue,
Which all men speak with him.

Tim. Look, who comes here. Will you be chid?

Enter APEMANTUS.

Jew. We will bear with your lordship.

Mer. He'll spare none

Tim. Good morrow to thee, gentle Apemantus!

Apem. Till I be gentle, stay thou for thy good morrow;
When thou art Timon's dog, and these knaves honest.

Tim. Why dost thou call them knaves? thou know'st
them not.

Apem. Are they not Athenians?

Tim. Yes.

Apem. Then I repent not.

Jew. You know me, Apemantus.

Apem. Thou know'st, I do: I called thee by thy name.

Tim. Thou art proud, Apemantus.

Apem. Of nothing so much, as that I am not like Timon.

Tim. Whither art going?

Apem. To knock out an honest Athenian's brains.

Tim. That's a deed thou'lt die for.

Apem. Right, if doing nothing be death by the law.

Tim. How likest thou this picture, Apemantus?

Apem. The best for the innocence.

Tim. Wrought he not well, that painted it?

Apem. He wrought better, that made the painter; and
yet he's but a filthy piece of work.

Pain. You are a dog.

Apem. Thy mother's of my generation. What's she, if
I be a dog?

Tim. Wilt dine with me, Apemantus?

Apem. No; I eat not lords.

Pain. An thou shouldst, thou'dst anger ladies.

Apem. O, they eat lords: so they come by great bellies

Tim. That's a lascivious apprehension.

Apem. So thou apprehend'st it. Take it for thy labor.

Tim. How dost thou like this jewel, Apemantus?

Apem. Not so well as plain-dealing, which will not cost
a man a doit.

Tim. What dost thou think 'tis worth?

Apem. Not worth my thinking.—How now, poet?

Poet. How now, philosopher?

Apem. Thou liest.

Poet. Art not one?

Apem. Yes.

Poet. Then I lie not.

Apem. Art not a poet?

Poet. Yes.

Apem. Then thou liest: look in thy last work where thou hast feigned him a worthy fellow.

Poet. That's not feigned; he is so.

Apem. Yes, he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy labor. He that loves to be flattered, is worthy o' the flatterer. Heavens, that I were a lord!

Tim. What wouldst do then, Apemantus?

Apem. Even as Apemantus does now, hate a lord with my heart.

Tim. What, thyself?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Wherefore?

Apem. That I had no angry wit to be a lord.—Art not thou a merchant?

Mer. Ay, Apemantus.

Apem. Traffic confound thee, if the gods will not!

Mer. If traffic do it, the gods do it.

Apem. Traffic's thy god, and thy god confound thee.

Trumpets sound. Enter a Servant.

Tim. What trumpet's that?

Serv. 'Tis Alcibiades, and
Some twenty horse, all of companionship.

Tim. Pray, entertain them; give them guide to us.—

[Exeunt some Attendants.]

You must needs dine with me:—Go not you hence,
Till I have thanked you;—and, when dinner's done,
Show me this piece.—I am joyful of your sights.—

Enter ALCIBIADES, with his Company.

Most welcome, sir!

[They salute.]

Apem. So, so; there!—
Aches contract and starve your supple joints!—
That there should be small love 'mongst these sweet knaves,
And all this court'sy! The strain of man's bred out
Into baboon and monkey.

Alcib. Sir, you have saved my longing, and I feed
Most hungrily on your sight.

Tim. Right welcome, sir:
Ere we depart, we'll share a bounteous time
In different pleasures. Pray you, let us in.

[Exeunt all but APEMANTUS.]

Enter two Lords.

1 *Lord.* What time a day is't, Apemantus?

Apem. Time to be honest.

1 *Lord.* That time serves still.

Apem. The most accursed thou, that still omit'st it.

2 *Lord.* Thou art going to lord Timon's feast?

Apem. Ay; to see meat fill knaves, and wine heat fools.

2 *Lord.* Fare thee well, fare thee well.

Apem. Thou art a fool, to bid me farewell twice.

2 *Lord.* Why, Apemantus?

Apem. Should'st have kept one to thyself, for I mean to give thee none.

1 *Lord.* Hang thyself.

Apem. No, I will do nothing at thy bidding; make thy requests to thy friend.

2 *Lord.* Away, unpeaceable dog, or I'll spurn thee hence.

Apem. I will fly, like a dog, the heels of the ass. [*Exit.*

1 *Lord.* He's opposite to humanity. Come, shall we in,
And taste lord Timon's bounty? he outgoes
The very heart of kindness.

2 *Lord.* He pours it out. Plutus, the god of gold,
Is but his steward: no meed, but he repays
Sevenfold above itself; no gift to him,
But breeds the giver a return exceeding
All use of quittance.

1 *Lord.* The noblest mind he carries,
That ever governed man.

2 *Lord.* Long may he live in fortunes! Shall we in?

1 *Lord.* I'll keep you company. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. A Room of State in Timon's House. Hautboys playing loud music. A great banquet served in; FLAVIUS and others attending.*

Then enter TIMON, ALCIBIADES, LUCIUS, LUCULLUS, SEMPRONIUS, and other Athenian Senators, with VENTIDIUS, and Attendants. — Then comes, dropping after all, APEMANTUS, discontentedly.

Ven. Most honored Timon, 't hath pleased the gods to remember

My father's age, and call him to long peace.

He is gone happy, and has left me rich:

Then, as in grateful virtue I am bound

To your free heart, I do return those talents,

Doubled, with thanks and service, from whose help
I derived liberty.

Tim. O, by no means,
Honest Ventidius: you mistake my love:
I gave it freely ever; and there's none
Can truly say, he gives, if he receives:
If our betters play at that game, we must not dare
To imitate them. Faults that are rich, are fair.

Ven. A noble spirit.

[*They all stand, ceremoniously, looking on TIMON*

Tim. Nay, my lords, ceremony
Was but devised at first to set a gloss
On faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
Recanting goodness, sorry ere 'tis shown;
But where there is true friendship, there needs none.
Pray, sit; more welcome are ye to my fortunes,
Than my fortunes to me. [*They sit*

1 *Lord.* My lord, we always have confessed it.

Apem. Ho, ho, confessed it? hanged it, have you not?

Tim. O Apemantus! you are welcome.

Apem.

No,

You shall not make me welcome.

I come to have thee thrust me out of doors.

Tim. Fie! thou art a churl: you have got a humor there
Does not become a man; 'tis much to blame:—

They say, my lords, *Ira furor brevis est*;

But yond' man's ever angry.

Go, let him have a table by himself;

For he does neither affect company,

Nor is he fit for it, indeed.

Apem. Let me stay at thine apperil, Timon;
I come to observe; I give thee warning on't.

Tim. I take no heed of thee; thou art an Athenian;
therefore welcome; I myself would have no power: pr'ythee,
let my meat make thee silent.

Apem. I scorn thy meat; 'twould choke me, for I should
Ne'er flatter thee.—O you gods! what a number
Of men eat Timon, and he sees them not!
It grieves me, to see so many dip their meat
In one man's blood; and all the madness is,
He cheers them up too.

I wonder men dare trust themselves with men.

Methinks they should invite them without knives;

Good for their meat, and safer for their lives.

There's much example for't; the fellow that

Sits next him now, parts bread with him, and pledges

The breath of him in a divided draught,
Is the readiest man to kill him: it has been proved.
If I

Were a huge man, I should fear to drink at meals,
Lest they should spy my windpipe's dangerous notes;
Great men should drink with harness on their throats.

Tim. My lord, in heart; and let the health go round.

2 Lord. Let it flow this way, my good lord.

Apem. Flow this way!

A brave fellow! he keeps his tides well. Timon,
Those healths will make thee, and thy state, look ill.
Here's that which is too weak to be a sinner,
Honest water, which ne'er left man i' the mire.
This, and my food, are equals; there's no odds.
Feasts are too proud to give thanks to the gods.

APEMANTUS'S GRACE.

*Immortal gods, I crave no pelf;
I pray for no man but myself.
Grant, I may never prove so fond
To trust man on his oath or bond;
Or a harlot for her weeping;
Or a dog, that seems a sleeping;
Or a keeper with my freedom;
Or my friends, if I should need 'em.
Amen. So fall to't;
Rich men sin, and I eat root. [Eats and drinks.*

Much good dich thy good heart, Apemantus!

Tim. Captain Alcibiades, your heart's in the field now.

Alcib. My heart is ever at your service, my lord.

Tim. You had rather be at a breakfast of enemies, than
a dinner of friends.

Alcib. So they were bleeding new, my lord, there's no
meat like them; I could wish my best friend at such a feast.

Apem. 'Would all those flatterers were thine enemies then;
that then thou might'st kill 'em, and bid me to 'em.

1 Lord. Might we but have that happiness, my lord, that
you would once use our hearts, whereby we might express
some part of our zeals, we should think ourselves forever
perfect.

Tim. O, no doubt, my good friends, but the gods them-
selves have provided that I shall have much help from you.
How had you been my friends else? Why have you that
charitable title from thousands, did you not chiefly belong
to my heart? I have told more of you to myself, than you

can with modesty speak in your own behalf; and thus far I confirm you. O, you gods, think I, what need we have any friends, if we should never have need of them? they were the most needless creatures living, should we ne'er have use for them; and would most resemble sweet instruments hung up in cases, that keep their sounds to themselves. Why, I have often wished myself poorer, that I might come nearer to you. We are born to do benefits; and what better or properer can we call our own, than the riches of our friends? O, what a precious comfort 'tis to have so many, like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes! O joy, e'en made away ere it can be born! Mine eyes cannot hold out water, methinks; to forget their faults, I drink to you.

Apem. Thou weepest to make them drink, Timon.

2 Lord. Joy had the like conception in our eyes,
And, at that instant, like a babe sprung up.

Apem. Ho, ho! I laugh to think that babe a bastard.

3 Lord. I promise you, my lord, you moved me much.

Apem. Much! *[Tucket sounded.]*

Tim. What means that trump? — How now?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Please you, my lord, there are certain ladies most desirous of admittance.

Tim. Ladies! what are their wills?

Serv. There comes with them a forerunner, my lord, which bears that office, to signify their pleasures.

Tim. I pray, let them be admitted.

Enter CUPID.

Cupid. Hail to thee, worthy Timon; — and to all
That of his bounties taste! — The five best senses
Acknowledge thee their patron; and come freely
To gratulate thy plenteous bosom. The ear,
Taste, touch, smell, all pleased from thy table rise;
They only now come but to feast thine eyes.

Tim. They are welcome all; let them have kind admittance.
Music, make their welcome. *[Exit CUPID.]*

1 Lord. You see, my lord, how ample you are beloved.

Music. *Re-enter CUPID, with a masque of Ladies as Amazons, with lutes in their hands, dancing and playing.*

Apem. Hey day, what a sweet of vanity comes this way!
They dance! they are mad women.
Like madness in the glory of this life,
As this pomp shows to a little oil and root.

We make ourselves fools, to disport ourselves;
 And spend our flatteries, to drink those men,
 Upon whose age we void it up again,
 With poisonous spite and envy. Who lives, that's not
 Depraved, or depraves? Who dies, that bears
 Not one spurn to their graves of their friends' gift?
 I should fear, those, that dance before me now,
 Would one day stamp upon me. It has been done;
 Men shut their doors against a setting sun.

*The Lords rise from table, with much adoring of TIMON;
 and, to show their loves, each singles out an Amazon, and
 all dance, men with women, a lofty strain or two to the
 hautboys, and cease.*

Tim. You have done our pleasures much grace, fair ladies,
 Set a fair fashion on our entertainment,
 Which was not half so beautiful and kind;
 You have added worth unto't and lively lustre,
 And entertained me with mine own device;
 I am to thank you for it.

1 Lady. My lord, you take us even at the best.

Apem. 'Faith, for the worst is filthy, and would not hold
 taking, I doubt me.

Tim. Ladies, there is an idle banquet
 Attends you; please you to dispose yourselves.

All Lad. Most thankfully, my lord.

[Exeunt CUPID and Ladies.]

Tim. Flavius,——

Flav. My lord.

Tim. The little casket bring me hither.

Flav. Yes, my lord.—More jewels yet?

There is no crossing him in his humor; *[Aside.]*
 Else I should tell him,—well, i' faith, I should,
 When all's spent, he'd be crossed then, an he could.
 'Tis pity bounty had not eyes behind;
 That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind.

[Exit, and returns with the casket.]

1 Lord. Where be our men?

Serv. Here, my lord, in readiness.

2 Lord. Our horses.

Tim. O, my friends,

I have one word to say to you. Look, my good lord,
 I must entreat you honor me so much,
 As to advance this jewel; accept and wear it,
 Kind my lord.

1 *Lord*. I am so far already in your gifts,—

All. So are we all.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, there are certain nobles of the senate Newly alighted, and come to visit you.

Tim. They are fairly welcome.

Flav. I beseech your honor, Vouchsafe me a word; it does concern you near.

Tim. Near? why then another time I'll hear thee: I pr'ythee, let us be provided To show them entertainment.

Flav. I scarce know how. [*Aside.*

Enter another Servant.

2 *Serv.* May it please your honor, the lord Lucius, Out of his free love, hath presented to you Four milk-white horses, trapped in silver.

Tim. I shall accept them fairly; let the presents

Enter a third Servant.

Be worthily entertained.—How now, what news?

3 *Serv.* Please you, my lord, that honorable gentleman, lord Lucullus, entreats your company to-morrow to hunt with him; and has sent your honor two brace of greyhounds.

Tim. I'll hunt with him; and let them be received, Not without fair reward.

Flav. [*Aside.*] What will this come to? He commands us to provide, and give Great gifts, and all out of an empty coffer. Nor will he know his purse; nor yield me this, To show him what a beggar his heart is, Being of no power to make his wishes good; His promises fly so beyond his state, That what he speaks is all in debt; he owes For every word; he is so kind, that he now Pays interest for't; his land's put to their books. Well, 'would I were gently put out of office, Before I were forced out! Happier is he that has no friend to feed, Than such as do even enemies exceed. I bleed inwardly for my lord. [*Exit.*

Tim. You do yourselves Much wrong; you bate too much of your own merits.— Here, my lord, a trifle of our love.

2 *Lord.* With more than common thanks I will receive it.

3 *Lord.* O, he is the very soul of bounty!

Tim. And now I remember, my lord, you gave
Good words the other day of a bay courser
I rode on; it is yours, because you liked it.

2 Lord. I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, in that.

Tim. You may take my word, my lord; I know, no man
Can justly praise but what he does affect.
I weigh my friend's affection with mine own;
I'll tell you true. I'll call on you.

All Lords. None so welcome

Tim. I take all and your several visitations
So kind to heart, 'tis not enough to give;
Methinks I could deal kingdoms to my friends,
And ne'er be weary.—Alcibiades,
Thou art a soldier, therefore seldom rich,
It comes in charity to thee: for all thy living
Is 'mongst the dead; and all the lands thou hast
Lie in a pitched field.

Alcib. Ay, defiled land, my lord.

1 Lord. We are so virtuously bound,——

Tim. And so

Am I to you.

2 Lord. So infinitely endeared——

Tim. All to you.—Lights, more lights.

1 Lord. The best of happiness,

Honor, and fortunes, keep with you, lord Timon!

Tim. Ready for his friends.

[*Exeunt* ALCIBIADES, Lords, &c.]

Apem. What a coil's here!

Serving of becks, and jutting out of bums!
I doubt whether their legs be worth the sums
That are given for 'em. Friendship's full of dregs;
Methinks false hearts should never have sound legs.
Thus honest fools lay out their wealth on courtesies.

Tim. Now, Apemantus, if thou wert not sullen, I'd be
good to thee.

Apem. No, I'll nothing; for, if I should be bribed too,
there would be none left to rail upon thee; and then thou
wouldst sin the faster. Thou givest so long, Timon, I fear
me, thou wilt give away thyself in paper shortly. What
need these feasts, pomps, and vain glories?

Tim. Nay, an you begin to rail on society once, I am
sworn not to give regard to you. Farewell; and come with
better music. [*Exit.*]

Apem. So;—thou'lt not hear me now,—thou shalt not
then, I'll lock thy heaven from thee.

O that men's ears should be

To counsel deaf, but not to flattery!

[*Exit.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. Athens. *A Room in a Senator's House.**Enter a Senator, with papers in his hand.*

Sen. And late, five thousand to Varro; and to Isidore
He owes nine thousand; besides my former sum,
Which makes it five-and-twenty.—Still in motion
Of raging waste? It cannot hold; it will not.
If I want gold, steal but a beggar's dog,
And give it Timon, why the dog coins gold.
If I would sell my horse, and buy twenty more
Better than he, why, give my horse to Timon,
Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me straight,
And able horses. No porter at his gate;
But rather one that smiles, and still invites
All that pass by. It cannot hold; no reason
Can sound his state in safety. Caphis, ho!
Caphis, I say!

Enter CAPHIS.

Caph. Here, sir; what is your pleasure?

Sen. Get on your cloak, and haste you to lord Timon;
Importune him for my moneys; be not ceased
With slight denial; nor then silenced, when—
Commend me to your master—and the cap
Plays in the right hand, thus:—but tell him, sirrah,
My uses cry to me, I must serve my turn
Out of mine own: his days and times are past,
And my reliances on his fracted dates
Have smit my credit. I love and honor him:
But must not break my back, to heal his finger.
Immediate are my needs; and my relief
Must not be tossed and turned to me in words,
But find supply immediate. Get you gone.
Put on a most importunate aspect,
A visage of demand; for, I do fear,
When every feather sticks in his own wing,
Lord Timon will be left a naked gull,
Which flashes now a phoenix. Get you gone.

Caph. I go, sir.

Sen. I go, sir?—take the bonds along with you,
And have the dates in compt.

Caph.

I will, sir.

Sen

Go. [*Exeunt*

SCENE II. *The same. A Hall in Timon's House**Enter FLAVIUS, with many bills in his hand.*

Flav. No care, no stop! so senseless of expense,
That he will neither know how to maintain it,
Nor cease his flow of riot; takes no account
How things go from him; nor resumes no care
Of what is to continue. Never mind
Was to be so unwise, to be so kind.
What shall be done? He will not hear, till feel
I must be round with him now he comes from hunting.
Fie, fie, fie, fie!

Enter CAPHIS, and the Servants of ISIDORE and VARRO.

Caph. Good even, Varro. What,
You come for money?

Var. Serv. Is't not your business too?

Caph. It is;—And yours too, Isidore?

Isid. Serv. It is so.

Caph. 'Would we were all discharged!

Var. Serv. I fear it.

Caph. Here comes the lord.

Enter TIMON, ALCIBIADES, and Lords, &c.

Tim. So soon as dinner's done, we'll forth again,
My Alcibiades.—With me? What's your will?

Caph. My lord, here is a note of certain dues.

Tim. Dues? Whence are you?

Caph. Of Athens, here, my lord.

Tim. Go to my steward.

Caph. Please it your lordship, he has put me off
To the succession of new days this month.
My master is awaked by great occasion,
To call upon his own; and humbly prays you,
That with your other noble parts you'll suit,
In giving him his right.

Tim. Mine honest friend,
I pr'ythee, but repair to me next morning.

Caph. Nay, good my lord,——

Tim. Contain thyself, good friend.

Var. Serv. One Varro's servant, my good lord,——

Isid. Serv. From Isidore;

He humbly prays your speedy payment,——

Caph. If you did know, my lord, my master's wants,——

Var. Serv. 'Twas due on forfeiture, my lord, six weeks,
And past,——

Isid. Serv. Your steward puts me off, my lord;
And I am sent expressly to your lordship.

Tim. Give me breath:——
I do beseech you, good my lords, keep on;
[*Exeunt* ALCIBIADES and Lords
I'll wait upon you instantly.—Come hither, pray you;
[*To* FLAVIUS.

How goes the world, that I am thus encountered
With clamorous demands of date-broke bonds,
And the detention of long-since-due debts,
Against my honor?

Flav. Please you, gentlemen,
The time is unagreeable to this business.
Your importunacy cease, till after dinner;
That I may make his lordship understand
Wherefore you are not paid.

Tim. Do so, my friends.
See them well entertained. [Exit TIMON.

Flav. I pray, draw near.
[Exit FLAVIUS.

Enter APEMANTUS and a Fool.

Caph. Stay, stay, here comes the fool with Apemantus; let's have some sport with 'em.

Var. Serv. Hang him, he'll abuse us.

Isid. Serv. A plague upon him, dog!

Var. Serv. How dost, fool?

Apem. Dost dialogue with thy shadow?

Var. Serv. I speak not to thee.

Apem. No; 'tis to thyself.—Come away. [*To the Fool.*

Isid. Serv. [*To* VAR. SERV.] There's the fool hangs
on your back already.

Apem. No, thou stand'st single; thou art not on him yet.

Caph. Where's the fool now?

Apem. He last asked the question.—Poor rogues, and
usurers' men! bawds between gold and want!

All Serv. What are we, Apemantus?

Apem. Asses.

All Serv. Why?

Apem. That you ask me what you are, and do not know
yourselves.—Speak to 'em, fool.

Fool. How do you, gentlemen?

All Serv. Gramercies, good fool. How does your mistress?

Fool She's e'en setting on water to scald such chickens as you are. 'Would we could see you at Corinth.

Apem. Good! gramercy.

Enter Page.

Fool. Look you, here comes my mistress' page.

Page. [*To the Fool.*] Why, how now, captain? what do you in this wise company?—How dost thou, Apemantus?

Apem. 'Would I had a rod in my mouth, that I might answer thee profitably.

Page. Pr'ythee, Apemantus, read me the superscription of these letters; I know not which is which.

Apem. Canst not read?

Page. No.

Apem. There will little learning die then, that day thou art hanged. This is to lord Timon; this to Alcibiades. Go; thou wast born a bastard, and thou'lt die a bawd.

Page. Thou wast whelped a dog; and thou shalt famish, a dog's death. Answer not; I am gone. [*Exit Page.*

Apem. Even so thou outrun'st grace. Fool, I will go with you to lord Timon's.

Fool. Will you leave me there?

Apem. If Timon stay at home.—You three serve three usurers?

All Serv. Ay; 'would they served us!

Apem. So would I, as good a trick as ever hangman served thief.

Fool. Are you three usurers' men?

All Serv. Ay, fool.

Fool. I think no usurer but has a fool to his servant; my mistress is one, and I am her fool. When men come to borrow of your masters, they approach sadly, and go away merry; but they enter my mistress' house merrily, and go away sadly. The reason of this?

Var. Serv. I could render one.

Apem. Do it, then, that we may account thee a whore-master and a knave; which, notwithstanding, thou shalt be no less esteemed.

Var. Serv. What is a whoremaster, fool?

Fool. A fool in good clothes, and something like thee. 'Tis a spirit: sometime, it appears like a lord; sometime, like a lawyer; sometime, like a philosopher, with two stones more than his artificial one. He is very often like a knight; and, generally, in all shapes, that man goes up and down in, from fourscore, to thirteen, this spirit walks in.

Var. Serv. Thou art not altogether a fool.

Fool. Nor thou altogether a wise man. As much foolery as I have, so much wit thou lackest.

Apem. That answer might have become Apemantus.

All Serv. Aside, aside; here comes lord Timon.

Re-enter TIMON and FLAVIUS.

Apem. Come with me, fool, come.

Fool. I do not always follow lover, elder brother, and woman; sometime, the philosopher.

[Exeunt APEMANTUS and Fool.]

Flav. 'Pray you, walk near; I'll speak with you anon.

[Exeunt Serv]

Tim. You make me marvel. Wherefore, ere this time, Had you not fully laid my state before me; That I might so have rated my expense, As I had leave of means?

Flav. You would not hear me, At many leisures I proposed.

Tim. Go to. Perchance, some single vantages you took, When my indisposition put you back; And that unaptness made your minister, Thus to excuse yourself.

Flav. O my good lord! At many times I brought in my accounts, Laid them before you; you would throw them off, And say, you found them in mine honesty. When, for some trifling present, you have bid me Return so much, I have shook my head, and wept; Yea, 'gainst the authority of manners, prayed you To hold your hand more close. I did endure Not seldom, nor no slight checks, when I have Prompted you, in the ebb of your estate, And your great flow of debts. My dear-loved lord, Though you hear now (too late!) yet now's a time, The greatest of your having lacks a half To pay your present debts.

Tim. Let all my land be sold.

Flav. 'Tis all engaged, some forfeited and gone; And what remains will hardly stop the mouth Of present dues; the future comes apace. What shall defend the interim? and at length How goes our reckoning?

Tim. To Lacedæmon did my land extend.

Flav. O my good lord the world is but a word;

Were it all yours to give it in a breath,
How quickly were it gone!

Tim. You tell me true.

Flav. If you suspect my husbandry, or falsehood,
Call me before the exactest auditors,
And set me on the proof. So the gods bless me,
When all our offices have been oppressed
With riotous feeders; when our vaults have wept
With drunken spilth of wine; when every room
Hath blazed with lights, and brayed with minstrelsy;
I have retired me to a wasteful cock,
And set mine eyes at flow.

Tim. Pr'ythee, no more.

Flav. Heavens, have I said, the bounty of this lord!
How many prodigal bits have slaves and peasants
This night englutted! Who is not Timon's?
What heart, head, sword, force, means, but is lord Timon's?
Great Timon, noble, worthy, royal Timon!
Ah! when the means are gone that buy this praise,
The breath is gone whereof this praise is made.
Feast-won, fast-lost; one cloud of winter showers,
These flies are couched.

Tim. Come, sermon me no further.
No villanous bounty yet hath passed my heart;
Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given.
Why dost thou weep? Canst thou the conscience lack,
To think I shall lack friends? Secure thy heart;
If I would broach the vessels of my love,
And try the argument of hearts by borrowing,
Men, and men's fortunes, could I frankly use,
As I can bid thee speak.

Flav. Assurance bless your thoughts!

Tim. And, in some sort, these wants of mine are crowned,
That I account them blessings; for by these
Shall I try friends. You shall perceive how you
Mistake my fortunes; I am wealthy in my friends
Within there, ho!—Flaminius, Servilius!

Enter FLAMINIUS, SERVILIUS, and other Servants.

Serv. My lord, my lord,—

Tim. I will despatch you severally.—You, to lord Lucius,—
To lord Lucullus you; I hunted with his
Honor to-day;—You to Sempronius;
Commend me to their loves; and, I am proud to say,
That my occasions have found time to use them

Toward a supply of money. Let the request
Be fifty talents.

Flam. As you have said, my lord.

Flav. Lord Lucius, and lord Lucullus? humph!

[*Aside.*

Tim. Go you, sir, [*To another Serv.*] to the senators,
(Of whom, even to the state's best health, I have
Deserved this hearing,) bid 'em send o' the instant
A thousand talents to me.

Flav. I have been bold
(For that I knew it the most general way)
To them to use your signet, and your name;
But they do shake their heads, and I am here
No richer in return.

Tim. Is't true? can it be?

Flav. They answer, in a joint and corporate voice,
That now they are at fall, want treasure, cannot
Do what they would; are sorry—you are honorable,—
But yet they could have wished—they know not—but
Something hath been amiss—a noble nature
May catch a wrench—would all were well—'tis pity—
And so, intending other serious matters,
After distasteful looks, and these hard fractions,
With certain half-caps, and cold-moving nods,
They froze me into silence.

Tim. You gods, reward them!—
I pr'ythee, man, look cheerly. These old fellows
Have their ingratitude in them hereditary;
Their blood is caked, 'tis cold, it seldom flows;
'Tis lack of kindly warmth, they are not kind;
And nature, as it grows again toward earth,
Is fashioned for the journey, dull, and heavy.—
Go to, Ventidius, [*To a Serv.*]—'P'rythee, [*To FLAVIUS,*]
be not sad;

Thou art true and honest; ingenuously I speak,
No blame belongs to thee;—[*To Serv.*] Ventidius lately
Buried his father; by whose death, he's stepped
Into a great estate. When he was poor,
Imprisoned, and in scarcity of friends,
I cleared him with five talents. Greet him from me;
Bid him suppose, some good necessity
Touches his friend, which craves to be remembered
With those five talents; that had, [*To FLAV.*] give it these
fellows,

To whom 'tis instant due. Ne'er speak, or think,
That Timon's fortunes 'mong his friends can sink.

Flav. I would I could not think it. That thought is
bounty's foe;
Being free itself, it thinks all others so. [Exeunt

ACT III.

SCENE I. Athens. A Room in Lucullus's House.
FLAMINIUS waiting.

Enter a Servant to him.

Serv. I have told my lord of you; he is coming down
to you.

Flam. I thank you, sir.

Enter LUCULLUS.

Serv. Here's my lord.

Lucul. [*Aside.*] One of lord Timon's men? a gift, I
warrant. Why, this hits right; I dreamt of a silver basin
and ewer to-night. Flaminius, honest Flaminius; you are
very respectfully welcome, sir.—Fill me some wine—[*Exit*
Servant.—And how does that honorable, complete, free-
hearted gentleman of Athens, thy very bountiful good lord
and master?

Flam. His health is well, sir.

Lucul. I am right glad that his health is well, sir. And
what hast thou there under thy cloak, pretty Flaminius?

Flam. 'Faith, nothing but an empty box, sir; which, in
my lord's behalf, I come to entreat your honor to supply;
who, having great and instant occasion to use fifty talents,
hath sent to your lordship to furnish him; nothing doubting
your present assistance therein.

Lucul. La, la, la, la,—nothing doubting, says he? alas,
good lord! a noble gentleman 'tis, if he would not keep so
good a house. Many a time and often I have dined with
him, and told him on't; and come again to supper to him,
of purpose to have him spend less; and yet he would em-
brace no counsel, take no warning by my coming. Every
man has his fault, and honesty is his; I have told him on't,
but I could never get him from it.

Re-enter Servant, with wine.

Serv. Please your lordship, here is the wine.

Lucul. Flaminius, I have noted thee always wise. Here's
to thee.

Flam. Your lordship speaks your pleasure.

Lucul. I have observed thee always for a towardly prompt spirit,—give thee thy due,—and one that knows what belongs to reason; and canst use the time well, if the time use thee well: good parts in thee.—Get you gone, sirrah,—[*To the Servant, who goes out.*—Draw nearer, honest Flaminius. Thy lord's a bountiful gentleman; but thou art wise; and thou knowest well enough, although thou comest to me, that this is no time to lend money; especially upon bare friendship, without security. Here's three solidares for thee; good boy, wink at me, and say, thou saw'st me not. Fare thee well.

Flam. Is't possible, the world should so much differ;
And we alive that lived? Fly, damned baseness,
To him that worships thee. [*Throwing the money away.*

Lucul. Ha! Now I see, thou art a fool, and fit for thy master. [*Exit LUCULLUS.*

Flam. May these add to the number that may scald thee!
Let molten coin be thy damnation,
Thou disease of a friend, and not himself!
Has friendship such a faint and milky heart,
It turns in less than two nights? O you gods,
I feel my master's passion! This slave
Unto his honor, has my lord's meat in him.
Why should it thrive, and turn to nutriment,
When he is turned to poison?
O, may diseases only work upon't!
And, when he is sick to death, let not that part of nature
Which my lord paid for, be of any power
To expel sickness, but prolong his hour! [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The same. A public Place.*

Enter LUCIUS, with three Strangers.

Luc. Who, the lord Timon? he is my very good friend, and an honorable gentleman.

1 Stran. We know him for no less, though we are but strangers to him. But I can tell you one thing, my lord, and which I hear from common rumors; now lord Timon's happy hours are done and past, and his estate shrinks from him.

Luc. Fie, no, do not believe it; he cannot want for money.

2 Stran. But believe you this, my lord, that, not long ago, one of his men was with the lord Lucullus, to borrow so many talents; nay, urged extremely for't, and showed what necessity belonged to't, and yet was denied.

Luc. How?

2 Stran. I tell you, denied, my lord.

Luc. What a strange case was that! Now, before the gods, I am ashamed on't. Denied that honorable man? there was very little honor showed in't. For my own part, I must needs confess, I have received some small kindnesses from him, as money, plate, jewels, and such like trifles, nothing comparing to his; yet had he mistook him, and sent to me, I should ne'er have denied his occasion so many talents.

Enter SERVILIUS.

Ser. See, by good hap, yonder's my lord; I have sweat to see his honor.—My honored lord,— [To LUCIUS.]

Luc. Servilius! you are kindly met, sir. Fare thee well:—Commend me to thy honorable-virtuous lord, my very exquisite friend.

Ser. May it please your honor, my lord hath sent——

Luc. Ha! what has he sent? I am so much endeared to that lord; he's ever sending. How shall I thank him, thinkest thou? And what has he sent now?

Ser. He has only sent his present occasion now, my lord; requesting your lordship to supply his instant use with so many talents.

Luc. I know his lordship is but merry with me. He cannot want fifty-five hundred talents.

Ser. But in the mean time he wants less, my lord. If his occasion were not virtuous, I should not urge it half so faithfully.

Luc. Dost thou speak seriously, Servilius?

Ser. Upon my soul, 'tis true, sir.

Luc. What a wicked beast was I, to disfurnish myself against such a good time, when I might have shown myself honorable! how unluckily it happened, that I should purchase the day before for a little part, and undo a great deal of honor!—Servilius, now before the gods, I am not able to do't: the more beast, I say:—I was sending to use lord Timon myself, these gentlemen can witness; but I would not, for the wealth of Athens, I had done it now. Commend me bountifully to his good lordship; and I hope his honor will conceive the fairest of me, because I have no power to be kind. And tell him this from me. I count it one of my greatest afflictions, say, that I cannot pleasure such an honorable gentleman. Good Servilius, will you befriend me so far, as to use mine own words to him?

Ser. Yes, sir, I shall.

Luc. I will look you out a good turn, Servilius.—

[*Exit SERVILIUS.*

True, as you said, Timon is shrunk, indeed;
And he that's once denied, will hardly speed.

[*Exit LUCIUS.*

1 *Stran.* Do you observe this, Hostilius?

2 *Stran.* Ay, too well.

1 *Stran.* Why, this

Is the world's soul; and just of the same piece
Is every flatterer's spirit. Who can call him
His friend, that dips in the same dish? for, in
My knowing, Timon has been this lord's father,
And kept his credit with his purse;
Supported his estate; nay, Timon's money
Has paid his men their wages. He ne'er drinks,
But Timon's silver treads upon his lip;
And yet (O, see the monstrousness of man,
When he looks out in an ungrateful shape!)
He does deny him, in respect of his,
What charitable men afford to beggars.

2 *Stran.* Religion groans at it.

1 *Stran.*

For mine own part,

I never tasted Timon in my life,
Nor came any of his bounties over me,
To mark me for his friend; yet, I protest,
For his right noble mind, illustrious virtue,
And honorable carriage,
Had his necessity made use of me,
I would have put my wealth into donation,
And the best half should have returned to him,
So much I love his heart. But, I perceive,
Men must learn now with pity to dispense;
For policy sits above conscience.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same. A Room in Sempronius's House.*

Enter SEMPRONIUS, and a Servant of Timon's.

Sem. Must he needs trouble me in't? Humph! 'bove
all others?

He might have tried lord Lucius, or Lucullus;
And now Ventidius is wealthy too,
Whom he redeemed from prison. All these
Owe their estates unto him.

Serv.

O my lord,

They have all been touched, and found base metal; for
They have all denied him.

Sem. How! have they denied him?
Has Ventidius and Lucullus denied him?
And does he send to me? Three? humph!
It shows but little love or judgment in him.
Must I be his last refuge? His friends, like physicians,
Thrive, give him over. Must I take the cure upon me?—
He has much disgraced me in't; I am angry at him,
That might have known my place. I see no sense for't,
But his occasions might have wooed me first;
For, in my conscience, I was the first man
That e'er received gift from him:
And does he think so backwardly of me now,
That I'll requite it last? No: so it may prove
An argument of laughter to the rest,
And I amongst the lords be thought a fool.
I had rather than the worth of thrice the sum,
He had sent to me first, but for my mind's sake;
I had such a courage to do him good. But now, return,
And with their faint reply this answer join:

Who bates mine honor, shall not know my coin. [*Exit.*

Serv. Excellent! Your lordship's a goodly villain. The
devil knew not what he did when he made man politic;
he crossed himself by't: and I cannot think, but, in the
end, the villanies of man will set him clear. How fairly
• this lord strives to appear foul! takes virtuous copies to
be wicked; like those that, under hot, ardent zeal, would
set whole realms on fire.

Of such a nature is his politic love.

This was my lord's best hope; now all are fled,
Save the gods only. Now his friends are dead,
Doors, that were ne'er acquainted with their wards
Many a bounteous year, must be employed
Now to guard sure their master.

And this is all a liberal course allows;

Who cannot keep his wealth must keep his house. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *The same. A Hall in Timon's House.*

*Enter two Servants of VARRO, and the Servant of LUCIUS,
meeting TITUS, HORTENSIUS, and other Servants to
TIMON's Creditors, waiting his coming out.*

Var. Serv. Well met; good-morrow, Titus and Hortensius.

Tët. The like to you, kind Varro.

Hor. Lucius?
What, do we meet together?

Luc. Serv. Ay, and, I think,
One business does command us all; for mine
Is money.

Tit. So is theirs and ours.

Enter PHILOTUS.

Luc. Serv. And sir
Philotus, too!

Phi. Good day at once.

Luc. Serv. Welcome, good brother,
What do you think the hour?

Phi. Laboring for nine.

Luc. Serv. So much?

Phi. Is not my lord seen yet?

Luc. Serv. Not yet.

Phi. I wonder on't; he was wont to shine at seven.

Luc. Serv. Ay, but the days are waxed shorter with him:
You must consider that a prodigal course
Is like the sun's; but not, like his, recoverable.
I fear

'Tis deepest winter in lord Timon's purse;
That is, one may reach deep enough, and yet
Find little.

Phi. I am of your fear for that.

Tit. I'll show you how to observe a strange event.
Your lord sends now for money

Hor. Most true, he does.

Tit. And he wears jewels now of Timon's gift,
For which you wait for money.

Hor. It is against my heart.

Luc. Serv. Mark, how strange it shows,
Timon in this should pay more than he owes;
And e'en as if your lord should wear rich jewels,
And send for money for 'em.

Hor. I am weary of this charge, the gods can witness;
I know my lord hath spent of Timon's wealth,
And now ingratitude makes it worse than stealth.

1 Var. Serv. Yes, mine's three thousand crowns. What's
yours?

Luc. Serv. Five thousand mine.

1 Var. Serv. 'Tis much deep; and it should seem by the sum,
Your master's confidence was above mine;
Else, surely, his had equalled.

Enter FLAMINIUS.

Tit. One of lord Timon's men.

Luc. Serv. Flaminius! sir, a word: Pray, is my lord ready to come forth?

Flam. No, indeed, he is not.

Tit. We attend his lordship; 'pray, signify so much.

Flam. I need not tell him that; he knows you are too diligent. *[Exit FLAMINIUS.*

Enter FLAVIUS in a cloak, muffled.

Luc. Serv. Ha! is not that his steward muffled so? He goes away in a cloud; call him, call him.

Tit. Do you hear, sir?

1 Var. Serv. By your leave, sir,—

Flav. What do you ask of me, my friend?

Tit. We wait for certain money here, sir.

Flav.

Ay,

If money were as certain as your waiting,
'Twere sure enough. Why then preferred you not
Your sums and bills, when your false masters ate
Of my lord's meat? Then they could smile, and fawn
Upon his debts, and take down th' interest
Into their gluttonous maws. You do yourselves but wrong,
To stir me up; let me pass quietly.
Believe't, my lord and I have made an end;
I have no more to reckon, he to spend.

Luc. Serv. Ay, but this answer will not serve.

Flav.

If 'twill not serve,

'Tis not so base as you; for you serve knaves. *[Exit.*

1 Var. Serv. How! what does his cashiered worship mutter?

2 Var. Serv. No matter what; he's poor, and that's revenge enough. Who can speak broader than he that has no house to put his head in? Such may rail against great buildings.

Enter SERVILIUS.

Tit. O, here's Servilius; now we shall know some answer.

Ser. If I might beseech you, gentlemen, to repair some other hour, I should derive much from it; for, take it on my soul, my lord leans wondrously to discontent. His comfortable temper has forsook him; he is much out of health, and keeps his chamber.

Luc. Serv. Many do keep their chambers, are not sick; And, if it be so far beyond his health,

**Methinks he should the sooner pay his debts,
And make a clear way to the gods.**

Ser. Good gods!

Tit. We cannot take this for an answer, sir.

Flam. [*Within.*] Servilius, help !—my lord ! my lord !—

Enter TIMON, in a rage; FLAMINIUS following.

Tim. What, are my doors opposed against my passage?
Have I been ever free, and must my house
Be my retentive enemy, my jail?
The place which I have feasted, does it now,
Like all mankind, show me an iron heart?

Luc. Serv. Put in now, Titus.

Tit. My lord, here is my bill.

Luc. Serv. Here's mine.

Hor. Serv. And mine, my lord.

Both Var. Serv. And ours, my lord.

Phi. All our bills.

Tim. Knock me down with 'em; cleave me to the girdle.

Luc. Serv. Alas! my lord,—

Tim. Cut my heart in sums.

Tit. Mine, fifty talents.

Tim. Tell out my blood.

Luc. Serv. Five thousand crowns, my lord.

Tim. Five thousand drops pays that.—

What yours?—and yours?

1 *Var. Serv.* My lord,—

2 Var. Serv. My lord,—

Tim. Tear me, take me, and the gods fall upon you!
[*Exit.*]

Hor. 'Faith, I perceive our masters may throw their caps at their money: these debts may well be called desperate ones, for a madman owes them. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter TIMON *and* FLAVIUS.

Tim. They have e'en put my breath from me, the slaves.
Creditors! — devils.

Flav. My dear lord,—

Tim. What if it should be so!

Flav. My lord,—

Tim. I'll have it so.—My steward!

Flav. Here, my lord.

Tim. So fitly? Go, bid all my friends again,
Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius; all.
I'll once more feast the rascals.

Flav. O, my lord,

You only speak from your distracted soul;
There is not so much left, to furnish out
A moderate table.

Tim. Be't not in thy care; go,
I charge thee; invite them all: let in the tide
Of knaves once more; my cook and I'll provide. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *The same. The Senate House. The Senate sitting.*

Enter ALCIBIADES attended.

1 *Sen.* My lord, you have my voice to it; the fault's
Bloody; 'tis necessary he should die.

Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy;

2 *Sen.* Most true; the law shall bruise him.

Alcib. Honor, health, and compassion to the senate!

1 *Sen.* Now, captain?

Alcib. I am an humble suitor to your virtues:
For pity is the virtue of the law,
And none but tyrants use it cruelly.
It pleases time, and fortune, to lie heavy
Upon a friend of mine, who, in hot blood,
Hath stepped into the law, which is past depth
To those that, without heed, do plunge into it.
He is a man, setting his fate aside,
Of comely virtues.

Nor did he soil the fact with cowardice,
(An honor in him which buys out his fault;)
But, with a noble fury, and fair spirit,
Seeing his reputation touched to death,
He did oppose his foe;
And with such sober and unnoted passion
He did behave his anger, ere 'twas spent,
As if he had but proved an argument.

1 *Sen.* You undergo too strict a paradox,
Striving to make an ugly deed look fair:
Your words have took such pains, as if they labored
To bring manslaughter into form, set quarrelling
Upon the head of valor; which, indeed,
Is valor misbegot, and came into the world
When sects and factions were newly born:
He's truly valiant, that can wisely suffer
The worst that man can breathe; and make his wrongs
His outsides; wear them like his raiment, carelessly;
And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,

To bring it into danger.

If wrongs be evils, and enforce us kill,

What folly 'tis to hazard life for ill!

Alcib. My lord,—

1 *Sen.* You cannot make gross sins look clear;
To revenge is no valor, but to bear.

Alcib. My lords, then, under favor, pardon me,
If I speak like a captain.—

Why do fond men expose themselves to battle,
And not endure all threats? sleep upon it,
And let the foes quietly cut their throats,
Without repugnancy? But if there be
Such valor in the bearing, what make we
Abroad? why then, women are more valiant,
That stay at home, if bearing carry it;
And th' ass more captain than the lion; the felon,
Loaden with irons, wiser than the judge,
If wisdom be in suffering. O my lords,
As you are great, be pitifully good:
Who cannot condemn rashness in cold blood?
To kill, I grant, is sin's extremest gust;
But, in defence, by mercy, 'tis most just.
To be in anger is impiety;
But who is man that is not angry?
Weigh but the crime with this.

2 *Sen.* You breathe in vain.

Alcib. In vain! his service done
At Lacedæmon, and Byzantium,
Were a sufficient briber for his life.

1 *Sen.* What's that?

Alcib. Why, I say, my lords, h' as done fair service,
And slain in fight many of your enemies.
How full of valor did he bear himself
In the last conflict, and made plenteous wounds!

2 *Sen.* He has made too much plenty with 'em; he
Is a sworn rioter, h' as a sin that often
Drowns him, and takes his valor prisoner;
If there were no foes, that were enough alone
To overcome him; in that beastly fury
He has been known to commit outrages,
And cherish factions. 'Tis inferred to us,
His days are foul, and his drink dangerous.

1 *Sen.* He dies.

Alcib. Hard fate! he might have died in war.
My lords, if not for any parts in him,
(Though his right arm might purchase his own time,

And be in debt to none,) yet, more to move you,
 Take my deserts to his, and join them both;
 And, for I know your reverend ages love
 Security, I'll pawn my victories, all
 My honor to you, upon his good returns.
 If by this crime he owes the law his life,
 Why, let the war receive't in valiant gore;
 For law is strict, and war is nothing more.

1 *Sen.* We are for law; he dies; urge it no more,
 On height of our displeasure. Friend or brother,
 He forfeits his own blood, that spills another.

Alcib. Must it be so? it must not be. My lords,
 I do beseech you, know me.

2 *Sen.* How?

Alcib. Call me to your remembrances.

3 *Sen.* What?

Alcib. I cannot think but your age has forgot me;
 It could not else be, I should prove so base,
 To sue, and be denied such common grace.
 My wounds ache at you.

1 *Sen.* Do you dare our anger?
 'Tis in few words, but spacious in effect;
 We banish thee forever.

Alcib. Banish me?
 Banish your dotage; banish usury,
 That makes the senate ugly.

1 *Sen.* If, after two days' shine, Athens contain thee,
 Attend our weightier judgment. And, not to swell our spirit,
 He shall be executed presently. [*Exeunt Senators.*]

Alcib. Now the gods keep you old enough; that you
 may live
 Only in bone, that none may look on you!
 I am worse than mad. I have kept back their foes,
 While they have told their money, and let out
 Their coin upon large interest; I myself,
 Rich only in large hurts.—All those, for this?
 Is this the balsam, that the usuring senate
 Pours into captains' wounds? Ha! banishment?
 It comes not ill; I hate not to be banished;
 It is a cause worthy my spleen and fury,
 That I may strike at Athens. I'll cheer up
 My discontented troops, and lay for hearts.
 'Tis honor with most lands to be at odds;
 Soldiers should brook as little wrongs, as gods. [*Exit.*]

SCENE VI. *A magnificent Room in Timon's House.*

Music. Tables set out: Servants attending. Enter divers Lords, at several doors.

1 *Lord.* The good time of day to you, sir.

2 *Lord.* I also wish it to you. I think this honorable lord did but try us this other day.

1 *Lord.* Upon that were my thoughts tiring, when we encountered. I hope it is not so low with him, as he made it seem in the trial of his several friends.

2 *Lord.* It should not be, by the persuasion of his new feasting.

1 *Lord.* I should think so. He hath sent me an earnest inviting, which many my near occasions did urge me to put off; but he hath conjured me beyond them, and I must needs appear.

2 *Lord.* In like manner was I in debt to my importunate business, but he would not hear my excuse. I am sorry, when he sent to borrow of me, that my provision was out.

1 *Lord.* I am sick of that grief too, as I understand how all things go.

2 *Lord.* Every man here's so. What would he have borrowed of you?

1 *Lord.* A thousand pieces.

2 *Lord.* A thousand pieces!

1 *Lord.* What of you?

3 *Lord.* He sent to me, sir,—Here he comes.

Enter TIMON and Attendants.

Tim. With all my heart, gentlemen both;—and how fare you?

1 *Lord.* Ever at the best, hearing well of your lordship.

2 *Lord.* The swallow follows not summer more willing, than we your lordship.

Tim. [*Aside.*] Nor more willingly leaves winter; such summer-birds are men.—Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompense this long stay: feast your ears with the music awhile; if they will fare so harshly on the trumpet's sound; we shall to't presently.

1 *Lord.* I hope it remains not unkindly with your lordship, that I returned you an empty messenger.

Tim. O sir, let it not trouble you.

2 *Lord.* My noble lord,——

Tim. Ah, my good friend! what cheer?

[*The banquet brought in.*

2 Lord. My most honorable lord, I am e'en sick of shame, that, when your lordship this other day sent to me, I was so unfortunate a beggar.

Tim. Think not on't, sir.

2 Lord. If you had sent but two hours before,—

Tim. Let it not cumber your better remembrance.—
Come, bring in all together.

2 Lord. All covered dishes!

1 Lord. Royal cheer, I warrant you.

3 Lord. Doubt not that, if money and the season can yield it.

2 Lord. How do you? What's the news?

3 Lord. Alcibiades is banished. Hear you of it?

1 & 2 Lord. Alcibiades banished!

3 Lord. 'Tis so, be sure of it.

1 Lord. How? how?

2 Lord. I pray you, upon what?

Tim. My worthy friends, will you draw near?

3 Lord. I'll tell you more anon. Here's a noble feast toward.

2 Lord. This is the old man still.

3 Lord. Will't hold? will't hold?

2 Lord. It does; but time will—and so—

3 Lord. I do conceive.

Tim. Each man to his stool, with that spur as he would to the lip of his mistress; your diet shall be in all places alike. Make not a city feast of it, to let the meat cool ere we can agree upon the first place. Sit, sit. The gods require our thanks.

You great benefactors, sprinkle our society with thankfulness. For your own gifts, make yourselves praised: but reserve still to give, lest your deities be despised. Lend to each man enough, that one need not lend to another; for, were your godheads to borrow of men, men would forsake the gods. Make the meat be beloved, more than the man that gives it. Let no assembly of twenty be without a score of villains. If there set twelve women at the table, let a dozen of them be—as they are.—The rest of your fees, O gods,—the senators of Athens, together with the common lag of people,—what is amiss in them, you gods, make suitable for destruction. For these, my present friends, as they are to me nothing, so in nothing bless them, and to nothing they are welcome.

Uncover, dogs, and lap.

[The dishes uncovered are full of warm water. Some speak. What does his lordship mean?]

Some other. I know not.

Tim. May you a better feast never behold,
You knot of mouth-friends! smoke and lukewarm water
Is your perfection. This is Timon's last;
Who stuck and spangled you with flatteries.
Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces

[Throwing water in their faces.]

Your reeking villany. Live loathed, and long,
Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites,
Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears,
You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time's flies,
Cap and knee slaves, vapors, and minute-jacks!
Of man, and beast, the infinite malady

Crust you quite o'er!—What, dost thou go?
Soft, take thy physic first—thou too,—and thou;—

[Throws the dishes at them, and drives them out.]

Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none.—
What, all in motion? Henceforth be no feast,
Whereat a villain's not a welcome guest.
Burn, house! sink, Athens! henceforth hated be
Of Timon, man, and all humanity!

[Exit.]

Re-enter the Lords, with other Lords and Senators.

1 *Lord.* How now, my lords?

2 *Lord.* Know you the quality of lord Timon's fury?

3 *Lord.* Pish! did you see my cap?

4 *Lord.* I have lost my gown.

3 *Lord.* He's but a mad lord, and nought but humor
sways him. He gave me a jewel the other day, and now he
has beat it out of my hat.—Did you see my jewel?

4 *Lord.* Did you see my cap?

2 *Lord.* Here 'tis.

4 *Lord.* Here lies my gown.

1 *Lord.* Let's make no stay.

2 *Lord.* Lord Timon's mad.

3 *Lord.* I feel't upon my bones.

4 *Lord.* One day he gives us diamonds, next day stones.

[Exeunt.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Without the Walls of Athens.**Enter TIMON.*

Tim. Let me look back upon thee, O thou wall,
That girdlest in those wolves! Dive in the earth,
And fence not Athens! Matrons, turn incontinent;
Obedience fail in children! Slaves, and fools!
Pluck the grave, wrinkled senate from the bench,
And minister in their steads! To general filths
Convert, o' the instant, green virginity!
Do't in your parents' eyes. Bankrupts, hold fast:
Rather than render back, out with your knives,
And cut your trusters' throats! Bound servants, steal!
Large-handed robbers your grave masters are,
And pill by law. Maid, to thy master's bed;
Thy mistress is o' the brothel! Son of sixteen,
Pluck the lined crutch from the old limping sire,
With it beat out his brains! Piety, and fear,
Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth,
Domestic awe, night-rest, and neighborhood,
Instruction, manners, mysteries, and trades,
Degrees, observances, customs, and laws,
Decline to your confounding contraries,
And yet confusion live!—Plagues, incident to men,
Your potent and infectious fevers heap
On Athens, ripe for stroke! Thou cold sciatica,
Cripple our senators, that their limbs may halt
As lamely as their manners! Lust and liberty
Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth;
That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may strive,
And drown themselves in riot! Itches, blains,
Sow all the Athenian bosoms; and their crop
Be general leprosy! Breath infect breath;
That their society, as their friendship, may
Be merely poison! Nothing I'll bear from thee,
But nakedness, thou détestable town!
Take thou that too, with multiplying bans!
Timon will to the woods; where he shall find
The unkindest beast more kinder than mankind.
The gods confound (hear me, you good gods all)
The Athenians both within and out that wall!
And grant, as Timon grows, his hate may grow

To the whole race of mankind, high and low!
Amen!

[*Exit*

SCENE II. Athens. *A Room in Timon's House.*

Enter FLAVIUS, with two or three Servants.

1 *Serv.* Hear you, master steward, where's our master?
Are we undone? cast off? nothing remaining?

Flav. Alack, my fellows, what should I say to you?
Let me be recorded by the righteous gods,
I am as poor as you.

1 *Serv.* Such a house broke!
So noble a master fallen! All gone! and not
One friend, to take his fortune by the arm,
And go along with him!

2 *Serv.* As we do turn our backs
From our companion, thrown into his grave;
So his familiars from his buried fortunes
Slink all away; leave their false vows with him,
Like empty purses picked; and his poor self,
A dedicated beggar to the air,
With his disease of all-shunned poverty,
Walks, like contempt, alone.—More of our fellows.

Enter other Servants.

Flav. All broken implements of a ruined house.

3 *Serv.* Yet do our hearts wear Timon's livery;
That see I by our faces; we are fellows still,
Serving alike in sorrow. Leaked is our bark;
And we, poor mates, stand on the dying deck,
Hearing the surges threat; we must all part
Into this sea of air.

Flav. Good fellows all,
The latest of my wealth I'll share amongst you.
Wherever we shall meet, for Timon's sake,
Let's yet be fellows; let's shake our heads, and say,
As 'twere a knell unto our master's fortunes,
We have seen better days. Let each take some:

[*Giving them money.*

Nay, put out all your hands. Not one word more;
Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poor.

[*Exeunt Servants*

O, the fierce wretchedness that glory brings us!
Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,
Since riches point to misery and contempt?

Who'd be so mocked with glory? or to live
But in a dream of friendship?
To have his pomp, and all what state compounds,
But only painted, like his varnished friends?
Poor, honest lord, brought low by his own heart;
Undone by goodness! Strange, unusual blood,
When man's worst sin is, he does too much good!
Who then dares to be half so kind again?
For bounty, that makes gods, does still mar men.
My dearest lord,—blessed, to be most accursed,
Rich, only to be wretched,—thy great fortunes
Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas, kind lord!
He's flung in rage from this ungrateful seat
Of monstrous friends; nor has he with him to
Supply his life, or that which can command it.
I'll follow, and inquire him out.
I'll ever serve his mind with my best will;
Whilst I have gold, I'll be his steward still. [Exit.

SCENE III. *The Woods.*

Enter TIMON.

Tim. O blessed, breeding sun, draw from the earth
Rotten humidity; below thy sister's orb
Infect the air! Twinned brothers of one womb,—
Whose procreation, residence, and birth,
Scarce is dividant,—touch them with several fortunes;
The greater scorns the lesser. Not nature,
To whom all sores lay siege, can bear great fortune,
But by contempt of nature:
Raise me this beggar, and deny't that lord;
The senator shall bear contempt hereditary,
The beggar native honor.
It is the pasture lards the brother's sides,
The want that makes him lean. Who dares, who dares,
In purity of manhood stand upright,
And say, *This man's a flatterer?* if one be,
So are they all; for every grize of fortune
Is smoothed by that below: the learned pate
Ducks to the golden fool: all is oblique;
There's nothing level in our cursed natures,
But direct villany. Therefore, be abhorred
All feasts, societies, and throngs of men!
His semblable, yea, himself, Timon disdains.
Destruction fang mankind! Earth, yield me roots!
[Digging.]

Who seeks for better of thee, sauce his palate
With thy most operant poison! What is here?
Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold? No, gods,
I am no idle votarist. Roots, you clear heavens!
Thus much of this, will make black, white; foul, fair;
Wrong, right; base, noble; old, young; coward, valiant.
Ha, you gods! why this? What this, you gods? Why this
Will lug your priests and servants from your sides;
Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads.
This yellow slave
Will knit and breack religions; bless the accursed,
Make the hoar leprosy adored; place thieves,
And give them title, knee, and approbation,
With senators on the bench; this is it,
That makes the wappened widow wed again;
She, whom the spital-house, and ulcerous sores,
Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and spices
To the April day again. Come, damned earth,
Thou common whore of mankind, that put'st odds
Among the rout of nations, I will make thee
Do thy right nature.—[*March afar off.*]—Ha! a drum?
Thou'rt quick,
But yet I'll bury thee. Thou'lt go, strong thief,
When gouty keepers of thee cannot stand.—
Nay, stay thou out for earnest. [*Keeping some gold.*]

Enter ALCIBIADES, *with drum and fife, in warlike manner,*
PHRYNIA and TIMANDRA.

Alcib. What art thou there?
Speak.

Tim. A beast, as thou art. The canker gnaw thy heart,
For showing me again the eyes of man!

Alcib. What is thy name? Is man so hateful to thee,
That art thyself a man?

Tim. I am *misanthropos*, and hate mankind.
For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog,
That I might love thee something.

Alcib. I know thee well;
But in thy fortunes am unlearned and strange.

Tim. I know thee, too; and more, than that I know thee,
I not desire to know. Follow thy drum;
With man's blood paint the ground, gules, gules.
Religious canons, civil laws are cruel;
Then what should war be? This fell whore of thine
Hath in her more destruction than thy sword,
For all her cherubin look.

Phr. Thy lips rot off!

Tim. I will not kiss thee; then the rot returns
To thine own lips again.

Alcib. How came the noble Timon to this change?

Tim. As the moon does, by wanting light to give:
But then renew I could not, like the moon;
There were no suns to borrow of.

Alcib. Noble Timon,
What friendship may I do thee?

Tim. None, but to
Maintain my opinion.

Alcib. What is it, Timon?

Tim. Promise me friendship, but perform none: If
Thou wilt not promise, the gods plague thee, for
Thou art a man! if thou dost perform, confound thee,
For thou art a man!

Alcib. I have heard in some sort of thy miseries.

Tim. Thou saw'st them, when I had prosperity.

Alcib. I see them now; then was a blessed time.

Tim. As thine is now, held with a brace of harlots.

Timan. Is this the Athenian minion, whom the world
Voiced so regardfully?

Tim. Art thou Timandra?

Timan. Yes.

Tim. Be a whore still! they love thee not, that use thee;
Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust.
Make use of thy salt hours: season the slaves
For tubs, and baths: bring down rose-cheeked youth
To the tub-fast, and the diet.

Timan. Hang thee, monster!

Alcib. Pardon him, sweet Timandra; for his wits
Are drowned and lost in his calamities.—
I have but little gold of late, brave Timon,
The want whereof doth daily make revolt
In my penurious band. I have heard, and grieved,
How cursed Athens, mindless of thy worth,
Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbor states,
But for thy sword and fortune, trod upon them.—

Tim. I pr'ythee, beat thy drum, and get thee gone.

Alcib. I am thy friend, and pity thee, dear Timon.

Tim. How dost thou pity him whom thou dost trouble?
I had rather be alone.

Alcib. Why, fare thee well;
Here's some gold for thee.

Tim. Keep't, I cannot eat it.

Alcib. When I have laid proud Athens on a heap,——

Tim. Warr'st thou against Athens?

Alcib. Ay, Timon, and have cause

Tim. The gods confound them all i' thy conquest; and
Thee after, when thou hast conquered!

Alcib. Why me, Timon?

Tim. That,

By killing villains, thou wast born to conquer
My country.

Put up thy gold. Go on,—here's gold,—go on;

Be as a planetary plague, when Jove

Will o'er some high-iced city hang his poison

In the sick air. Let not thy sword skip one:

Pity not honored age for his white beard;

He's an usurer. Strike me the counterfeit matron;

It is her habit only that is honest,

Herself's a bawd. Let not the virgin's cheek

Make soft thy trenchant sword; for those milk-paps,

That through the window-bars bore at men's eyes,

Are not within the leaf of pity writ;

But set them down horrible traitors. Spare not the babe

Whose dimpled smiles from fools exhaust their mercy:

Think it a bastard, whom the oracle

Hath doubtfully pronounced thy throat shall cut,

And mince it sans remorse. Swear against objects;

Put armor on thine ears, and on thine eyes;

Whose proof, nor yells of mothers, maids, nor babes,

Nor sight of priests in holy vestments bleeding,

Shall pierce a jot. There's gold to pay thy soldiers:

Make large confusion; and, thy fury spent,

Confounded be thyself! Speak not, be gone.

Alcib. Hast thou gold yet? I'll take the gold thou givest me,
Not all thy counsel.

Tim. Dost thou, or dost thou not, Heaven's curse upon
thee!

Phr. & Timan. Give us some gold, good Timon. Hast
thou no more?

Tim. Enough to make a whore forswear her trade

And to make whores a bawd. Hold up, you sluts,

Your aprons mountant. You are not oathable.—

Although, I know you'll swear, terribly swear,

Into strong shudders, and to heavenly agues,

The immortal gods that hear you,—spare your oaths,

I'll trust to your conditions. Be whores still;

And he whose pious breath seeks to convert you,

Be strong in whore, allure him, burn him up;

Let your close fire predominate his smoke,

And be no turncoats. Yet may your pains, six months,
Be quite contrary. And thatch your poor thin roofs
With burdens of the dead;—some that were hanged,
No matter:—wear them, betray with them; whore still;
Paint till a horse may mire upon your face.

A pox of wrinkles!

Phr. & Timan. Well, more gold;—What then?—
Believe't that we'll do any thing for gold.

Tim. Consumptions sow
In hollow bones of man; strike their sharp shins,
And mar men's spurring. Crack the lawyer's voice,
That he may never more false title plead,
Nor sound his quilllets shrilly: hoarse the flamen,
That scolds against the quality of flesh,
And not believes himself: down with the nose,
Down with it flat; take the bridge quite away
Of him, that his particular to foresee,
Smells from the general weal: make curled-pate ruffians
bald;

And let the unscarred braggarts of the war
Derive some pain from you. Plague all;
That your activity may defeat and quell
The source of all erection.—There's more gold:
Do you damn others, and let this damn you,
And ditches grave you all!

Phr. & Timan. More counsel with more money, boun-
teous Timon.

Tim. More whore, more mischief first; I have given you
earnest.

Alcib. Strike up the drum, towards Athens. Farewell,
Timon;

If I thrive well, I'll visit thee again.

Tim. If I hope well, I'll never see thee more.

Alcib. I never did thee harm.

Tim. Yes, thou spok'st well of me.

Alcib. Call'st thou that harm?

Tim. Men daily find it such. Get thee away,
And take thy beagles with thee.

Alcib. We but offend him.—
Strike.

[*Drum beats. Exeunt* ALCIBIADES,
PHRYNIA, and TIMANDRA.

Tim. That nature, being sick of man's unkindness,
Should yet be hungry!—Common mother, thou,

[*Digging.*
Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast,
Teems, and feeds all; whose self-same mettle,

Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puffed,
Engenders the black toad, and adder blue,
The gilded newt, and eyeless, venom'd worm,
With all the abhorred births below crisp heaven,
Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth shine;
Yield him, who all thy human sons doth hate,
From forth thy plenteous bosom, one poor root!
Ensear thy fertile and conception's womb,
Let it no more bring out ingrateful man!
Go great with tigers, dragons, wolves, and bears;
Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward face
Hath to the marbled mansion all above
Never presented!—O, a root,—dear thanks!
Dry up thy marrows, vines, and plough-torn leas
Whereof ingrateful man, with liquorish draughts,
And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind,
That from it all consideration slips!

Enter APEMANTUS.

More man? Plague! plague!

Apem. I was directed hither. Men report,
Thou dost affect my manners, and dost use them.

Tim. 'Tis, then, because thou dost not keep a dog
Whom I would imitate. Consumption catch thee!

Apem. This is in thee a nature but affected;
A poor, unmanly melancholy, sprung
From change of fortune. Why this spade? this place?
This slavelike habit? and these looks of care?
Thy flatterers yet wear silk, drink wine, lie soft;
Hug their diseased perfumes, and have forgot
That ever Timon was. Shame not these woods,
By putting on the cunning of a carper;
Be thou a flatterer now, and seek to thrive
By that which has undone thee: hinge thy knee,
And let his very breath, whom thou'lt observe,
Blow off thy cap; praise his most vicious strain,
And call it excellent. Thou wast told thus;
Thou gav'st thine ears, like tapsters, that bid welcome,
To knaves and all approachers. 'Tis most just,
That thou turn rascal; hadst thou wealth again,
Rascals should have't. Do not assume my likeness.

Tim. Were I like thee, I'd throw away myself.

Apem. Thou hast cast away thyself, being like thyself:
A madman so long, now a fool. What, think'st
That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,
Will put thy shirt on warm? Will these moss'd trees.

That have outlived the eagle, page thy heels,
 And skip when thou point'st out? Will the cold brook,
 Candied with ice, caudle thy morning taste,
 To cure thy o'er-night's surfeit? Call the creatures,
 Whose naked natures live in all the spite
 Of wreakful heaven; whose bare, unhoused trunks,
 To the conflicting elements exposed,
 Answer mere nature,—bid them flatter thee;
 O! thou shalt find——

Tim. A fool of thee. Depart.

Apem. I love thee better now than e'er I did.

Tim. I hate thee worse.

Apem. Why?

Tim. Thou flatter'st misery.

Apem. I flatter not; but say, thou art a caitiff.

Tim. Why dost thou seek me out?

Apem. To vex thee.

Tim. Always a villain's office, or a fool's.
 Dost please thyself in't?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. What! a knave too?

Apem. If thou didst put this sour, cold habit on
 To castigate thy pride, 'twere well; but thou
 Dost it enforcedly; thou'dst courtier be again,
 Wert thou not beggar. Willing misery
 Outlives incertain pomp, is crowned before:
 The one is filling still, never complete;
 The other, at high wish. Best state, contentless,
 Hath a distracted and most wretched being,
 Worse than the worst, content.
 Thou shouldst desire to die, being miserable.

Tim. Not by his breath, that is more miserable.
 Thou art a slave, whom Fortune's tender arm
 With favor never clasped; but bred a dog.
 Hadst thou, like us, from our first swath proceeded
 The sweet degrees that this brief world affords
 To such as may the passive drugs of it
 Freely command, thou wouldst have plunged thyself
 In general riot; melted down thy youth
 In different beds of lust; and never learned
 The icy precepts of respect, but followed
 The sugared game before thee. But myself,
 Who had the world as my confectionary;
 The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of men
 At duty, more than I could frame employment;
 That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves

Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush
Fell from their boughs, and left me open, bare
For every storm that blows;—I, to bear this,
That never knew but better, is some burden;
Thy nature did commence in sufferance; time
Hath made thee hard in't. Why shouldst thou hate men?
They never flattered thee. What hast thou given?
If thou wilt curse,—thy father, that poor rag,
Must be thy subject; who, in spite, put stuff
To some she-beggar, and compounded thee,
Poor rogue hereditary. Hence! be gone!—
If thou hadst not been born the worst of men,
Thou hadst been a knave and flatterer.

Apem. Art thou proud yet?

Tim. Ay, that I am not thee.

Apem. I, that I was
No prodigal.

Tim. I, that I am one now;
Were all the wealth I have, shut up in thee,
I'd give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone.—
That the whole life of Athens were in this!
Thus would I eat it. [*Eating a root.*]

Apem. Here; I will mend thy feast.

[*Offering him something.*]

Tim. First mend my company, take away thyself.

Apem. So I shall mend mine own, by the lack of thine.

Tim. 'Tis not well mended so, it is but botched;
If not, I would it were.

Apem. What wouldst thou have to Athens?

Tim. Thee thither in a whirlwind. If thou wilt,
Tell them there I have gold; look, so I have.

Apem. Here is no use for gold.

Tim. The best, and truest;
For here it sleeps, and does no hired harm.

Apem. Where ly'st o' nights, Timon?

Tim. Under that's above me.
Where feed'st thou o' days, Apemantus?

Apem. Where my stomach finds meat; or, rather, where
I eat it.

Tim. 'Would poison were obedient, and knew my mind!

Apem. Where wouldst thou send it?

Tim. To sauce thy dishes.

Apem. The middle of humanity thou never knewest, but
the extremity of both ends. When thou wast in thy gilt,
and thy perfume, they mocked thee for too much curiosity;

in thy rags thou knowest none, but art despised for the contrary. There's a medlar for thee; eat it.

Tim. On what I hate, I feed not.

Apem. Dost hate a medlar?

Tim. Ay, though it look like thee.

Apem. Ah thou hadst hated meddlers sooner, thou shouldst have loved thyself better now. What man didst thou ever know unthrift, that was beloved after his means?

Tim. Who, without those means thou talkest of, didst thou ever know beloved?

Apem. Myself.

Tim. I understand thee; thou hadst some means to keep a dog.

Apem. What things in the world canst thou nearest compare to thy flatterers?

Tim. Women nearest; but men, men are the things themselves. What wouldst thou do with the world, Apemantus, if it lay in thy power?

Apem. Give it the beasts, to be rid of the men.

Tim. Wouldst thou have thyself fall in the confusion of men, and remain a beast with the beasts?

Apem. Ay, Timon.

Tim. A beastly ambition, which the gods grant thee to attain to! If thou wert the lion, the fox would beguile thee: if thou wert the lamb, the fox would eat thee: if thou wert the fox, the lion would suspect thee, when, peradventure, thou wert accused by the ass: if thou wert the ass, thy dulness would torment thee; and still thou livedst but as a breakfast to the wolf: if thou wert the wolf, thy greediness would afflict thee, and oft thou shouldst hazard thy life for thy dinner: wert thou the unicorn, pride and wrath would confound thee, and make thine own self the conquest of thy fury: wert thou a bear, thou wouldst be killed by the horse: wert thou a horse, thou wouldst be seized by the leopard: wert thou a leopard, thou wert german to the lion, and the spots of thy kindred were jurors on thy life: all thy safety were remotion; and thy defence, absence. What beast couldst thou be, that were not subject to a beast? and what a beast art thou already, that seest not thy loss in transformation?

Apem. If thou couldst please me with speaking to me, thou mightst have hit upon it here. The commonwealth of Athens is become a forest of beasts.

Tim. How has the ass broke the wall, that thou art out of the city?

Apem. Yonder comes a poet and a painter; the plague

of company light upon thee! I will fear to catch it, and give way. When I know not what else to do, I'll see thee again.

Tim. When there is nothing living but thee, thou shalt be welcome. I had rather be a beggar's dog, than Apemantus.

Apem. Thou art the cap of all the fools alive.

Tim. 'Would thou wert clean enough to spit upon!

Apem. A plague on thee, thou art too bad to curse.

Tim. All villains, that do stand by thee, are pure.

Apem. There is no leprosy but what thou speak'st.

Tim. If I name thee,—

I'll beat thee,—but I should infect my hands.

Apem. I would my tongue could rot them off!

Tim. Away, thou issue of a mangy dog!

Choler does kill me, that thou art alive;

I swoon to see thee.

Apem. 'Would thou wouldst burst.

Tim.

Away,

Thou tedious rogue! I am sorry, I shall lose

A stone by thee.

[*Throws a stone at him.*]

Apem. Beast!

Tim.

Slave!

Apem.

Toad!

Tim.

Rogue, rogue, rogue!

[*APEMANTUS retreats backwards, as going.*]

I am sick of this false world; and will love naught

But even the mere necessities upon it.

Then, Timon, presently prepare thy grave.

Lie where the light foam of the sea may beat

Thy grave-stone daily; make thine epitaph,

That death in me at others' lives may laugh.

O thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorce

[*Looking on the gold.*]

'Twixt natural son and sire! thou bright defiler

Of Hymen's purest bed! thou valiant Mars!

Thou ever young, fresh, loved, and delicate wooer,

Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow

That lies on Dian's lap! thou visible god,

That solder'st close impossibilities,

And mak'st them kiss! that speak'st with every tongue,

To every purpose! O thou touch of hearts!

Think, thy slave man rebels; and by thy virtue

Set them into confounding odds, that beasts

May have the world in empire!

Apem.

'Would 'twere so;—

But not till I am dead!—I'll say thou hast gold;
Thou wilt be thronged to shortly.

Tim.

Thronged to?

Apem.

Ay.

Tim. Thy back, I pr'ythee.

Apem.

Live and love thy misery!

Tim. Long live so, and so die!—I am quit.—

[*Exit APEMANTUS.*]

More things like men?—Eat, Timon, and abhor them.

Enter Thieves.

1 *Thief.* Where should he have this gold? It is some poor fragment, some slender ort of his remainder. The mere want of gold, and the falling-from of his friends, drove him into this melancholy.

2 *Thief.* It is noised he hath a mass of treasure.

3 *Thief.* Let us make the assay upon him. If he care not for't, he will supply us easily; if he covetously reserve it, how shall's get it?

2 *Thief.* True; for he bears it not about him; 'tis hid.

1 *Thief.* Is not this he?

Thieves. Where?

2 *Thief.* 'Tis his description.

3 *Thief.* He; I know him.

Thieves. Save thee, Timon.

Tim. Now, thieves?

Thieves. Soldiers, not thieves.

Tim. Both too; and women's sons.

Thieves. We are not thieves, but men that much do want.

Tim. Your greatest want is, you want much of men. Why should you want? Behold, the earth hath roots; Within this mile break forth a hundred springs; The oaks bear mast, the briers scarlet hips; The bounteous housewife, nature, on each bush Lays her full mess before you. Want? why want?

1 *Thief.* We cannot live on grass, on berries, water, As beasts, and birds, and fishes.

Tim. Nor on the beasts themselves, the birds, and fishes You must eat men. Yet thanks I must you con, That you are thieves professed; that you work not In holier shapes; for there is boundless theft In limited professions. Rascal thieves, Here's gold. Go, suck the subtle blood of the grape Till the high fever seethe your blood to froth, And so 'scape hanging. Trust not the physician; His antidotes are poison, and he slays

More than you rob. Take wealth and lives together;
Do villany, do, since you profess to do't,
Like workmen. I'll example you with thievery.
The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction
Robs the vast sea; the moon's an arrant thief,
And her pale fire she snatches from the sun;
The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
The moon into salt tears; the earth's a thief,
That feeds and breeds by a composure stolen
From general excrement; each thing's a thief;
The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power
Have unchecked theft. Love not yourselves: away;
Rob one another. There's more gold. Cut throats;
All that you meet are thieves. To Athens, go,
Break open shops; nothing can you steal,
But thieves do lose it. Steal not less, for this
I give you; and gold confound you howsoever!

Amen. [TIMON *retires to his cave.*

3 *Thief.* He has almost charmed me from my profession,
by persuading me to it.

1 *Thief.* 'Tis in the malice of mankind, that he thus
advises us; not to have us thrive in our mystery.

2 *Thief.* I'll believe him as an enemy, and give over
my trade.

1 *Thief.* Let us first see peace in Athens. There is no
time so miserable, but a man may be true. [*Exeunt Thieves.*

Enter FLAVIUS.

Flav. O you gods!
Is yon despised and ruinous man my lord?
Full of decay and failing? O monument
And wonder of good deeds evilly bestowed!
What an alteration of honor has
Desperate want made!
What viler thing upon the earth, than friends,
Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends!
How rarely does it meet with this time's guise,
When man was wished to love his enemies!
Grant may I ever love, and rather woo
Those that would mischief me, than those that do!
He has caught me in his eye. I will present
My honest grief unto him; and, as my lord,
Still serve him with my life.—My dearest master!

TIMON *comes forward from his cave.*

Tim. Away! what art thou?

Flav. Have you forgot me, sir?

Tim. Why dost ask that? I have forgot all men;
Then, if thou grant'st thou'rt a man, I have forgot thee.

Flav. An honest, poor servant of yours.

Tim.

Then

I know thee not. I ne'er had honest man
About me, I; all that I kept were knaves,
To serve in meat to villains.

Flav. The gods are witness,
Ne'er did poor steward wear a truer grief
For his undone lord, than mine eyes for you.

Tim. What, dost thou weep?—Come nearer;—then I
love thee,

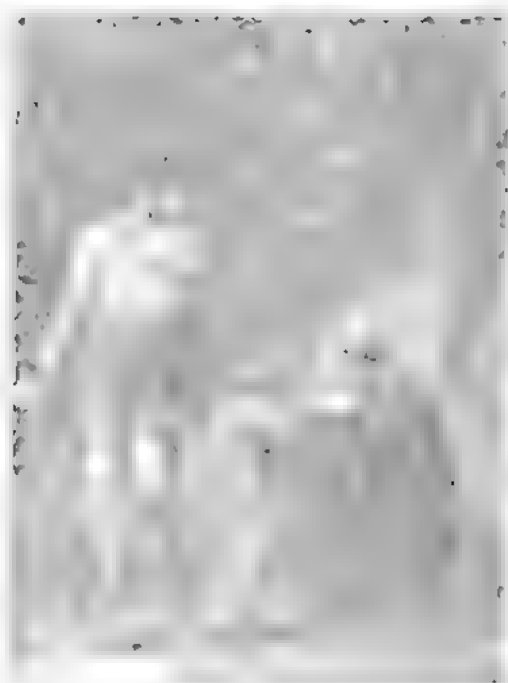
Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st
Flinty mankind; whose eyes do never give,
But thorough lust and laughter. Pity's sleeping;
Strange times, that weep with laughing, not with weeping!

Flav. I beg of you to know me, good my lord,
To accept my grief, and, whilst this poor wealth lasts,
To entertain me as your steward still.

Tim. Had I a steward so true, so just, and now
So comfortable? It almost turns
My dangerous nature mild. Let me behold
Thy face.—Surely this man was born of woman.—
Forgive my general and exceptless rashness,
You perpetual-sober gods! I do proclaim
One honest man,—mistake me not,—but one.
No more, I pray,—and he is a steward.—
How fain would I have hated all mankind,
And thou redeem'st thyself. But all, save thee,
I fell with curses.

Methinks thou art more honest now, than wise;
For, by oppressing and betraying me,
Thou might'st have sooner got another service,
For many so arrive at second masters,
Upon their first lord's neck. But tell me true,
(For I must ever doubt, though ne'er so sure,)
Is not thy kindness subtle, covetous,
If not a usuring kindness; and as rich men deal gifts,
Expecting in return twenty for one?

Flav. No, my most worthy master, in whose breast,
Doubt and suspect, alas, are placed too late.
You should have feared false times, when you did feast,
Suspect still comes where an estate is least.
That which I show, Heaven knows, is merely love,
Duty and zeal to your unmatched mind,



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Care of your food and living; and, believe it,
My most honored lord,
For any benefit that points to me,
Either in hope, or present, I'd exchange
For this one wish, That you had power and wealth
To requite me, by making rich yourself.

Tim. Look thee, 'tis so!—Thou singly honest man,
Here, take;—the gods out of my misery
Have sent thee treasure. Go, live rich, and happy;
But thus conditioned: Thou shalt build from men;
Hate all, curse all; show charity to none;
But let the famished flesh slide from the bone,
Ere thou relieve the beggar; give to dogs
What thou deny'st to men; let prisons swallow them,
Debts wither them to nothing. Be men like blasted woods,
And may diseases lick up their false bloods!
And so farewell, and thrive.

Flav. O, let me stay,
And comfort you, my master.

Tim. If thou hat'st
Curses, stay not; fly whilst thou'rt blessed and free.
Ne'er see thou man, and let me ne'er see thee.

[*Exeunt severally,*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The same. Before Timon's Cave.*

Enter Poet and Painter; TIMON behind, unseen.

Pain. As I took note of the place, it cannot be far where
he abides.

Poet. What's to be thought of him? Does the rumor
hold for true, that he is so full of gold?

Pain. Certain. Alcibiades reports it; Phrynia and
Timandra had gold of him; he likewise enriched poor strag-
gling soldiers with great quantity. 'Tis said, he gave unto
his steward a mighty sum.

Poet. Then this breaking of his has been but a try for
his friends.

Pain. Nothing else; you shall see him a palm in Athens
again, and flourish with the highest. Therefore, 'tis not
amiss, we tender our loves to him, in this supposed distress
of his. It will show honestly in us; and is very likely to

load our purposes with what they travel for, if it be a just and true report that goes of his having.

Poet. What have you now to present unto him?

Pain. Nothing at this time but my visitation; only I will promise him an excellent piece.

Poet. I must serve him so too; tell him of an intent that's coming toward him.

Pain. Good as the best. Promising is the very air o'the time: it opens the eyes of expectation; performance is ever the duller for his act; and, but in the plainer and simpler kind of people, the deed of saying is quite out of use. To promise is most courtly and fashionable; performance is a kind of will or testament, which argues a great sickness in his judgment that makes it.

Tim. Excellent workmen! Thou canst not paint a man so bad as is thyself.

Poet. I am thinking, what I shall say I have provided for him. It must be a personating of himself; a satire against the softness of prosperity; with a discovery of the infinite flatteries that follow youth and opulency.

Tim. Must thou needs stand for a villain in thine own work? Wilt thou whip thine own faults in other men? Do so, I have gold for thee.

Poet. Nay, let's seek him.
Then do we sin against our own estate,
When we may profit meet, and come too late.

Pain. True;
When the day serves, before black-cornered night,
Find what thou want'st by free and offered light.
Come.

Tim. I'll meet you at the turn. What a god's gold,
That he is worshipped in a baser temple,
Than where swine feed!
'Tis thou that rigg'st the bark, and plough'st the foam;
Settlest admired reverence in a slave.
To thee we worship! and thy saints for aye
Be crowned with plagues, that thee alone obey!
'Fit I do meet them. [Advancing]

Poet. Hail, worthy Timon!

Pain. Our late noble master.

Tim. Have I once lived to see two honest men?

Poet. Sir,
Having often of your open bounty tasted,
Hearing you were retired, your friends fallen off,
Whose thankless natures—O abhorred spirits!
Not all the whips of Heaven are large enough—

What! to you!

Whose starlike nobleness gave life and influence
To their whole being! I'm rapt, and cannot cover
The monstrous bulk of this ingratitude
With any size of words.

Tim. Let it go naked, men may see't the better.
You that are honest, by being what you are,
Make them best seen, and known.

Pain. He, and myself,
Have travelled in the great shower of your gifts,
And sweetly felt it.

Tim. Ay, you are honest men.

Pain. We are hither come to offer you our service.

Tim. Most honest men! Why, how shall I requite you?
Can you eat roots, and drink cold water? no.

Both. What we can do, we'll do, to do you service.

Tim. You are honest men. You have heard that I have
gold;
I am sure you have. Speak truth; you are honest men.

Pain. So it is said, my noble lord; but therefore
Came not my friend, nor I.

Tim. Good honest men.—Thou draw'st a counterfeit
Best in all Athens: thou art, indeed, the best;
Thou counterfeit'st most lively.

Pain. So, so, my lord.

Tim. Even so, sir, as I say.—And for thy fiction,
[To the Poet.

Why, thy verse swells with stuff so fine and smooth,
That thou art even natural in thine art.—

But, for all this, my honest-natured friends,
I must needs say you have a little fault.

Marry, 'tis not monstrous in you; neither wish I,
You take such pains to mend.

Both. Beseech your honor
To make it known to us.

Tim. You'll take it ill.

Both. Most thankfully, my lord.

Tim. Will you, indeed?

Both. Doubt it not, worthy lord.

Tim. There's ne'er a one of you but trusts a knave,
That mightily deceives you.

Both. Do we, my lord?

Tim. Ay, and you hear him cog, see him dissemble,
Know his gross patchery, love him, feed him,
Keep in your bosom; yet remain assured,
That he's a made-up villain.

Pain. I know none such, my lord.

Poet.

Nor I.

Tim. Look you, I love you well; I'll give you gold,
Rid me these villains from your companies.
Hang them, or stab them, drown them in a draught,
Confound them by some course, and come to me,
I'll give you gold enough.

Both. Name them, my lord; let's know them.

Tim. You that way, and you this, but two in company;—
Each man apart, all single and alone,
Yet an arch villain keeps him company.
If, where thou art, two villains shall not be,

[*To the Painter.*

Come not near him.—If thou wouldst not reside

[*To the Poet.*

But where one villain is, then him abandon.—

Hence! pack! there's gold; ye came for gold, ye slaves.

You have done work for me, there's payment: hence!

You are an alchymist, make gold of that:—

Out, rascal dogs! [*Exit, beating and driving them out.*

SCENE II. *The same.*

Enter FLAVIUS and two Senators.

Flav. It is in vain that you would speak with Timon;
For he is set so only to himself,
That nothing but himself, which looks like man,
Is friendly with him.

1 *Sen.*

Bring us to his cave:

It is our part, and promise to the Athenians,
To speak with Timon.

2 *Sen.*

At all times alike

Men are not still the same. 'Twas time and griefs
That framed him thus; time, with his fairer hand,
Offering the fortunes of his former days,
The former man may make him. Bring us to him,
And chance it as it may.

Flav.

Here is his cave.—

Peace and content be here! Lord Timon! Timon!

Look out, and speak to friends. The Athenians,

By two of their most reverend senate, greet thee:

Speak to them, noble Timon.

Enter TIMON.

Tim. Thou sun, that comfort'st, burn!—Speak, and be
hanged:

For each true word, a blister! and each false
Be as a cauterizing to the root o' the tongue,
Consuming it with speaking!

1 *Sen.* Worthy Timon—

Tim. Of none but such as you, and you of Timon.

2 *Sen.* The senators of Athens greet thee, Timon.

Tim. I thank them; and would send them back the
plague,

Could I but catch it for them.

1 *Sen.* O, forget

What we are sorry for ourselves in thee.

The senators, with one consent of love,

Entreat thee back to Athens; who have thought

On special dignities, which vacant lie

For thy best use and wearing.

2 *Sen.* They confess,

Toward thee, forgetfulness too general, gross;

Which now the public body, which doth seldom

Play the recanter,—feeling in itself

A lack of Timon's aid,—hath sense withal

Of its own fall, restraining aid to Timon.

And send forth us, to make their sorrowed render,

Together with a recompense more fruitful

Than their offence can weigh down by the dram;

Ay, even such heaps and sums of love and wealth,

As shall to thee blot out what wrongs were theirs,

And write in thee the figures of their love,

Ever to read them thine.

Tim. You witch me in it;

Surprise me to the very brink of tears.

Lend me a fool's heart, and a woman's eyes,

And I'll bewEEP these comforts, worthy senators.

1 *Sen.* Therefore, so please thee to return with us,

And of our Athens (thine, and ours) to take

The captainship, thou shalt be met with thanks,

Allowed with absolute power, and thy good name

Live with authority;—so soon we shall drive back

Of Alcibiades the approaches wild;

Who, like a boar too savage, doth root up

His country's peace.

2 *Sen.* And shakes his threatening sword

Against the walls of Athens.

1 *Sen.* Therefore, Timon,—

Tim. Well, sir, I will; therefore, I will, sir. Thus,—

If Alcibiades kill my countrymen,

Let Alcibiades know this of Timon.—

That—Timon cares not. But if he sack fair Athens,
And take our goodly, aged men by the beards,
Giving our holy virgins to the stain
Of contumelious, beastly, mad-brained war;
Then, let him know,—and tell him, Timon speaks it,
In pity of our aged, and our youth,
I cannot choose but tell him, that—I care not,
And let him take't at worst; for their knives care not,
While you have throats to answer; for myself,
There's not a whittle in the unruly camp,
But I do prize it at my love, before
The reverend'st throat in Athens. So I leave you
To the protection of the prosperous gods,
As thieves to keepers.

Flav. Stay not, all's in vain.

Tim. Why, I was writing of my epitaph;
It will be seen to-morrow. My long sickness
Of health, and living, now begins to mend,
And nothing brings me all things. Go, live still;
Be Alcibiades your plague, you his,
And last so long enough!

1 Sen. We speak in vain.

Tim. But yet I love my country; and am not
One that rejoices in the common wreck,
As common bruit doth put it.

1 Sen. That's well spoke.

Tim. Commend me to my loving countrymen,—

1 Sen. These words become your lips as they pass
through them.

2 Sen. And enter in our ears, like great triumphers
In their applauding gates.

Tim. Commend me to them,
And tell them, that to ease them of their griefs,
Their fears of hostile strokes, their aches, losses,
Their pangs of love, with other incident throes
That nature's fragile vessel doth sustain
In life's uncertain voyage, I will some kindness do them.
I'll teach them to prevent wild Alcibiades' wrath.

2 Sen. I like this well; he will return again.

Tim. I have a tree, which grows here in my close,
That mine own use invites me to cut down,
And shortly must I fell it. Tell my friends,
Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree,
From high to low throughout, that whoso please
To stop affliction, let him take his haste.

Come hither, ere my tree hath felt the axe,
And hang himself:—I pray you, do my greeting.

Flav. Trouble him no further; thus you still shall find him

Tim. Come not to me again: but say to Athens,
Timon hath made his everlasting mansion
Upon the beached verge of the salt flood;
Whom once a day with his embossed froth
The turbulent surge shall cover; thither come,
And let my gravestone be your oracle.—
Lips, let sour words go by, and language end:
What is amiss, plague and infection mend!
Graves only be men's works; and death their gain!
Sun, hide thy beams! Timon hath done his reign.
[*Exit* TIMON.]

1 *Sen.* His discontents are unremovably
Coupled to nature.

2 *Sen.* Our hope in him is dead: let us return,
And strain what other means is left unto us
In our dear peril.

1 *Sen.* It requires swift foot. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The Walls of Athens.*

Enter two Senators and a Messenger.

1 *Sen.* Thou hast painfully discovered: are his files
As full as thy report?

Mess. I have spoke the least:
Besides, his expedition promises
Present approach.

2 *Sen.* We stand much hazard, if they bring not Timon

Mess. I met a courier, one mine ancient friend:
Whom, though in general part we were opposed,
Yet our old love made a particular force,
And made us speak like friends;—this man was riding
From Alcibiades to Timon's cave,
With letters of entreaty, which imported
His fellowship i' the cause against your city,
In part for his sake moved.

Enter Senators fram TIMON.

1 *Sen.* Here come our brothers.

3 *Sen.* No talk of Timon; nothing of him expect.—
The enemies' drum is heard, and fearful scouring
Doth choke the air with dust. In and prepare;
Ours is the fall, I fear, our foes, the snare. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The Woods. Timon's Cave, and a Tombstone seen.*

Enter a Soldier, seeking Timon.

Sol. By all description this should be the place.
 Who's here? speak, ho!—No answer?—What is this?
 Timon is dead, who hath outstretched his span:
 Some beast reared this; there does not live a man.
 Dead, sure; and this his grave.—
 What's on this tomb I cannot read; the character
 I'll take with wax.
 Our captain hath in every figure skill;
 An aged interpreter, though young in days:
 Before proud Athens he's set down by this,
 Whose fall the mark of his ambition is. [*Erit.*

SCENE V. *Before the Walls of Athens.*

Trumpets sound. Enter ALCIBIADES, and Forces.

Alcib. Sound to this coward and lascivious town
 Our terrible approach. [*A parley sounded.*

Enter Senators on the walls.

Till now you have gone on, and filled the time
 With all licentious measure, making your wills
 The scope of justice; till now, myself, and such
 As slept within the shadow of your power,
 Have wandered with our traversed arms, and breathed
 Our sufferance vainly. Now the time is flush,
 When crouching marrow, in the bearer strong,
 Cries of itself, *No more*: now breathless wrong
 Shall sit and pant in your great chairs of ease,
 And pury insolence shall break his wind,
 With fear and horrid flight.

1 *Sen.* Noble and young,
 When thy first griefs were but a mere conceit,
 Ere thou hadst power, or we had cause of fear,
 We sent to thee; to give thy rages balm,
 To wipe out our ingratitude with loves
 Above their quantity.

2 *Sen.* So did we woo
 Transformed Timon to our city's love,
 By humbled message, and by promised means;

We were not all unkind, nor all deserve
The common stroke of war.

1 *Sen.* These walls of ours
Were not erected by their hands, from whom
You have received your griefs; nor are they such,
That these great towers, trophies, and schools should fall
For private faults in them.

2 *Sen.* Nor are they living,
Who were the motives that you first went out;
Shame, that they wanted cunning, in excess
Hath broke their hearts. March, noble lord,
Into our city with thy banners spread.
By decimation, and a tithed death,
(If thy revenges hunger for that food,
Which nature loathes,) take thou the destined tenth
And by the hazard of the spotted die,
Let die the spotted.

1 *Sen.* All have not offended;
For those that were, it is not square, to take,
On those that are, revenges: crimes, like lands,
Are not inherited. Then, dear countryman,
Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage.
Spare thy Athenian cradle, and those kin,
Which, in the bluster of thy wrath, must fall
With those that have offended: like a shepherd,
Approach the fold, and cull the infected forth,
But kill not all together.

2 *Sen.* What thou wilt,
Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile,
Than hew to't with thy sword.

1 *Sen.* Set but thy foot
Against our rampired gates, and they shall ope:
So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before,
To say thou'lt enter friendly.

2 *Sen.* Throw thy glove
Or any token of thine honor else,
That thou wilt use the wars as thy redress,
And not as our confusion, all thy powers
Shall make their harbor in our town, till we
Have sealed thy full desire.

Alcib. Then there's my glove;
Descend, and open your uncharged ports.
Those enemies of Timon's and mine own,
Whom you yourself shall set out for reproof,
Fall, and no more; and—to atone your fears
With my more noble meaning—not a man

Shall pass his quarter, or offend the stream
Of regular justice in your city's bounds,
But shall be remedied, to your public laws,
At heaviest answer.

Both. 'Tis most nobly spoken.

Alcib. Descend, and keep your words.

The Senators descend, and open the gates.

Enter a Soldier.

Sol. My noble general, Timon is dead;
Entombed upon the very hem o' the sea:
And on his gravestone, this insculpture; which
With wax I brought away, whose soft impression
Interprets for my poor ignorance.

*Alcib. [Reads.] Here lies a wretched corse, of wretched
soul bereft;*

*Seek not my name. A plague consume you wicked caitiffs
left!*

Here lie I, Timon; who, alive, all living men did hate.

*Pass by, and curse thy fill; but pass, and stay not here thy
gait.*

These well express in thee thy latter spirits.
Though thou abhorr'dst in us our human griefs,
Scorn'dst our brains' flow, and those our droplets which
From niggard nature fall, yet rich conceit
Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye
On thy low grave, on faults forgiven. Dead
Is noble Timon; of whose memory
Hereafter more.—Bring me into your city,
And I will use the olive with my sword.
Make war breed peace; make peace stint war; make each
Prescribe to other, as each other's leech.
Let our drums strike.

[Exeunt]

CORIO LANUS.

Vol. III.—31

2 q

481

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS, *a noble Roman.*

TITUS LARTIUS, } *Generals against the Volcians.*
COMINIUS, }

MENENIUS AGRIPPA, *Friend to Coriolanus.*

SICINIUS VELUTUS, } *Tribunes of the People.*
JUNIUS BRUTUS, }

Young MARCIUS, *Son to Coriolanus.*

A Roman Herald.

TULLUS AUFIDIUS, *General of the Volcians*

Lieutenant to Aufidius.

Conspirators with Aufidius.

A Citizen of Antium.

Two Volcian Guards.

VOLUMNIA, *Mother to Coriolanus.*

VIRGILIA, *Wife to Coriolanus.*

VALERIA, *Friend to Virgilia.*

Gentlewoman, attending Virgilia.

Roman and Volcian Senators, Patricians, Ædiles, Lictors,
*Soldiers, Citizens, Messenger, Servants to Aufidius, and
other Attendants.*

SCENE, *partly in Rome, and partly in the Territories of the
Volcians and Antiates.*

CORIOLANUS.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Rome. *A Street.*

Enter a Company of mutinous Citizens, with staves, clubs, and other weapons.

1 *Citizen*. BEFORE we proceed any further, hear me speak.

Cit. Speak, speak. [*Several speaking at once.*

1 *Cit.* You are all resolved rather to die, than to famish?

Cit. Resolved, resolved.

1 *Cit.* First, you know, Caius Marcius is chief enemy to the people.

Cit. We know't, we know't.

1 *Cit.* Let us kill him, and we'll have corn at our own price. Is't a verdict?

Cit. No more talking on't; let it be done. Away, away.

2 *Cit.* One word, good citizens.

1 *Cit.* We are accounted poor citizens; the patricians, good. What authority surfeits on, would relieve us. If they would yield us but the superfluity, while it were wholesome, we might guess they relieved us humanely; but they think we are too dear: the leanness that afflicts us, the object of our misery, is as an inventory to particularize their abundance: our sufferance is a gain to them.—Let us revenge this with our pikes, ere we become rakes; for the gods know, I speak this in hunger for bread, not in thirst for revenge.

2 *Cit.* Would you proceed especially against Caius Marcius?

Cit. Against him first; he's a very dog to the commonalty.

2 *Cit.* Consider you what services he has done for his country?

1 *Cit.* Very well; and could be content to give him good report for't, but that he pays himself with being proud.

2 *Cit.* Nay, but speak not maliciously.

1 *Cit.* I say unto you, what he hath done famously, he did it to that end: though soft conscienced men can be content to say, it was for his country, he did it to please his mother, and to be partly proud; which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue.

2 *Cit.* What he cannot help in his nature, you account a vice in him. You must in no way say he is covetous.

1 *Cit.* If I must not, I need not be barren of accusations: he hath faults, with surplus, to tire in repetition. [*Shouts within.*] What shouts are these? The other side o' the city is risen. Why stay we prating here? To the capitol.

Cit. Come, come.

1 *Cit.* Soft; who comes here?

Enter MENENIUS AGRIPPA.

2 *Cit.* Worthy Menenius Agrippa; one that hath always loved the people.

1 *Cit.* He's one honest enough; 'would all the rest were so!

Men. What work's, my countrymen, in hand? Where go you

With bats and clubs? The matter? Speak, I pray you.

1 *Cit.* Our business is not unknown to the senate; they have had inkling, this fortnight, what we intend to do, which now we'll show 'em in deeds. They say poor suitors have strong breaths; they shall know we have strong arms too.

Men. Why, masters, my good friends, mine honest neighbors,

Will you undo yourselves?

1 *Cit.* We cannot, sir; we are undone already.

Men. I tell you, friends, most charitable care Have the patricians of you. For your wants, Your suffering in this dearth, you may as well Strike at the heaven with your staves, as lift them Against the Roman state; whose course will on The way it takes, cracking ten thousand curbs Of more strong link asunder, than can ever Appear in your impediment. For the dearth, The gods, not the patricians, make it; and Your knees to them, not arms, must help. Alack, You are transported by calamity Thither where more attends you; and you slander The helms o' the state, who care for you like fathers, When you curse them as enemies.

1 *Cit.* Care for us!—True, indeed!—They ne'er cared for us yet. Suffer us to famish, and their storehouses crammed with grain; make edicts for usury, to support

usurers; repeal daily any wholesome act established against the rich; and provide more piercing statutes daily to chain up and restrain the poor. If the wars eat us not up, they will; and there's all the love they bear us.

Men. Either you must
Confess yourselves wondrous malicious,
Or be accused of folly. I shall tell you
A pretty tale; it may be, you have heard it;
But since it serves my purpose, I will venture
To stale't a little more.

1 *Cit.* Well, I'll hear it, sir: yet you must not think to fob off our disgrace with a tale; but, an't please you, deliver.

Men. There was a time, when all the body's members
Rebelled against the belly; thus accused it:—
That only like a gulf it did remain
I' the midst o' the body, idle and inactive,
Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing
Like labor with the rest; where the other instruments
Did see, and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel,
And, mutually participate, did minister
Unto the appetite and affection common
Of the whole body. The belly answered,—

1 *Cit.* Well, sir, what answer made the belly?

Men. Sir, I shall tell you.—With a kind of smile,
Which ne'er came from the lungs, but even thus,
(For, look you, I may make the belly smile,
As well as speak,) it tauntingly replied
To the discontented members, the mutinous parts
That envied his receipt; even so most fitly
As you malign our senators, for that
They are not such as you.

1 *Cit.* Your belly's answer; what?

Men. The kingly-crowned head, the vigilant eye,
The counsellor heart, the arm our soldier,
Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter,
With other muniments and petty helps
In this our fabric, if that they——

1 *Cit.* What then?—

Men. 'Fore me, this fellow speaks!—what then? what then?

Should by the cormorant belly be restrained,
Who is the sink o' the body,——

1 *Cit.* Well, what then?

The former agents, if they did complain,
What could the belly answer?

Men. I will tell you,

If you'll bestow a small (of what you have little)
Patience, a while, you'll hear the belly's answer.

1 *Cit.* You are long about it.

Men. Note me this, good friend;
Your most grave belly was deliberate,
Not rash like his accusers, and thus answered:—
*True is it, my incorporate friends, quoth he,
That I receive the general food at first,
Which you do live upon: and fit it is;
Because I am the store-house, and the shop
Of the whole body. But if you do remember,
I send it through the rivers of your blood,
Even to the court, the heart,—to the seat o' the brain;
And through the cranks and offices of man,
The strongest nerves, and small, inferior veins,
From me receive that natural competency
Whereby they live. And though that all at once,
You, my good friends, (this says the belly,) mark me,—*

1 *Cit.* Ay, sir; well, well.

Men. Though all at once cannot
See what I do deliver out to each;
Yet I can make my audit up, that all
From me do back receive the flour of all,
And leave me but the bran. What say you to't?

1 *Cit.* It was an answer. How apply you this?

Men. The senators of Rome are this good belly,
And you the mutinous members. For examine
Their counsels, and their cares; digest things rightly,
Touching the weal of the common; you shall find,
No public benefit which you receive,
But it proceeds, or comes, from them to you,
And no way from yourselves.—What do you think?
You, the great toe of this assembly?—

Cit. I the great toe? Why the great toe?

Men. For that being one o' the lowest, basest, poorest,
Of this most wise rebellion, thou go'st foremost.
Thou rascal, thou art worst in blood to run,
Lead'st first to win some vantage.—
But make you ready your stiff bats and clubs;
Rome and her rats are at the point of battle;
The one side must have bale. Hail, noble Marcius!

Enter CAIUS MARCIUS.

Mar. Thanks.—What's the matter, you dissensious rogues,
That, rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,
Make yourselves scabs?

1 *Cit.* We have ever your good word.

Mar. He that will give good words to thee, will flatter Beneath abhorring.—What would you have, you curs, That like nor peace, nor war? the one affrights you, The other makes you proud. He that trusts you, Where he should find you lions, finds you hares; Where foxes, geese. You are no surer, no, Than is the coal of fire upon the ice, Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is, To make him worthy, whose offence subdues him, And curse that justice did it. Who deserves greatness, Deserves your hate; and your affections are A sick man's appetite, who desires most that Which would increase his evil. He that depends Upon your favors, swims with fins of lead, And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye! Trust ye? With every minute you do change a mind; And call him noble that was now your hate; Him vile, that was your garland. What's the matter, That in these several places of the city You cry against the noble senate, who, Under the gods, keep you in awe, which else Would feed on one another?—What's their seeking?

Men. For corn at their own rates; whereof, they say, The city is well stored.

Mar. Hang 'em! They say? They'll sit by the fire, and presume to know What's done i' the capitol; who's like to rise, Who thrives, and who declines; side factions, and give out Conjectural marriages; making parties strong, And feebling such as stand not in their liking, Below their cobbled shoes. They say there's grain enough? Would the nobility lay aside their ruth, And let me use my sword, I'd make a quarry With thousands of these quartered slaves, as high As I could pick my lance.

Men. Nay, these are almost thoroughly persuaded; For though abundantly they lack discretion, Yet are they passing cowardly. But, I beseech you, What says the other troop?

Mar. They are dissolved. Hang 'em! They said, they were an hungry; sighed forth proverbs; That hunger broke stone walls; that dogs must eat; That meat was made for mouths; that the gods sent not Corn for the rich men only.—With these shreds They vented their complainings; which being answered,

And a petition granted them, a strange one,
 (To break the heart of generosity,
 And make bold power look pale,) they threw their caps
 As they would hang them on the horns o' the moon,
 Shouting their emulation.

Men. What is granted them?

Mar. Five tribunes to defend their vulgar wisdoms,
 Of their own choice. One's Junius Brutus,
 Sicinius Velutus, and I know not—'Sdeath!
 The rabble should have first unroofed the city,
 Ere so prevailed with me; it will in time
 Win upon power, and throw forth greater themes
 For insurrection's arguing.

Men. This is strange.

Mar. Go, get you home, you fragments!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Where's Caius Marcius?

Mar. Here. What's the matter?

Mess. The news is, sir, the Volces are in arms.

Mar. I am glad on't; then we shall have means to vent
 Our musty superfluity.—See, our best elders.

*Enter COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, and other Senators;
 JUNIUS BRUTUS and SICINIUS VELUTUS.*

1 Sen. Martius, 'tis true, that you have lately told us;
 The Volces are in arms.

Mar. They have a leader,
 Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to't.
 I sin in envying his nobility;
 And were I any thing but what I am,
 I would wish me only he.

Com. You have fought together.

Mar. Were half to half the world by the ears, and he
 Upon my party, I'd revolt to make
 Only my wars with him: he is a lion
 That I am proud to hunt.

1 Sen. Then, worthy Marcius,
 Attend upon Cominius to these wars.

Com. It is your former promise.

Mar. Sir, it is;
 And I am constant.—Titus Lartius, thou
 Shalt see me once more strike at Tullus' face:
 What, art thou stiff? stand'st out?

Tit. No, Caius Marcius;

I'll lean upon one crutch, and fight with the other,
Ere stay behind this business.

Men. O, true bred!

1 Sen. Your company to the capitol; where, I know,
Our greatest friends attend us.

Tit. Lead you on:
Follow, Cominius; we must follow you;
Right worthy you priority.

Com. Noble Lartius!

1 Sen. Hence! To your homes, be gone.

[*To the Citizens.*

Mar. Nay, let them follow:
The Volces have much corn; take these rats thither,
To gnaw their garners.—Worshipful mutineers,
Your valor puts well forth; pray, follow.

[*Exeunt Senators, COM., MAR., TIT., and
MENEN. Citizens steal away.*

Sic. Was ever man so proud as is this Marcius?

Bru. He has no equal.

Sic. When we were chosen tribunes for the people,—

Bru. Marked you his lip and eyes?

Sic. Nay, but his taunts.

Bru. Being moved, he will not spare to gird the gods.

Sic. Bemock the modest moon.

Bru. The present wars devour him; he is grown
Too proud to be so valiant.

Sic. Such a nature,
Tickled with good success, disdains the shadow
Which he treads on at noon. But I do wonder,
His insolence can brook to be commanded
Under Cominius.

Bru. Fame, at the which he aims,—
In whom already he is well graced,—cannot
Better be held, nor more attained, than by
A place below the first; for what miscarries
Shall be the general's fault, though he perform
To the utmost of a man; and giddy censure
Will then cry out of Marcius, *O, if he
Had borne the business!*

Sic. Besides, if things go well,
Opinion, that so sticks on Marcius, shall
Of his demerits rob Cominius.

Bru. Come.
Half all Cominius' honors are to Marcius,
Though Marcius earned them not; and all his faults

To Marcius shall be honors, though, indeed,
In aught he merit not.

Sic. Let's hence, and hear
How the despatch is made; and in what fashion,
More than in singularity he goes
Upon his present action.

Bru. Let's along. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. Corioli. *The Senate House.*

Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS and certain Senators.

1 Sen. So your opinion is, Aufidius,
That they of Rome have entered in our counsels,
And know how we proceed.

Auf. Is it not yours?
What ever hath been thought on in this state,
That could be brought to bodily act ere Rome
Had circumvention! 'Tis not four days gone,
Since I heard thence; these are the words. I think
I have the letter here; yes, here it is: [*Reads.*]
*They have prest a power; but it is not known
Whether for east or west. The dearth is great;
The people mutinous: and it is rumored,
Cominius, Marcius, your old enemy,
(Who is of Rome worse hated than of you,)
And Titus Lartius, a most valiant Roman,—
These three lead on this preparation
Whither 'tis bent. Most likely, 'tis for you;
Consider of it.*

1 Sen. Our army's in the field;
We never yet made doubt but Rome was ready
To answer us.

Auf. Nor did you think it folly,
To keep your great pretences veiled, till when
They needs must show themselves; which in the hatching,
It seemed, appeared to Rome. By the discovery,
We shall be shortened in our aim; which was,
To take in many towns, ere, almost, Rome
Should know we were afoot.

2 Sen. Noble Aufidius,
Take your commission; hie you to your bands;
Let us alone to guard Corioli.
If they set down before us, for the remove
Bring up your army; but I'll think you'll find
They have not prepared for us.

Auf. O, doubt not that;
 I speak from certainties. Nay, more,
 Some parcels of their powers are forth already,
 And only hitherward. I leave your honors.
 If we and Caius Marcius chance to meet,
 'Tis sworn between us, we shall never strike
 Till one can do no more.

All. The gods assist you!

Auf. And keep your honors safe!

1 Sen.

Farewell.

2 Sen.

Farewell.

All. Farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. Rome *An Apartment in Marcius' House.*

Enter VOLUMNIA and VIRGILIA. They sit down on two low stools, and sew.

Vol. I pray you, daughter, sing; or express yourself in a more comfortable sort. If my son were my husband, I should freelier rejoice in that absence wherein he won honor, than in the embracements of his bed, where he would show most love. When yet he was but tender-bodied, and the only son of my womb; when youth with comeliness plucked all gaze his way; when, for a day of king's entreaties, a mother should not sell him an hour from her beholding; I—considering how honor would become such a person; that it was no better than picture-like to hang by the wall, if renown made it not stir—was pleased to let him seek danger where he was like to find fame. To a cruel war I sent him; from whence he returned, his brows bound with oak. I tell thee, daughter,—I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was a man-child, than now in first seeing he had proved himself a man.

Vir. But had he died in the business, madam? how then?

Vol. Then his good report should have been my son: I therein would have found issue. Hear me profess sincerely:—Had I a dozen sons,—each in my love alike, and none less dear than thine and my good Marcius,—I had rather had eleven die nobly for their country, than one voluptuously surfeit out of action.

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gent. Madam, the lady Valeria is come to visit you.

Vir. 'Beseech you, give me leave to retire myself.

Vol. Indeed, you shall not.

Methinks I hear hither your husband's drum;
 See him pluck Aufidius down by the hair;
 As children from a bear, the Volces shunning him
 Methinks I see him stamp thus, and call thus,—
*Come on, you cowards; you were got in fear,
 Though you were born in Rome.* His bloody brow
 With his mailed hand then wiping, forth he goes;
 Like to a harvest-man, that's tasked to mow
 Or all, or lose his hire.

Vir. His bloody brow! O Jupiter, no blood!

Vol. Away, you fool! it more becomes a man,
 Than gilt his trophy. The breasts of Hecuba,
 When she did suckle Hector, looked not lovelier
 Than Hector's forehead, when it spit forth blood
 At Grecian swords' contending.—Tell Valeria,
 We are fit to bid her welcome. [*Exit Gent.*

Vir. Heavens bless my lord from fell Aufidius!

Vol. He'll beat Aufidius' head below his knee,
 And tread upon his neck.

Re-enter Gentlewoman, with VALERIA and her Usher.

Val. My ladies both, good day to you.

Vol. Sweet madam,—

Vir. I am glad to see your ladyship.

Val. How do you both? you are manifest housekeepers.
 What, are you sewing here? A fine spot, in good faith.—
 How does your little son?

Vir. I thank your ladyship; well, good madam.

Vol. He had rather see the swords, and hear a drum,
 than look upon his schoolmaster.

Val. O' my word, the father's son; I'll swear 'tis a very
 pretty boy. O' my troth, I looked upon him o' Wednesday
 half an hour together; he has such a confirmed counte-
 nance. I saw him run after a gilded butterfly, and when
 he caught it, he let it go again; and after it again; and
 over and over he comes, and up again; caught it again:
 or whether his fall enraged him, or how 'twas, he did so
 set his teeth, and tear it. O, I warrant, how he mam-
 mocked it!

Vol. One of his father's moods.

Val. Indeed, la, 'tis a noble child.

Vir. A crack, madam.

Val. Come, lay aside your stitchery; I must have you
 play the idle housewife with me this afternoon.

Vir. No, good madam; I will not out of doors.

Val. Not out of doors!

Vol. She shall, she shall.

Vir. Indeed, no, by your patience; I will not over the threshold till my lord return from the wars.

Val. Fie! you confine yourself most unreasonably; come, you must go visit the good lady that lies in.

Vir. I will wish her speedy strength, and visit her with my prayers; but I cannot go thither.

Vol. Why, I pray you?

Vir. 'Tis not to save labor, nor that I want love.

Val. You would be another Penelope; yet they say, all the yarn she spun, in Ulysses' absence, did but fill Ithaca full of moths. Come, I would your cambric were sensible as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity. Come, you shall go with us.

Vir. No, good madam, pardon me; indeed, I will not forth.

Val. In truth, la, go with me; and I'll tell you excellent news of your husband.

Vir. O, good madam, there can be none yet.

Val. Verily, I do not jest with you; there came news from him last night.

Vir. Indeed, madam?

Val. In earnest, it's true; I heard a senator speak it. Thus it is:—The Volces have an army forth; against whom Cominius the general is gone, with one part of our Roman power. Your lord, and Titus Lartius, are set down before their city Corioli; they nothing doubt prevailing, and to make it brief wars. This is true, on mine honor; and so, I pray, go with us.

Vir. Give me excuse, good madam; I will obey you in every thing hereafter.

Vol. Let her alone, lady; as she is now, she will but disease our better mirth.

Val. In troth, I think she would;—fare you well, then. Come, good sweet lady.—Pr'ythee, Virgilia, turn thy solemnness out o' door, and go along with us.

Vir. No; at a word, madam; indeed, I must not. I wish you much mirth.

Val. Well, then, farewell. [*Excunt.*

SCENE IV. *Before Corioli.*

Enter, with drum and colors, MARCIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, Officers and Soldiers. To them a Messenger.

Mar. Yonder comes news.—A wager, they have met.

Lart. My horse to yours, no.

Mar. 'Tis done.

Lart. Agreed.

Mar. Say, has our general met the enemy?

Mess. They lie in view; but have not spoke as yet.

Lart. So, the good horse is mine.

Mar. I'll buy him of you.

Lart. No, I'll nor sell, nor give him; lend you him,
I will,

For half a hundred years.—Summon the town.

Mar. How far off lie these armies?

Mess. Within this mile and half.

Mar. Then shall we hear their 'larum, and they ours.
Now, Mars, I pr'ythee make us quick in work;
That we with smoking swords may march from hence,
To help our fielded friends!—Come, blow thy blast.

*They sound a parley. Enter, on the walls, some Senators,
and others.*

Tullus Aufidius, is he within your walls?

1 Sen. No, nor a man that fears you less than he,
That's lesser than a little. Hark, our drums

[*Alarums afar off.*
Are bringing forth our youth. We'll break our walls,
Rather than they shall pound us up. Our gates,
Which yet seem shut, we have but pinned with rushes;
They'll open of themselves. Hark you, far off;

[*Other alarums.*
There is Aufidius; list, what work he makes
Amongst your cloven army.

Mar. O, they are at it!

Lart. Their noise be our instruction.—Ladders, ho!

The Volces enter and pass over the stage.

Mar. They fear us not, but issue forth their city.
Now put your shields before your hearts, and fight
With hearts more proof than shields.—Advance, brave Titus;
They do disdain us much beyond our thoughts,
Which makes me sweat with wrath.—Come on, my fellows;
He that retires, I'll take him for a Volce,
And he shall feel mine edge.

*Alarum, and exeunt Romans and Volces, fighting. The
Romans are beaten back to their trenches.—Re-enter
MARCUS.*

Mar. All the contagion of the south light on you,

You shames of Rome! you herd of——Boils and plagues
Plaster you o'er; that you may be abhorred
Further than seen, and one infect another
Against the wind a mile! You souls of geese,
That bear the shapes of men, how have you run
From slaves that apes would beat? Pluto and hell!
All hurt behind; backs red, and faces pale
With flight and agued fear! Mend, and charge home,
Or, by the fires of heaven, I'll leave the foe,
And make my wars on you: look to't. Come on;
If you'll stand fast, we'll beat them to their wives,
As they us to our trenches followed.

Another alarum. The Volces and Romans re-enter, and the fight is renewed. The Volces retire into Corioli, and MARCIUS follows them to the gates.

So, now the gates are ope.—Now prove good seconds.
'Tis for the followers fortune widens them,
Not for the fliers. Mark me, and do the like.

[He enters the gates, and is shut in.]

1 Sol. Fool-hardiness; not I.

2 Sol. Nor I.

3 Sol. See, they
Have shut him in. *[Alarum continues.]*

All. To the pot, I warrant him.

Enter TITUS LARTIUS.

Lart. What is become of Marcius?

All. Slain, sir, doubtless.

1 Sol. Following the fliers at the very heels,
With them he enters; who, upon the sudden,
Clapped-to their gates; he is himself alone,
To answer all the city.

Lart. O noble fellow!
Who, sensible, outdares his senseless sword,
And, when it bows, stands up! Thou art left, Marcius;
A carbuncle entire, as big as thou art,
Were not so rich a jewel. Thou wast a soldier
Even to Cato's wish, not fierce and terrible
Only in strokes; but, with thy grim looks, and
The thunder-like percussion of thy sounds,
Thou mad'st thine enemies shake, as if the world
Were feverous, and did tremble.

Re-enter MARCIUS bleeding, assaulted by the enemy

1 Sol. Look, sir.

Lart. 'Tis Marcus:
Let's fetch him off, or make remain alike.

[They fight, and all enter the city.]

SCENE V. *Within the Town. A Street.*

Enter certain Romans, with spoils.

1 *Rom.* This will I carry to Rome.

2 *Rom.* And I this.

3 *Rom.* A murrain on't! I took this for silver.

[Alarum continues still afar off.]

Enter MARCIUS and TITUS LARTIUS, with a trumpet.

Mar. See here these movers, that do prize their hours
At a cracked drachm! Cushions, leaden spoons,
Irons of a doit, doublets that hangmen would
Bury with those that wore them, these base slaves,
Ere yet the fight be done, pack up.—Down with them!
And hark, what noise the general makes!—To him.—
There is the man of my soul's hate, Aufidius,
Piercing our Romans. Then, valiant Titus, take
Convenient numbers to make good the city;
Whilst I, with those that have the spirit, will haste
To help Cominius.

Lart. Worthy sir, thou bleed'st;
Thy exercise hath been too violent for
A second course of fight.

Mar. Sir, praise me not;
My work hath yet not warmed me. Fare you well.
The blood I drop is rather physical
Than dangerous to me. To Aufidius thus
I will appear, and fight.

Lart. Now the fair goddess, Fortune,
Fall deep in love with thee; and her great charms
Misguide thy opposers' swords! Bold gentleman,
Prosperity be thy page!

Mar. Thy friend no less
Than those she placeth highest! So, farewell.

Lart. Thou worthiest Marcus! *[Exit MARCIUS.]*
Go, sound thy trumpet in the market-place;
Call thither all the officers of the town,
Where they shall know our mind. Away. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE VI. *Near the Camp of Cominius.**Enter COMINIUS and Forces, retreating.*

Com. Breathe you, my friends; well fought; we are
come off

Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands,
Nor cowardly in retire. Believe me, sirs,
We shall be charged again. Whiles we have struck,
By interims, and conveying gusts, we have heard
The charges of our friends.—The Roman gods,
Lead their successes, as we wish our own;
That both our powers, with smiling fronts encountering,

Enter a Messenger.

May give you thankful sacrifice!—Thy news?

Mes. The citizens of Corioli have issued,
And given to Lartius and to Marcius battle.
I saw our party to their trenches driven,
And then I came away.

Com. Though thou speak'st truth,
Methinks thou speak'st not well. How long is't since?

Mess. Above an hour, my lord.

Com. 'Tis not a mile; briefly we heard their drums.
How couldst thou in a mile confound an hour,
And bring thy news so late?

Mess. Spies of the Volces
Held me in chase, that I was forced to wheel
Three or four miles about; else had I, sir,
Half an hour since brought my report.

Enter MARCIUS.

Com. Who's yonder.
That does appear as he was flayed? O gods!
He has the stamp of Marcius; and I have
Before-time seen him thus.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. The shepherd knows not thunder from a tabor,
More than I know the sound of Marcius' tongue
From every meaner man's.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. Ay, if you come not in the blood of others,
But mantled in your own.

Mar. O! let me clip you
In arms as sound, as when I wooed; in heart

As merry, as when our nuptial day was done,
And tapers barked to bedward.

Com. Flower of warriors,
How is't with Titus Lartius?

Mar. As with a man busied about decrees;
Condemning some to death, and some to exile;
Ransoming him, or pitying, threatening the other;
Holding Corioli in the name of Rome,
Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash,
To let him slip at will.

Com. Where is that slave,
Which told me they had beat you to your trenches?
Where is he? Call him hither.

Mar. Let him alone;
He did inform the truth. But for our gentlemen,
The common file; (a plague!—tribunes for them!)
The mouse ne'er shunned the cat, as they did budge
From rascals worse than they.

Com. But how prevailed you?

Mar. Will the time serve to tell? I do not think—
Where is the enemy? Are you lords o' the field?
If not, why cease you till you are so?

Com. *Marcus,*
We have at disadvantage fought, and did
Retire to win our purpose.

Mar. How lies their battle? Know you on which side
They have placed their men of trust?

Com. As I guess, *Marcus,*
Their bands in the vaward are the Antiates,
Of their best trust; o'er them Aufidius,
Their very heart of hope.

Mar. I do beseech you,
By all the battles wherein we have fought,
By the blood we have shed together, by the vows
We have made to endure friends, that you directly
Set me against Aufidius, and his Antiates;
And that you not delay the present; but,
Filling the air with swords advanced, and darts,
We prove this very hour.

Com. Though I could wish
You were conducted to a gentle bath,
And balms applied to you, yet dare I never
Deny your asking; take your choice of those
That best can aid your action.

Mar. Those are they
That most are willing:—If any such be here

(As it were sin to doubt) that love this painting
Wherein you see me smeared; if any fear
Lesser his person than an ill report;
If any think brave death outweighs bad life,
And that his country's dearer than himself;
Let him, alone, or so many, so minded,
Wave thus, [*Waving his hand,*] to express his disposition,
And follow Marcius.

*[They all shout, and wave their swords; take him up
in their arms, and cast up their caps.]*

O me, alone! Make you a sword of me?
If these shows be not outward, which of you
But is four Volces? None of you but is
Able to bear against the great Aufidius
A shield as hard as his. A certain number,
Though thanks to all, must I select from all; the rest
Shall bear the business in some other fight,
As cause will be obeyed. Please you to march;
And four shall quickly draw out my command,
Which men are best inclined.

Com. March on, my fellows:
Make good this ostentation, and you shall
Divide in all with us. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE VII. *The Gates of Corioli.*

TITUS LARTIUS, *having set a guard upon Corioli, going with
a drum and trumpet toward Cominius and Caius Mar-
cius, enters with a Lieutenant, a party of Soldiers, and a
scout.*

Lart. So, let the ports be guarded; keep your duties,
As I have set them down. If I do send, despatch
Those centuries to our aid; the rest will serve
For a short holding. If we lose the field,
We cannot keep the town.

Lieu. Fear not our care, sir.

Lart. Hence and shut your gates upon us.—
Our guider, come; to the Roman camp conduct us. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE VIII. *A Field of Battle between the Roman and the Volcian Camps.*

Alarum. Enter MARCIUS and AUFIDIUS.

Mar. I'll fight with none but thee; for I do hate thee
Worse than a promise-breaker.

Auf. We hate alike;
Not Afric owns a serpent, I abhor
More than thy fame and envy. Fix thy foot.

Mar. Let the first budger die the other's slave,
And the gods doom him after!

Auf. If I fly, Marcius,
Halloo me like a hare.

Mar. Within these three hours, Tullus,
Alone I fought in your Corioli walls,
And made what work I pleased. 'Tis not my blood,
Wherein thou seest me masked; for thy revenge,
Wrench up thy power to the highest.

Auf. Wert thou the Hector,
That was the whip of your bragged progeny,
Thou shouldst not 'scape me here.—

[*They fight, and certain Volces come to the aid
of AUFIDIUS.*]

Officious, and not valiant—you have shamed me
In your condemned seconds.

[*Exeunt, fighting, driven in by MARCIUS.*]

SCENE IX. *The Roman Camp.*

*Alarum. A Retreat is sounded. Flourish. Enter, at one
side, COMINIUS and Romans; at the other side, MARCIUS,
with his arm in a scarf, and other Romans.*

Com. If I should tell thee o'er this thy day's work,
Thou'lt not believe thy deeds; but I'll report it,
Where senators shall mingle tears with smiles;
Where great patricians shall attend, and shrug,
I' the end, admire; where ladies shall be frightened,
And, gladly quaked, hear more; where the dull tribunes,
That, with the fusty plebeians, hate thine honors,
Shall say, against their hearts—*We thank the gods,
Our Rome hath such a soldier!*—
Yet cam'st thou to a morsel of this feast,
Having fully dined before.

Enter TITUS LARTIUS, with his Power, from the pursuit.

Lart. O general,
Here is the steed, we the caparison;
Hadst thou beheld——

Mar. Pray now, no more: my mother,
Who has a charter to extol her blood,
When she does praise me, grieves me. I have done

As you have done; that's what I can: induced
As you have been; that's for my country.
He that has but effected his good will,
Hath o'erta'en mine act.

Com. You shall not be
The grave of your deserving; Rome must know
The value of her own. 'Twere a concealment
Worse than a theft, no less than a traducement,
To hide your doings; and to silence that,
Which, to the spire and top of praises vouched,
Would seem but modest. Therefore, I beseech you,
(In sign of what you are, not to reward
What you have done,) before our army hear me.

Mar. I have some wounds upon me, and they smart
To hear themselves remembered.

Com. Should they not,
Well might they fester 'gainst ingratitude,
And tent themselves with death. Of all the horses,
(Whereof we have ta'en good, and good store,) of all
The treasure, in this field achieved, and city,
We render you the tenth; to be ta'en forth,
Before the common distribution, at
Your only choice.

Mar. I thank you, general;
But cannot make my heart consent to take
A bribe to pay my sword. I do refuse it;
And stand upon my common part with those
That have beheld the doing.

[*A long flourish. They all cry, Marcius! Marcius!
cast up their caps and lances; COMINIUS and
LARTIUS stand bare.*]

May these same instruments, which you profane,
Never sound more! When drums and trumpets shall
I' the field prove flatterers, let courts and cities be
Made all of false-faced soothing. When steel grows
Soft as the parasite's silk, let him be made
An overture for the wars! No more, I say;
For that I have not washed my nose that bled,
Or foiled some debile wretch,—which, without note,
Here's many else have done,—you shout me forth
In acclamations hyperbolical;
As if I loved my little should be dieted,
In praises sauced with lies.

Com. Too modest are you;
More cruel to your good report, than grateful

To us that give you truly. By your patience,
If 'gainst yourself you be incensed, we'll put you
(Like one that means his proper harm) in manacles,
Then reason safely with you.—Therefore, be it known,
As to us, to all the world, that Caius Marcius
Wears this war's garland: in token of the which
My noble steed, known to the camp, I give him,
With all his trim belonging; and, from this time,
For what he did before Corioli, call him,
With all the applause and clamor of the host,
CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS.—
Bear the addition nobly ever!

[*Flourish. Trumpets sound, and drums.*]

All. Caius Marcius Coriolanus!

Cor. I will go wash;
And when my face is fair, you shall perceive
Whether I blush or no. Howbeit, I thank you.—
I mean to stride your steed; and, at all times,
To undercrest your good addition,
To the fairness of my power.

Com. So, to our tent;
Where, ere we do repose us, we will write
To Rome of our success.—You, Titus Lartius,
Must to Corioli back. Send us to Rome
The best with whom we may articulate
For their own good, and ours.

Lart. I shall, my lord.

Cor. The gods begin to mock me. I that now
Refused most princely gifts, am bound to beg
Of my lord general.

Com. Take it; 'tis yours.—What is't?

Cor. I sometime lay, here in Corioli,
At a poor man's house; he used me kindly:
He cried to me; I saw him prisoner;
But then Aufidius was within my view,
And wrath o'erwhelmed my pity. I request you
To give my poor host freedom.

Com. O, well begged!
Were he the butcher of my son, he should
Be free as is the wind. Deliver him, Titus.

Lart. Marcius, his name?

Cor. By Jupiter, forgot.—
I am weary; yea, my memory is tired.—
Have we no wine here?

Com. Go we to our tent;

The blood upon your visage dries: 'tis time
It should be looked to; come.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE X. *The Camp of the Volces.*

*A Flourish. Cornets. Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, bloody,
with two or three Soldiers.*

Auf. The town is ta'en!

1 Sol. 'Twill be delivered back on good condition.

Auf. Condition?—

I would I were a Roman; for I cannot,
Being a Volce, be that I am.—Condition!—
What good condition can a treaty find
I' the part that is at mercy? Five times, Marcius,
I have fought with thee; so often hast thou beat me;
And wouldst do so, I think, should we encounter
As often as we eat.—By the elements,
If e'er again I meet him beard to beard,
He is mine, or I am his. Mine emulation
Hath not that honor in't, it had; for where
I thought to crush him in an equal force,
(True sword to sword,) I'll potch at him some way;
Or wrath, or craft, may get him.

1 Sol. He's the devil.

Auf. Bolder, though not so subtle. My valor's poisoned,
With only suffering stain by him; for him
Shall fly out of itself. Nor sleep, nor sanctuary,
Being naked, sick; nor fame, nor Capitol,
The prayers of priest, nor times of sacrifice,
Embarquements all of fury, shall lift up
Their rotten privilege and custom 'gainst
My hate to Marcius; where I find him, were it
At home, upon my brother's guard, even there,
Against the hospitable canon, would I
Wash my fierce hand in his heart. Go you to the city;
Learn how 'tis held; and what they are that must
Be hostages for Rome.

1 Sol. Will not you go?

Auf. I am attended at the cypress grove.
I pray you,
('Tis south the city mills,) bring me word thither
How the world goes; that to the pace of it
I may spur on my journey.

1 Sol. I shall, sir. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. Rome. *A public Place.*

Enter MENENIUS, SICINIUS, and BRUTUS.

Men. The augurer tells me, we shall have news to-night.

Bru. Good or bad?

Men. Not according to the prayer of the people, for they love not Marcius.

Sic. Nature teaches beasts to know their friends.

Men. Pray you, who does the wolf love?

Sic. The lamb.

Men. Ay, to devour him; as the hungry plebeians would the noble Marcius.

Bru. He's a lamb indeed, that baas like a bear.

Men. He's a bear indeed, that lives like a lamb. You two are old men; tell me one thing that I shall ask you.

Both Trib. Well, sir.

Men. In what enormity is Marcius poor in, that you two have not in abundance?

Bru. He's poor in no one fault, but stored with all.

Sic. Especially in pride.

Bru. And topping all others in boasting.

Men. This is strange, now. Do you two know how you are censured here in the city, I mean of us o' the right hand file? Do you?

Both Trib. Why, how are we censured?

Men. Because you talk of pride now,—Will you not be angry?

Both Trib. Well, well, sir, well.

Men. Why, 'tis no great matter; for a very little thief of occasion will rob you of a great deal of patience. Give your disposition the reins, and be angry at your pleasures; at the least, if you take it as a pleasure to you, in being so. You blame Marcius for being proud!

Bru. We do it not alone, sir.

Men. I know you can do very little alone; for your helps are many; or else your actions would grow wondrous single. Your abilities are too infant-like, for doing much alone. You talk of pride; O that you could turn your eyes towards the napes of your necks, and make but an interior survey of your good selves! O that you could!

Bru. What then, sir?

Men. Why, then you should discover a brace of unmerits

ing, proud, violent, testy magistrates, (alias fools,) as any in Rome.

Sic. Menenius, you are known well enough too.

Men. I am known to be a humorous patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying Tyber in't; said to be something imperfect, in favoring the first complaint; hasty, and tinder-like, upon too trivial motion; one that converses more with the buttock of the night, than with the forehead of the morning. What I think, I utter; and spend my malice in my breath. Meeting two such weals-men as you are, (I cannot call you Lycurguses,) if the drink you give me, touch my palate adversely, I make a crooked face at it. I cannot say your worships have delivered the matter well, when I find the ass in compound with the major part of your syllables; and though I must be content to bear with those that say you are reverend, grave men; yet they lie deadly, that tell, you have good faces. If you see this in the map of my microcosm, follows it that I am known well enough too? What harm can your bisson conspectuities glean out of this character, if I be known well enough too?

Bru. Come, sir, come, we know you well enough.

Men. You know neither me, yourselves, nor any thing. You are ambitious for poor knaves' caps and legs; you wear out a good, wholesome forenoon, in hearing a cause between an orange-wife and a fosset-seller; and then rejourn the controversy of three-pence to a second day of audience.—When you are hearing a matter between party and party, if you chance to be pinched with the colic, you make faces like mummers; set up the bloody flag against all patience; and, in roaring for a chamber-pot, dismiss the controversy bleeding, the more entangled by your hearing. All the peace you make in their cause, is, calling both the parties knaves. You are a pair of strange ones.

Bru. Come, come, you are well understood to be a perfecter giber for the table, than a necessary benchman in the Capitol.

Men. Our very priests must become mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous subjects as you are. When you speak best unto the purpose, it is not worth the wagging of your beards; and your beards deserve not so honorable a grave, as to stuff a botcher's cushion, or to be entombed in an ass's pack-saddle. Yet you must be saying, Marcius is proud; who, in a cheap estimation, is worth all your predecessors, since Deucalion; though, peradventure, some of the best of them were hereditary hangmen. Good e'en to

your worships; more of your conversation would infect my brain, being the herdsmen of the beastly plebeians. I will be bold to take my leave of you.

[BRU. and SIC. retire to the back of the scene.

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, and VALERIA, &c.

How now, my as fair as noble ladies, (and the moon, were she earthly, no nobler,) whither do you follow your eyes so fast?

Vol. Honorable Menenius, my boy Marcius approaches; for the love of Juno, let's go.

Men. Ha! Marcius coming home?

Vol. Ay, worthy Menenius; and with most prosperous approbation.

Men. Take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank thee.—Hoo! Marcius coming home!

Two Ladies. Nay, 'tis true.

Vol. Look, here's a letter from him: the state hath another, his wife another; and, I think, there's one at home for you.

Men. I will make my very house reel to-night.—A letter for me?

Vir. Yes, certain, there's a letter for you: I saw it.

Men. A letter for me? It gives me an estate of seven years' health; in which time I will make a lip at the physician: the most sovereign prescription in Galen is but empiricute, and, to this preservative, of no better report than a horse-drench. Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded?

Vir. O, no, no, no.

Vol. O, he is wounded, I thank the gods for't.

Men. So do I too, if it be not too much.—Brings 'a victory in his pocket?—The wounds become him.

Vol. On's brows, Menenius; he comes the third time home with the oaken garland.

Men. Has he disciplined Aufidius soundly?

Vol. Titus Lartius writes,—they fought together, but Aufidius got off.

Men. And 'twas time for him too, I'll warrant him that; an he had staid by him, I would not have been so fidiused for all the chests in Corioli, and the gold that's in them. Is the senate possessed of this?

Vol. Good ladies, let's go.—Yes, yes, yes: the senate has letters from the general, wherein he gives my son the whole name of the war; he hath in this action outdone his former deeds doubly.

Val. In troth, there's wondrous things spoke of him.

Men. Wondrous? ay, I warrant you, and not without his true purchasing.

Vir. The gods grant them true!

Vol. True? pow, wow.

Men. True? I'll be sworn they are true.—Where is he wounded? God save your good worships! [*To the Tribunes, who come forward.*] Marcius is coming home; he has more cause to be proud.—Where is he wounded?

Vol. I' the shoulder, and i' the left arm. There will be large cicatrices to show the people, when he shall stand for his place. He received, in the repulse of Tarquin, seven hurts i' the body.

Men. One in the neck, and two in the thigh, there's nine that I know.

Vol. He had, before this last expedition, twenty-five wounds upon him.

Men. Now it's twenty-seven; every gash was an enemy's grave. [*A shout, and flourish.*] Hark! the trumpets.

Vol. These are the ushers of Marcius; before him He carries noise, and behind him he leaves tears. Death, that dark spirit, in's nervy arm doth lie; Which being advanced, declines; and then men die.

A Sennet. Trumpets sound. Enter COMINIUS and TITUS LARTIUS; between them, CORIO LANUS, crowned with an oaken garland; with Captains, Soldiers, and a Herald.

Her. Know, Rome, that all alone Marcius did fight Within Corioli's gates; where he hath won, With fame, a name to Caius Marcius; these In honor follows, Coriolanus.

Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus! [*Flourish.*

All. Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus!

Cor. No more of this; it does offend my heart. Pray now, no more.

Com. Look, sir, your mother,——

Cor. O!

You have, I know, petitioned all the gods For my prosperity.

[*Kncels.*

Vol. Nay, my good soldier, up; My gentle Marcius, worthy Caius, and By deed-achieving honor newly named, What is it? Coriolanus, must I call thee? But O, thy wife,——

Cor. My gracious silence, hail! Wouldst thou have laughed, had I come coffined home,

That weep'st to see me triumph? Ah, my dear,
Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear,
And mothers that lack sons.

Men. Now the gods crown thee!

Cor. And live you yet?—O my sweet lady, pardon.

[*To VALERIA.*

Vol. I know not where to turn.—O, welcome home;
And welcome, general;—and you are welcome all.

Men. A hundred thousand welcomes: I could weep,
And I could laugh; I am light and heavy; welcome.
A curse begin at very root of his heart,
That is not glad to see thee!—You are three,
That Rome should dote on; yet, by the faith of men,
We have some old crab-trees here at home, that will not
Be grafted to your relish. Yet welcome, warriors;
We call a nettle, but a nettle; and
The faults of fools, but folly.

Com. Ever right.

Cor. Menenius, ever, ever.

Her. Give way, there, and go on.

Cor. Your hand, and yours.
[*To his Wife and Mother.*

Ere in our own house I do shade my head,
The good patricians must be visited;
From whom I have received not only greetings,
But with them change of honors.

Vol. I have lived
To see inherited my very wishes,
And the buildings of my fancy; only there
Is one thing wanting, which I doubt not but
Our Rome will cast upon thee.

Cor. Know, good mother,
I had rather be their servant in my way,
Than sway with them in theirs.

Com. On to the Capitol.

[*Flourish. Cornets. Exeunt in state,
before. The Tribunes remain.*

Bru. All tongues speak of him, and the bleared sights
Are spectacl'd to see him. Your prattling nurse
Into a rapture lets her baby cry,
While she chats him; the kitchen malkin pins
Her richest lockram 'bout her reechy neck,
Clambering the walls to eye him; stalls, bulks, windows,
Are smothered up, leads filled, and ridges horsed
With variable complexions; all agreeing
In earnestness to see him; seld shown flamens

Do press among the popular throngs, and puff
To win a vulgar station; our veiled dames
Commit the war of white and damask, in
Their nicely-gawded cheeks, to the wanton spoil
Of Phœbus' burning kisses; such a pothor,
As if that whatsoever god, who leads him,
Were slyly crept into his human powers,
And gave him graceful posture.

Sic. On the sudden,
I warrant him consul.

Bru. Then our office may,
During his power, go sleep.

Sic. He cannot temperately transport his honors
From where he should begin, and end; but will
Lose those that he hath won.

Bru. In that there's comfort.

Sic. Doubt not, the commoners, for whom we stand,
But they, upon their ancient malice, will
Forget, with the least cause, these his new honors;
Which that he'll give them, make as little question
As he is proud to do't.

Bru. I heard him swear,
Were he to stand for consul, never would he
Appear i' the market-place, nor on him put
The napless vesture of humility;
Nor, showing (as the manner is) his wounds
To the people, beg their stinking breaths.

Sic. 'Tis right.

Bru. It was his word: O, he would miss it, rather
Than carry it, but by the suit o' the gentry to him,
And the desire of the nobles.

Sic. I wish no better
Than have him hold that purpose, and to put it
In execution.

Bru. 'Tis most like he will.

Sic. It shall be to him, then, as our good wills;
A sure destruction.

Bru. So it must fall out
To him, or our authorities. For an end,
We must suggest the people, in what hatred
He still hath held them; that, to his power, he would
Have had them mules, silenced their pleaders, and
Dispropertied their freedoms; holding them,
In human action and capacity,
Of no more soul, nor fitness for the world,
Than camels in their war; who have their prevand

Only for bearing burdens, and sore blows
For sinking under them.

Sic. This, as you say, suggested
At some time when his soaring insolence
Shall teach the people, (which time shall not want,
If he be put upon't; and that's as easy,
As to set dogs on sheep,) will be his fire
To kindle their dry stubble; and their blaze
Shall darken him forever.

Enter a Messenger.

Bru. What's the matter?

Mess. You are sent for to the Capitol. 'Tis thought
That Marcius shall be consul. I have seen
The dumb men throng to see him, and the blind
To hear him speak; matrons flung gloves,
Ladies and maids their scarfs and handkerchiefs,
Upon him as he passed; the nobles bended,
As to Jove's statue; and the commons made
A shower, and thunder, with their caps and shouts.
I never saw the like.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol;
And carry with us ears and eyes for the time,
But hearts for the event.

Sic. Have with you. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same. The Capitol.*

Enter two Officers, to lay cushions.

1 *Off.* Come, come, they are almost here. How many
stand for consulships?

2 *Off.* Three, they say; but 'tis thought of every one,
Coriolanus will carry it.

1 *Off.* That's a brave fellow; but he's vengeance proud,
and loves not the common people.

2 *Off.* 'Faith, there have been many great men that
have flattered the people, who ne'er loved them, and there
be many that they have loved, they know not wherefore; so
that, if they love they know not why, they hate upon no
better a ground. Therefore, for Coriolanus neither to care
whether they love or hate him, manifests the true knowledge
he has in their disposition; and, out of his noble careless-
ness, lets them plainly see't.

1 *Off.* If he did not care whether he had their love, or
no, he waved indifferently 'twixt doing them neither good,

nor harm; but he seeks their hate with greater devotion than they can render it him; and leaves nothing undone, that may fully discover him their opposite. Now, to seem to affect the malice and displeasure of the people, is as bad as that which he dislikes, to flatter them for their love.

2 *Off.* He hath deserved worthily of his country; and his ascent is not by such easy degrees as those, who, having been supple and courteous to the people, bonnetted, without any further deed to have them at all into their estimation and report; but he hath so planted his honors in their eyes, and his actions in their hearts, that for their tongues to be silent, and not confess so much, were a kind of ingrateful injury. To report otherwise were a malice, that, giving itself the lie, would pluck reproof and rebuke from every ear that heard it.

1 *Off.* No more of him; he is a worthy man. Make way, they are coming.

A Sennet. Enter, with Lictors before them, COMINIUS, the Consul, MENENIUS, CORIOLANUS, many other Senators, SICINIUS and BRUTUS. The Senators take their places; the Tribunes take theirs also by themselves.

Men. Having determined of the Volces, and To send for Titus Lartius, it remains,
As the main point of this our after-meeting,
To gratify his noble service, that
Hath thus stood for his country. Therefore, please you,
Most reverend and grave elders, to desire
The present consul, and last general
In our well-found successes, to report
A little of that worthy work performed
By Caius Marcius Coriolanus; whom
We meet here, both to thank, and to remember
With honors like himself.

1 *Sen.* Speak, good Cominius.
Leave nothing out for length, and make us think,
Rather our state's defective for requital,
Than we to stretch it out. Masters o' the people,
We do request your kindest ears; and, after,
Your loving motion toward the common body,
To yield what passes here.

Sic. We are convented
Upon a pleasing treaty; and have hearts
Inclinable to honor and advance
The theme of our assembly.

Bru.

Which the rather

We shall be blessed to do, if he remember
A kinder value of the people, than
He hath hereto prized them at.

Men. That's off, that's off;
I would you rather had been silent. Please you
To hear Cominius speak?

Bru. Most willingly:
But yet my caution was more pertinent,
Than the rebuke you give it.

Men. He loves your people;
But tie him not to be their bedfellow.—
Worthy Cominius, speak —Nay, keep your place.
[CORIOLANUS rises and offers to go away.]

1 Sen. Sit, Coriolanus; never shame to hear
What you have nobly done.

Cor. Your honors' pardon;
I had rather have my wounds to heal again,
Than hear say how I got them.

Bru. Sir, I hope
My words disbenched you not,

Cor. No, sir; yet oft,
When blows have made me stay, I fled from words.
You soothed not, therefore hurt not; but your people,
I love them as they weigh.

Men. Pray now, sit down.

Cor. I had rather have one scratch my head i' the sun,
When the alarum were struck, than idly sit
To hear my nothings monstered. [Exit CORIOLANUS]

Men. Masters o' the people,
Your multiplying spawn how can he flatter,
(That's thousand to one good one,) when you now see,
He had rather venture all his limbs for honor,
Than one of his ears to hear it?—Proceed, Cominius.

Com. I shall lack voice; the deeds of Coriolanus
Should not be uttered feebly.—It is held
That valor is the chiefest virtue, and
Most dignifies the haver; if it be,
The man I speak of cannot in the world
Be singly counterpoised. At sixteen years,
When Tarquin made a head for Rome, he fought
Beyond the mark of others; our then dictator,
Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight,
When with his Amazonian chin he drove
The bristled lips before him; he bestrid
An o'er-pressed Roman, and i' the consul's view
Slew three opposers; Tarquin's self he met,

And struck him on his knee. In that day's feats,
When he might act the woman in the scene,
He proved best man i' the field, and for his meed
Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil age
Man-entered thus, he waxed like a sea;
And, in the brunt of seventeen battles since,
He lurched all swords o' the garland. For this last,
Before and in Corioli, let me say,
I cannot speak him home. He stopped the fliers;
And, by his rare example, made the coward
Turn terror into sport; as waves before
A vessel under sail, so men obeyed,
And fell below his stem; his sword (death's stamp)
Where it did mark, it took: from face to foot
He was a thing of blood, whose every motion
Was timed with dying cries: alone he entered
The mortal gate o' the city, which he painted
With shunless destiny, aidless came off,
And with a sudden reinforcement struck
Corioli, like a planet: now all's his.
When by-and-by the din of war 'gan pierce
His ready sense; then straight his doubled spirit
Requicken'd what in flesh was fatigate,
And to the battle came he; where he did
Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if
'Twere a perpetual spoil; and, 'till we called
Both field and city ours, he never stood
To ease his breast with panting.

Men.

Worthy man!

1 *Sen.* He cannot but with measure fit the honors
Which we devise him.

Com.

Our spoils he kicked at;
And looked upon things precious, as they were
The common muck o' the world; he covets less
Than misery itself would give; rewards
His deeds with doing them; and is content
To spend the time, to end it.

Men.

He's right noble;

Let him be called for.

1 *Sen.*

Call Coriolanus.

Off. He doth appear.

Re-enter CORIOLANUS.

Men. The senate, Coriolanus, are well pleased
To make thee consul.

Cor. I do owe them still
My life and services.

Men. It then remains,
That you do speak to the people.

Cor. I do beseech you,
Let me o'erleap that custom; for I cannot
Put on the gown, stand naked, and entreat them,
For my wounds' sake, to give their suffrage. Please you,
That I may pass this doing.

Sic. Sir, the people
Must have their voices; neither will they bate
One jot of ceremony.

Men. Put them not to't;
Pray you, go fit you to the custom; and
Take to you, as your predecessors have,
Your honor with your form.

Cor. It is a part
That I shall blush in acting, and might well
Be taken from the people.

Bru. Mark you that?

Cor. To brag unto them,—thus I did, and thus;—
Show them the unaching scars which I should hide,
As if I had received them for the hire
Of their breath only,—

Men. Do not stand upon't.—
We recommend to you, tribunes of the people,
Our purpose to them; and to our noble consul
Wish we all joy and honor.

Sen. To Coriolanus come all joy and honor!

[*Flourish. Then exeunt Senators*

Bru. You see how he intends to use the people.

Sic. May they perceive his intent! He will require them,
As if he did contemn what he requested
Should be in them to give.

Bru. Come, we'll inform them
Of our proceedings here; on the market-place,
I know, they do attend us. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same. The Forum.*

Enter several Citizens.

1 Cit. Once, if he do require our voices, we ought not to deny him.

2 Cit. We may, sir, if we will.

3 Cit. We have power in ourselves to do it, but it is a power that we have no power to do; for if he show us his

wounds, and tell us his deeds, we are to put our tongues into those wounds, and speak for them; so, if he tell us his noble deeds, we must also tell him our noble acceptance of them. Ingratitude is monstrous; and for the multitude to be ingrateful, were to make a monster of the multitude; of the which, we, being members, should bring ourselves to be monstrous members.

1 *Cit.* And to make us no better thought of, a little help will serve; for once we stood up about the corn, he himself stuck not to call us the many-headed multitude.

3 *Cit.* We have been called so of many; not that our heads are some brown, some black, some auburn, some bald, but that our wits are so diversely colored; and truly I think, if all our wits were to issue out of one skull, they would fly east, west, north, south; and their consent of one direct way should be at once to all the points o' the compass.

2 *Cit.* Think you so? Which way, do you judge, my wit would fly?

3 *Cit.* Nay, your wit will not so soon out as another man's will; 'tis strongly wedged up in a blockhead; but if it were at liberty, 'twould, sure, southward.

2 *Cit.* Why that way?

3 *Cit.* To lose itself in a fog; where being three parts melted away with rotten dews, the fourth would return for conscience' sake, to help to get thee a wife.

2 *Cit.* You are never without your tricks:—You may, you may.

3 *Cit.* Are you all resolved to give your voices? But that's no matter; the greater part carries it. I say, if he would incline to the people, there was never a worthier man.

Enter CORIO LANUS and MENENIUS.

Here he comes, and in the gown of humility; mark his behavior. We are not to stay all together, but to come by him where he stands, by ones, by twos, and by threes. He's to make his requests by particulars; wherein every one of us has a single honor, in giving him our own voices with our own tongues. Therefore follow me, and I'll direct you how you shall go by him.

All. Content, content. *[Exeunt.]*

Men. O sir, you are not right; have you not known The worthiest men have done it?

Cor. What must I say?—

I pray, sir,—plague upon't! I cannot bring
My tongue to such a pace.—Look, sir;—my wounds!—
I got them in my country's service, when

Some certain of your brethren roared, and ran
From the noise of our own drums.

Men. O me, the gods!
You must not speak of that; you must desire them
To think upon you.

Cor. Think upon me! hang 'em!
I would they would forget me, like the virtues
Which our divines lose by them.

Men. You'll mar all;
I'll leave you. Pray you, speak to them, I pray you,
In wholesome manner. [Exit

Enter two Citizens.

Cor. Bid them wash their faces,
And keep their teeth clean.—So, here comes a brace.
You know the cause, sir, of my standing here.

1 *Cit.* We do, sir; tell us what hath brought you to't.

Cor. Mine own desert.

2 *Cit.* Your own desert!

Cor. Ay, not
Mine own desire.

1 *Cit.* How! not your own desire?

Cor. No, sir;
'Twas never my desire yet,
To trouble the poor with begging.

1 *Cit.* You must think, if we give you any thing,
We hope to gain by you.

Cor. Well, then, I pray, your price o' the consulship?

1 *Cit.* The price is, sir, to ask it kindly.

Cor. Kindly?
Sir, I pray let me ha't; I have wounds to show you,
Which shall be yours in private.—Your good voice, sir;
What say you?

2 *Cit.* You shall have it, worthy sir.

Cor. A match, sir;—
There is in all two worthy voices begged.
I have your alms; adieu.

1 *Cit.* But this is something odd.

2 *Cit.* An 'twere to give again,—but 'tis no matter.

[Exeunt two Citizens.

Enter two other Citizens.

Cor. Pray you now, if it may stand with the tune of
your voices, that I may be consul, I have here the customary
gown.

3 *Cit.* You have deserved nobly of your country, and you have not deserved nobly.

Cor. Your enigma?

3 *Cit.* You have been a scourge to her enemies, you have been a rod to her friends; you have not, indeed, loved the common people.

Cor. You should account me the more virtuous, that I have not been common in my love. I will, sir, flatter my sworn brother, the people, to earn a dearer estimation of them. 'Tis a condition they account gentle; and since the wisdom of their choice is rather to have my hat than my heart, I will practise the insinuating nod, and be off to them most counterfeitly: that is, sir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of some popular man, and give it bountifully to the desirers. Therefore, beseech you, I may be consul.

4 *Cit.* We hope to find you our friend; and therefore give you our voices heartily.

3 *Cit.* You have received many wounds for your country.

Cor. I will not seal your knowledge with showing them. I will make much of your voices, and so trouble you no further.

Both Cit. The gods give you joy, sir, heartily. [*Exeunt.*]

Cor. Most sweet voices!

Better it is to die, better to starve,
Than crave the hire which first we do deserve.
Why in this wolvisish gown should I stand here,
To beg of Hob and Dick, that do appear,
Their needless vouches? Custom calls me to't.—
What custom wills, in all things should we do't,
The dust on antique time would lie unswept,
And mountainous error be too highly heaped
For truth to overpeer. Rather than fool it so,
Let the high office and the honour go
To one that would do thus.—I am half through
The one part suffered, the other will I do.

Enter three other Citizens.

Here come more voices.—

Your voices; for your voices I have fought;
Watched for your voices; for your voices, bear
Of wounds two dozen odd; battles thrice six
I have seen, and heard of; for your voices, have
Done many things, some less, some more; your voices;
Indeed, I would be consul.

5 *Cit.* He has done nobly, and cannot go without any honest man's voice.

6 *Cit.* Therefore, let him be consul. The gods give him joy, and make him good friend to the people!

All. Amen, amen.—

God save thee, noble consul!

[*Exeunt Citizens.*

Cor.

Worthy voices!

Re-enter MENENIUS, with BRUTUS and SICINIUS.

Men. You have stood your limitation; and the tribunes Endue you with the people's voice. Remains That, in the official marks invested, you Anon do meet the senate.

Cor.

Is this done?

Sic. The custom of request you have discharged. The people do admit you; and are summoned To meet anon, upon your approbation.

Cor. Where? at the senate-house?

Sic.

There, Coriolanus

Cor. May I change these garments?

Sic.

You may, sir.

Cor. That I'll straight do; and, knowing myself again, Repair to the senate-house.

Men. I'll keep you company.—Will you along?

Bru. We stay here for the people.

Sic.

Fare you well.

[*Exeunt CORIOL. and MENEN.*

He has it now; and by his looks, methinks, 'Tis warm at his heart.

Bru.

With a proud heart he wore His humble weeds. Will you dismiss the people?

Re-enter Citizens.

Sic. How now, my masters? have you chose this man?

1 *Cit.* He has our voices, sir.

Bru. We pray the gods he may deserve your loves.

2 *Cit.* Amen, sir. To my poor, unworthy notice, He mocked us, when he begged our voices.

3 *Cit.*

Certainly,

He flouted us downright.

1 *Cit.* No, 'tis his kind of speech; he did not mock us.

2 *Cit.* Not one amongst us, save yourself, but says, He used us scornfully; he should have showed us His marks of merit, wounds received for his country.

Sic. Why, so he did, I am sure.

Cit.

No; no man saw 'em.

[*Several speak.*

3 *Cit.* He said he had wounds, which he could show in private;
And with his hat, thus waving it in scorn.
I would be consul, says he: *aged custom*,
But by your voices, will not so permit me;
Your voices therefore. When we granted that,
Here was,—*I thank you for your voices,—thank you,—*
Your most sweet voices;—now you have left your voices,
I have no further with you.—Was not this mockery?

Sic. Why, either, were you ignorant to see't?
Or, seeing it, of such childish friendliness,
To yield your voices?

Bru. Could you not have told him,
As you were lessoned—When he had no power,
But was a petty servant to the state,
He was your enemy; ever spake against
Your liberties, and the charters that you bear
I' the body of the weal: and now, arriving
A place of potency, and sway o' the state,
If he should still malignantly remain
Fast foe to the plebeii, your voices might
Be curses to yourselves. You should have said,
That as his worthy deeds did claim no less
Than what he stood for; so his gracious nature
Would think upon you for your voices, and
Translate his malice towards you into love,
Standing your friendly lord.

Sic. Thus to have said,
As you were fore-advised, had touched his spirit,
And tried his inclination; from him plucked
Either his gracious promise, which you might,
As cause had called you up, have held him to;
Or else it would have galled his surly nature,
Which easily endures not article
Tying him to aught; so, putting him to rage,
You should have ta'en the advantage of his choler,
And passed him unelected.

Bru. Did you perceive,
He did solicit you in free contempt,
When he did need your loves; and do you think
That his contempt shall not be bruising to you,
When he hath power to crush? Why, had your bodies
No heart among you? Or had you tongues, to cry
Against the rectorship of judgment?

Sic. Have you,
Ere now, denied the asker? and, now again,

On him, that did not ask, but mock, bestow
Your sued-for tongues?

3 *Cit.* He's not confirmed; we may deny him yet.

2 *Cit.* And will deny him.

I'll have five hundred voices of that sound.

1 *Cit.* I twice five hundred, and their friends to piece 'em.

Bru. Get you hence instantly; and tell those friends,—
They have chose a consul, that will from them take
Their liberties; make them of no more voice
Than dogs, that are as often beat for barking,
As therefore kept to do so.

Sic. Let them assemble;
And, on a safer judgment, all revoke
Your ignorant election. Enforce his pride,
And his old hate unto you; besides, forget not
With what contempt he wore the humble weed;
How in his suit he scorned you; but your loves,
Thinking upon his services, took from you
The apprehension of his present portance,
Which, most gibingly, ungravely he did fashion
After the inveterate hate he bears you.

Bru. Lay
A fault on us, your tribunes; that we labored
(No impediment between) but that you must
Cast your election on him.

Sic. Say you chose him
More after our commandment, than as guided
By your own true affections; and that, your minds
Preoccupied with what you rather must do
Than what you should, made you against the grain
To voice him consul. Lay the fault on us.

Bru. Ay, spare us not. Say, we read lectures to you,
How youngly he began to serve his country,
How long continued; and what stock he springs of,
The noble house o' the Marcians; from whence came
That Ancus Marcius, Numa's daughter's son,
Who, after great Hostilius, here was king.
Of the same house Publius and Quintus were,
That our best water brought by conduits hither;
And Censorinus, darling of the people,
And nobly named so, being censor twice,
Was his great ancestor.

Sic. One thus descended,
'That hath beside well in his person wrought
To be set high in place, we did commend
To your remembrances; but you have found,

Scaling his present bearing with his past,
That he's your fixed enemy, and revoke
Your sudden approbation.

Bru. Say, you ne'er had done't,
(Harp on that still,) but by our putting on;
And presently, when you have drawn your number,
Repair to the Capitol.

Cit. We will so; almost all [*Several speak.*
Repent in their election. [*Exeunt Citizens.*

Bru. Let them go on;
This mutiny were better put in hazard,
Than stay, past doubt, for greater.
If, as his nature is, he fall in rage
With their refusal, both observe and answer
The vantage of his anger.

Sic. To the Capitol.
Come, we'll be there before the stream o' the people;
And this shall seem, as partly 'tis, their own,
Which we have goaded onward. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *The same. A Street.*

Cornets. Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, TITUS
LARTIUS, Senators, and Patricians.

Cor. Tullus Aufidius then had made new head?

Lart. He had, my lord; and that it was, which caused
Our swifter composition.

Cor. So then the Volces stand but as at first;
Ready, when time shall prompt them, to make road
Upon us again.

Com. They are worn, lord consul,
That we shall hardly in our ages see
Their banners wave again.

Cor. Saw you Aufidius?

Lart. On safeguard he came to me; and did curse
Against the Volces, for they had so vilely
Yielded the town. He is retired to Antium.

Cor. Spoke he of me?

Lart. He did, my lord.

Cor. How? what?

Lart. How often he had met you, sword to sword;

That, of all things upon the earth, he hated
Your person most; that he would pawn his fortunes
To hopeless restitution, so he might
Be called your vanquisher.

Cor. At Antium lives he?

Lart. At Antium.

Cor. I wish I had a cause to seek him there,
To oppose his hatred fully.—Welcome home. [*To LARTIUS*]

Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.

Behold! these are the tribunes of the people,
The tongues o' the common mouth. I do despise them;
For they do prank them in authority,
Against all noble sufferance.

Sic. Pass no further.

Cor. Ha! what is that?

Bru. It will be dangerous to

Go on; no further.

Cor. What makes this change?

Men. The matter?

Com. Hath he not passed the nobles, and the commons?

Bru. Cominius, no.

Cor. Have I had children's voices?

1 Sen. Tribunes, give way; he shall to the market-place.

Bru. The people are incensed against him.

Sic. Stop,

Or all will fall in broil.

Cor. Are these your herd?—

Must these have voices, that can yield them now,
And straight disclaim their tongues?—What are your offices?
You, being their mouths, why rule you not their teeth?
Have you not set them on?

Men. Be calm, be calm.

Cor. It is a purposed thing, and grows by plot,
To curb the will of the nobility.—
Suffer it, and live with such as cannot rule,
Nor ever will be ruled.

Bru. Call't not a plot.

The people cry, you mocked them; and, of late,
When corn was given them gratis, you repined;
Scandalled the suplicants for the people; called them
Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to nobleness.

Cor. Why, this was known before.

Bru. Not to them all.

Cor. Have you informed them since?

Bru. How! I inform them!

Cor. You are like to do such business.

Bru. Not unlike,
Each way to better yours.

Cor. Why then should I be consul? By yon clouds,
Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me
Your fellow tribune.

Sic. You show too much of that,
For which the people stir. If you will pass
To where you are bound, you must inquire your way,
Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit;
Or never be so noble as a consul,
Nor yoke with him for tribune.

Men. Let's be calm.

Com. The people are abused;—Set on.—This paltering
Becomes not Rome; nor has Coriolanus
Deserved this so dishonored rub, laid falsely
I' the plain way of his merit.

Cor. Tell me of corn!
This was my speech, and I will speak't again;—

Men. Not now, not now.

1 Sen. Not in this heat, sir, now.

Cor. Now, as I live, I will.—My nobler friends,
I crave their pardons:
For the mutable, rank-scented many, let them
Regard me as I do not flatter, and
Therein behold themselves. I say again,
In soothing them, we nourish 'gainst our senate
The cockle of rebellion, insolence, sedition,
Which we ourselves have ploughed for, sowed, and scattered,
By mingling them with us, the honored number;
Who lack not virtue, no, nor power, but that
Which they have given to beggars.

Men. Well, no more.

1 Sen. No more words, we beseech you.

Cor. How! no more?
As for my country I have shed my blood,
Not fearing outward force, so shall my lungs
Coin words till their decay, against those meazels,
Which we disdain should tetter us, yet sought
The very way to catch them.

Bru. You speak o' the people,
As if you were a god to punish, not
A man of their infirmity.

Sic. 'Twere well
We let the people know't.

Men. What, what? his choler?

Cor. Choler!
Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,
By Jove, 'twould be my mind.

Sic. It is a mind
That shall remain a poison where it is,
Not poison any further.

Cor. Shall remain! —
Hear you this Triton of the minnows? mark you
His absolute *shall*?

Com. 'Twas from the canon.

Cor. *Shall!*
O good, but most unwise patricians, why,
You grave, but reckless senators, have you thus
Given Hydra here to choose an officer,
That with his peremptory *shall*, being but
The horn and noise o' the monsters, wants not spirit
To say he'll turn your current in a ditch,
And make your channel his? If he have power,
Then vail your ignorance; if none, awake
Your dangerous lenity. If you are learned,
Be not as common fools; if you are not,
Let them have cushions by you. You are plebeians,
If they be senators; and they are no less,
When both your voices blended, the greatest taste
Most palates theirs. They choose their magistrate;
And such a one as he, who puts his *shall*,
His popular *shall*, against a graver bench
Than ever frowned in Greece! By Jove himself,
It makes the consuls base; and my soul aches,
To know, when two authorities are up,
Neither supreme, how soon confusion
May enter 'twixt the gap of both, and take
The one by the other.

Com. Well—on to the market-place.

Cor. Whoever gave that counsel, to give forth
The corn o' the storehouse gratis, as 'twas used
Sometime in Greece,—

Men. Well, well, no more of that.

Cor. (Though there the people had more absolute power,)
I say they nourished disobedience, fed
The ruin of the state.

Bru. Why, shall the people give
One, that speaks thus, their voice?

Cor. I'll give my reasons,
More worthier than their voices. They know the corn
Was not our recompense; resting well assured

They ne'er did service for't. Being pressed to the war,
Even when the navel of the state was touched,
They would not thread the gates; this kind of service
Did not deserve corn gratis; being i' the war,
Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they showed
Most valor, spoke not for them. The accusation
Which they have often made against the senate,
All cause unborn, could never be the native
Of our so frank donation. Well, what then?
How shall this bosom multiplied digest
The senate's courtesy? Let deeds express
What's like to be their words:—*We did request it;
We are the greater poll, and in true fear
They gave us our demands.*—Thus we debase
The nature of our seats, and make the rabble
Call our cares, fears; which will in time break ope
The locks o' the senate, and bring in the crows
To peck the eagles.—

Men. Come, enough.—

Bru. Enough, with over-measure.

Cor. No, take more.

What may be sworn by, both divine and human,
Seal what I end withal!—This double worship,—
Where one part does disdain with cause, the other
Insult without all reason; where gentry, title, wisdom
Cannot conclude, but by the yea and no
Of general ignorance,—it must omit
Real necessities, and give way the while
To unstable slightness; purpose so barred, it follows,
Nothing is done to purpose. Therefore, beseech you,—
You that will be less fearful than discreet;
That love the fundamental part of state,
More than you doubt the change of't; that prefer
A noble life before a long, and wish
To jump a body with a dangerous physic
That's sure of death without it,—at once pluck out
The multitudinous tongue, let them not lick
The sweet which is their poison: your dishonor
Mangles true judgment, and bereaves the state
Of that integrity which should become it;
Not having the power to do the good it would,
For the ill which doth control it.

Bru. He has said enough

Sic. He has spoken like a traitor, and shall answer
As traitors do.

Cor. Thou wretch! despite o'erwhelm thee!—

What should the people do with these bald tribunes?
 On whom depending, their obedience fails
 To the greater bench. In a rebellion,
 When what's not meet, but what must be, was law,
 Then were they chosen; in a better hour,
 Let what is meet, be said, it must be meet,
 And throw their power i' the dust.

Bru. Manifest treason.

Sic. This a consul? no.

Bru. The ædiles, ho!—Let him be apprehended.

Sic. Go, call the people; [*Exit BRUTUS;*] in whose name,
 myself

Attach thee, as a traitorous innovator,
 A foe to the public weal. Obey, I charge thee,
 And follow to thine answer.

Cor. Hence, old goat!

Sen. & Pat. We'll surety him.

Com. Aged sir, hands off.

Cor. Hence, rotten thing, or I shall shake thy bones
 Out of thy garments.

Sic. Help, ye citizens.

Re-enter BRUTUS, with the Ædiles, and a rabble of Citizens.

Men. On both sides, more respect.

Sic. Here's he, that would
 Take from you all your power.

Bru. Seize him, ædiles.

Cit. Down with him, down with him! [*Several speak.*]

2 Sen. Weapons, weapons, weapons!

[*They all bustle about CORIOLANUS.*]

Tribunes, patricians, citizens!—what ho!—

Sicinius, Brutus, Coriolanus, citizens!

Cit. Peace, peace, peace; stay, hold, peace!

Men. What is about to be?—I am out of breath;
 Confusion's near; I cannot speak.—You, tribunes,
 To the people.—Coriolanus, patience.—
 Speak, good Sicinius.

Sic. Hear me, people;—peace.

Cit. Let's hear our tribune;—peace. Speak, speak, speak

Sic. You are at point to lose your liberties;
 Marcius would have all from you; Marcius,
 Whom late you have named for consul.

Men. Fie, fie, fie!

This is the way to kindle, not to quench.

1 Sen. To unbuild the city, and to lay all flat

Sic. What is the city, but the people?

Cit. True,
The people are the city.

Bru. By the consent of all, we were established
The people's magistrates.

Cit. You so remain.

Men. And so are like to do.

Cor. That is the way to lay the city flat;
To bring the roof to the foundation;
And bury all, which yet distinctly ranges,
In heaps and piles of ruin.

Sic. This deserves death.

Bru. Or let us stand to our authority,
Or let us lose it.—We do here pronounce,
Upon the part o' the people, in whose power
We were elected theirs, Marcius is worthy
Of present death.

Sic. Therefore, lay hold of him;
Bear him to the rock Tarpeian, and from thence
Into destruction cast him.

Bru. Ædiles, seize him.

Cit. Yield, Marcius, yield.

Men. Hear me one word.
Beseech you, tribunes, hear me but a word.

Æd. Peace, peace.

Men. Be that you seem, truly your country's friend,
And temperately proceed to what you would
Thus violently redress.

Bru. Sir, those cold ways,
That seem like prudent helps, are very poisonous
Where the disease is violent.—Lay hands upon him,
And bear him to the rock.

Cor. No; I'll die here. [*Drawing his sword.*]
There's some among you have beheld me fighting;
Come, try upon yourselves what you have seen me.

Men. Down with that sword;—tribunes, withdraw awhile.

Bru. Lay hands upon him.

Men. Help, help, Marcius! help
You that be noble; help him, young and old!

Cit. Down with him, down with him!

[*In this mutiny, the Tribunes, the Ædiles, and
the people, are all beat in.*]

Men. Go get you to your house; be gone away,
All will be naught else.

2 Sen. Get you gone.

Cor. Stand fast;
We have as many friends as enemies.

Men. Shall it be put to that?

Sen. The gods forbid!

I pr'ythee, noble friend, home to thy house;
Leave us to cure this cause.

Men. For 'tis a sore upon us,
You cannot 'tent yourself. Begone, 'beseech you.

Com. Come, sir, along with us.

Cor. I would they were barbarians, (as they are,
Though in Rome littered,) not Romans, (as they are not,
Though calved i' the porch o' the Capitol.)

Men. Be gone;
Put not your worthy rage into your tongue;
One time will owe another.

Cor. On fair ground
I could beat forty of them.

Men. I could myself
Take up a brace of the best of them; yea, the two tribunes.

Com. But now 'tis odds beyond arithmetic;
And manhood is called foolery, when it stands
Against a falling fabric.—Will you hence,
Before the tag return? whose rage doth rend
Like interrupted waters, and o'erbear
What they are used to bear.

Men. Pray you, begone.
I'll try whether my old wit be in request
With those that have but little; this must be patche
With cloth of any color.

Com. Nay, come away.

[*Exeunt COR., COM., and others.*]

1 *Pat.* This man has marred his fortune.

Men. His nature is too noble for the world;
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Or Jove for his power to thunder. His heart's his mouth;
What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent;
And, being angry, does forget that ever
He heard the name of death. [A noise within.
Here's goodly work!

2 *Pat.* I would they were abed!

Men. I would they were in Tyber!—What, the vengeance,
Could he not speak them fair?

Re-enter BRUTUS and SICINIUS, with the rabble.

Sic. Where is this viper,
That would depopulate the city, and
Be every man himself?

Men. You worthy tribunes,—

Sic. He shall be thrown down the Tarpeian rock
With rigorous hands; he hath resisted law,
And therefore law shall scorn him further trial
Than the severity of the public power,
Which he so sets at nought.

1 Cit. He shall well know,
The noble tribunes are the people's mouths,
And we their hands.

Cit. He shall, sure on't.
[*Several speak together*

Men. Sir, sir,——

Sic. Peace.

Men. Do not cry, havoc, where you should but hunt
With modest warrant.

Sic. Sir, how comes it, that you
Have help to make this rescue?

Men. Hear me speak.—
As I do know the consul's worthiness,
So can I name his faults.

Sic. Consul!—what consul?

Men. The consul Coriolanus.

Bru. He a consul!

Cit. No, no, no, no, no.

Men. If, by the tribune's leave, and yours, good people,
I may be heard, I'd crave a word or two;
The which shall turn you to no further harm,
Than so much loss of time.

Sic. Speak briefly, then;
For we are peremptory, to despatch
This viperous traitor: to eject him hence,
Were but one danger; and to keep him here,
Our certain death; therefore it is decreed,
He dies to-night.

Men. Now, the good gods forbid,
That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude
Towards her deserved children is enrolled
In Jove's own book, like an unnatural dam
Should now eat up her own!

Sic. He's a disease that must be cut away.

Men. O, he's a limb, that has but a disease;
Mortal, to cut it off; to cure it, easy.
What has he done to Rome that's worthy death?
Killing our enemies? The blood he hath lost,
(Which, I dare vouch, is more than that he hath,
By many an ounce,) he dropped it for his country;
And, what is left, to lose it by his country.

Were to us all, that do't and suffer it,
A brand to the end o' the world.

Sic. This is clean kam.

Bru. Merely awry; when he did love his country,
It honored him.

Men. The service of the foot
Being once gangrened, is not then respected
For what before it was?

Bru. We'll hear no more.—
Pursue him to his house, and pluck him thence;
Lest his infection, being of catching nature,
Spread further.

Men. One word more, one word.
This tiger-footed rage, when it shall find
The harm of unscanned swiftness, will, too late,
Tie leaden pounds to his heels. Proceed by process;
Lest parties (as he is beloved) break out,
And sack great Rome with Romans.

Bru. If it were so,—

Sic. What do ye talk?
Have we not had a taste of his obedience?
Our ædiles smote? ourselves resisted?—Come;—

Men. Consider this;—he has been bred i' the wars
Since he could draw a sword, and is ill schooled
In bolted language; meal and bran together
He throws without distinction. Give me leave,
I'll go to him, and undertake to bring him
Where he shall answer, by a lawful form,
(In peace,) to his utmost peril.

1 *Sen.* Noble tribunes,
It is the humane way; the other course
Will prove too bloody; and the end of it
Unknown to the beginning.

Sic. Noble Menenius,
Be you then as the people's officer.
Masters, lay down your weapons.

Bru. Go not home.

Sic. Meet on the market-place;—we'll attend you there:
Where, if you bring not Marcius, we'll proceed
In our first way.

Men. I'll bring him to you;
Let me desire your company. [*To the Senators.*] He must
come,
Or what is worse will follow.

1 *Sen.* Pray you, let's to him.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A Room in Coriolanus's House.*

Enter CORIO LANUS and Patricians.

Cor. Let them pull all about mine ears; present me
Death on the wheel, or at wild horses' heels;
Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock,
That the precipitation might down stretch
Below the beam of sight, yet will I still
Be thus to them.

Enter VOLUMNIA.

1 Pat. You do the nobler.

Cor. I muse, my mother
Does not approve me further, who was wont
To call them woollen vassals, things created
To buy and sell with groats; to show bare heads
In congregations, to yawn, be still, and wonder,
When one but of my ordinance stood up
To speak of peace, or war. I talk of you. [*To VOLUMNIA.*
Why did you wish me milder? Would you have me
False to my nature? Rather say, I play
The man I am.

Vol. O, sir, sir, sir,
I would have had you put your power well on,
Before you had worn it out.

Cor. Let go.

Vol. You might have been enough the man you are,
With striving less to be so. Lesser had been
The thwartings of your dispositions, if
You had not showed them how you were disposed
Ere they lacked power to cross you.

Cor. Let them hang.

Vol. Ay, and burn too.

Enter MENENIUS and Senators.

Men. Come, come, you have been too rough; something
too rough;
You must return, and mend it.

1 Sen. There's no remedy;
Unless, by not so doing, our good city
Cleave in the midst, and perish.

Vol. Pray be counselled
I have a heart as little apt as yours,
But yet a brain, that leads my use of anger,
To better vantage.

Men. Well said, noble woman.
Before he should thus stoop to the herd, but that
The violent fit o' the time craves it as physic
For the whole state. I would put mine armor on,
Which I can scarcely bear.

Cor. What must I do?

Men. Return to the tribunes.

Cor. Well,
What then? what then?

Men. Repent what you have spoke.

Cor. For them!—I cannot do it to the gods.
Must I then do't to them?

Vol. You are too absolute;
Though therein you can never be too noble,
But when extremities speak. I have heard you say,
Honor and policy, like unsevered friends,
I' the war do grow together; grant that, and tell me,
In peace, what each of them by th' other lose,
That they combine not there.

Cor. Tush, tush!

Men. A good demand.

Vol. If it be honor in your wars, to seem
The same you are not, (which, for your best ends,
You adopt your policy,) how is it less, or worse,
That it shall hold companionship in peace
With honor, as in war; since that to both
It stands in like request?

Cor. Why force you this?

Vol. Because that now it lies you on to speak
To the people; not by your own instruction,
Nor by the matter which your heart prompts you to,
But with such words that are but roted in
Your tongue, though but bastards, and syllables
Of no allowance, to your bosom's truth.
Now, this no more dishonors you at all,
Than to take in a town with gentle words,
Which else would put you to your fortune, and
The hazard of much blood.—

I would dissemble with my nature, where
My fortunes, and my friends, at stake, required
I should do so in honor. I am in this,
Your wife, your son, these senators, the nobles;
And you will rather show our general louts
How you can frown, than spend a fawn upon them,
For the inheritance of their loves, and safeguard
Of what that want might ruin.

Men. Noble lady!
Come, go with us; speak fair; you may salve so,
Not what is dangerous present, but the loss
Of what is past.

Vol. I pr'ythee now, my son,
Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand;
And thus far having stretched it, (here be with them,)
Thy knee bussing the stones, (for in such business
Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant
More learned than the ears,) waving thy head,
Which often, thus correcting thy stout heart,
Now humble, as the ripest mulberry,
That will not hold the handling. Or, say to them,
Thou art their soldier, and being bred in broils,
Hast not the soft way, which, thou dost confess,
Were fit for thee to use, as they to claim,
In asking their good loves; but thou wilt frame
Thyself, forsooth, hereafter theirs, so far
As thou hast power, and person.

Men. This but done,
Even as she speaks, why, their hearts were yours;
For they have pardons, being asked, as free
As words to little purpose.

Vol. Pr'ythee now,
Go, and be ruled; although, I know thou hadst rather
Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf,
Than flatter him in a bower. Here is Cominius.

Enter COMINIUS.

Com. I have been i' the market-place; and, sir, 'tis fit
You make strong party, or defend yourself
By calmness, or by absence; all's in anger.

Men. Only fair speech.

Com. I think 'twill serve, if he
Can thereto frame his spirit.

Vol. He must, and will.—
Pr'ythee, now, say you will, and go about it.

Cor. Must I go show them my unbarbed sconce? Must I,
With my base tongue, give to my noble heart
A lie, that it must bear? Well, I will do't;
Yet were there but this single plot to lose,
This mould of Marcius, they to dust should grind it,
And throw it against the wind.—To the market-place;
You have put me now to such a part, which never
I shall discharge to the life.

Com. Come, come, we'll prompt you.

Vol. I pr'ythee now, sweet son, as thou hast said,
My praises made thee first a soldier, so,
To have my praise for this, perform a part
Thou hast not done before.

Cor. Well, I must do't.
Away, my disposition, and possess me
Some harlot's spirit! My throat of war be turned,
Which quired with my drum, into a pipe
Small as an eunuch, or the virgin voice
That babies lulls asleep! The smiles of knaves
Tent in my cheeks; and schoolboys' tears take up
The glasses of my sight! A beggar's tongue
Make motion through my lips; and my armed knees,
Who bowed but in my stirrup, bend like his
That hath received an alms!—I will not do't;
Lest I surcease to honor mine own truth,
And, by my body's action, teach my mind
A most inherent baseness.

Vol. At thy choice then;
To beg of thee, it is my more dishonor
Than thou of them. Come all to ruin; let
Thy mother rather feel thy pride, than fear
Thy dangerous stoutness; for I mock at death
With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list.
Thy valiantness was mine; thou suck'dst it from me;
But owe thy pride thyself.

Cor. Pray, be content;
Mother, I am going to the market-place;
Chide me no more. I'll mountebank their loves,
Cog their hearts from them, and come home beloved
Of all the trades in Rome. Look, I am going;
Commend me to my wife. I'll return consul;
Or never trust to what my tongue can do
I' the way of flattery, further.

Vol. Do your will. [*Exit.*]

Com. Away, the tribunes do attend you. Arm yourself
To answer mildly; for they are prepared
With accusations, as I hear, more strong
Than are upon you yet.

Cor. The word is, *mildly*.—Pray you, let us go:
Let them accuse me by invention, I
Will answer in mine honor.

Men. Ay, but mildly.

Cor. Well, mildly be it, then; mildly. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The same. The Forum.*

Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.

Bru. In this point charge him home, that he affects
Tyrannical power. If he evade us there,
Enforce him with his envy to the people;
And that the spoil, got on the Antiates,
Was ne'er distributed.—

Enter an Ædile.

What, will he come?

Æd. He's coming.

Bru. How accompanied?

Æd. With old Menenius, and those senators
That always favored him.

Sic. Have you a catalogue
Of all the voices that we have procured,
Set down by the poll?

Æd. I have; 'tis ready.

Sic. Have you collected them by tribes?

Æd. I have.

Sic. Assemble presently the people hither.
And when they hear me say, *It shall be so*
I the right and strength o' the commons, be it either
For death, for fine, or banishment, then let them,
If I say fine, cry *fine*; if death, cry *death*;
Insisting on the old prerogative
And power, i' the truth o' the cause.

Æd. I shall inform them.

Bru. And when such time they have begun to cry,
Let them not cease, but with a din confused
Enforce the present execution
Of what we chance to sentence.

Æd. Very well.

Sic. Make them be strong, and ready for this hint,
When we shall hap to give't them.

Bru. Go about it.—

[*Exit Ædile.*

Put him to choler straight. He hath been used
Ever to conquer, and to have his worth
Of contradiction. Being once chafed, he cannot
Be reined again to temperance; then he speaks
What's in his heart; and that is there, which looks
With us to break his neck.

Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, Senators, and Patricians.

Sic. Well, here he comes.

Men. Calmly, I do beseech you.

Cor. Ay, as an ostler, that for the poorest piece Will bear the knave by the volume.—The honored gods Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of justice Supplied with worthy men! Plant love among us! Throng our large temples with the shows of peace, And not our streets with war!

1 Sen. Amen, amen!

Men. A noble wish.

Re-enter Ædile, with Citizens.

Sic. Draw near, ye people.

Æd. List to your tribunes; audience. Peace, I say.

Cor. First, hear me speak.

Both Tri. Well, say.—Peace, ho.

Cor. Shall I be charged no further than this present? Must all determine here?

Sic. I do demand
If you submit you to the people's voices,
Allow their officers, and are content
To suffer lawful censure for such faults
As shall be proved upon you?

Cor. I am content.

Men. Lo, citizens, he says, he is content.
The warlike service he has done, consider;
Think on the wounds his body bears, which show
Like graves i' the holy church-yard.

Cor. Scratches with briers,
Scars to move laughter only.

Men. Consider further,
That when he speaks not like a citizen,
You find him like a soldier. Do not take
His rougher accents for malicious sounds,
But, as I say, such as become a soldier,
Rather than envy you.

Com. Well, well, no more.

Cor. What is the matter,
That being passed for consul with full voice,
I am so dishonored, that the very hour
You take it off again?

Sic. Answer to us.

Cor. Say then; 'tis true, I ought so.

Sic. We charge you, that you have contrived to take
From Rome all seasoned office, and to wind
Yourself into a power tyrannical;
For which, you are a traitor to the people.

Cor. How! traitor?

Men. Nay; temperately: your promise.

Cor. The fires i' the lowest hell fold in the people!
Call me their traitor!—Thou injurious tribune!
Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand deaths,
In thy hands clutched as many millions, in
Thy lying tongue both numbers, I would say,
Thou liest, unto thee, with a voice as free
As I do pray the gods.

Sic. Mark you this, people?

Cit. To the rock; to the rock with him!

Sic. Peace.

We need not put new matter to his charge:
What you have seen him do, and heard him speak,
Beating your officers, cursing yourselves,
Opposing laws with strokes, and here defying
Those whose great power must try him; even this,
So criminal, and in such capital kind,
Deserves the extremest death.

Bru. But since he hath
Served well for Rome,—

Cor. What do you prate of service?

Bru. I talk of that, that know it.

Cor. You?

Men. Is this
The promise that you made your mother?

Com. Know,
I pray you,—

Cor. I'll know no further.
Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian death,
Vagabond exile, flaying; pent to linger
But with a grain a day, I would not buy
Their mercy at the price of one fair word;
Nor check my courage for what they can give,
To have't with saying, *Good morrow*.

Sic. For that he has
(As much as in him lies) from time to time
Envied against the people, seeking means
To pluck away their power; as now at last
Given hostile strokes, and that not in the presence
Of dreaded justice, but on the ministers
That do distribute it; in the name o' the people,

And in the power of us the tribunes, we,
Even from this instant, banish him our city;
In peril of precipitation
From off the rock Tarpeian, never more
To enter our Rome gates. I' the people's name,
I say, it shall be so.

Cit. It shall be so, it shall be so: let him away.
He's banished, and it shall be so.

Com. Hear me, my masters, and my common friends;—

Sic. He's sentenced; no more hearing.

Com. Let me speak.

I have been consul, and can show from Rome,
Her enemies' marks upon me. I do love
My country's good, with a respect more tender,
More holy, and profound, than mine own life,
My dear wife's estimate, her womb's increase,
And treasure of my loins; then if I would
Speak that—

Sic. We know your drift; speak what?

Bru. There's no more to be said, but he is banished,
As enemy to the people, and his country.
It shall be so.

Cit. It shall be so, it shall be so.

Cor. You common cry of curs! whose breath I hate
As reek o' the rotten fens, whose loves I prize
As the dead carcasses of unburied men
That do corrupt my air, I banish you;
And here remain with your uncertainty!
Let every feeble rumor shake your hearts!
Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,
Fan you into despair! Have the power still
To banish your defenders; till, at length,
Your ignorance, (which finds not, till it feels,)
Making out reservation of yourselves,
(Still your own foes,) deliver you, as most
Abated captives, to some nation
That won you without blows! Despising,
For you, the city, thus I turn my back;
There is a world elsewhere.

[*Exeunt* CORIOLANUS, COMINIUS, MENENIUS,
Senators, and Patricians.]

Æd. The people's enemy is gone, is gone.

Cit. Our enemy's banished! he is gone! Hoo! hoo!

[*The people shout, and throw up their caps*]

Sic. Go, see him out at gates, and follow him,
As he hath followed you, with all despite;

Give him deserved vexation. Let a guard
Attend us through the city.

Cit. Come, come, let us see him out at gates; come.—
The gods preserve our noble tribunes!—Come. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The same. Before a Gate of the City.*

Enter CORIOLANUS, VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, MENENIUS,
COMINIUS, and several young Patricians.

Cor. Come, leave your tears; a brief farewell.—The beast
With many heads butts me away.—Nay, mother,
Where is your ancient courage? you were used
To say extremity was the trier of spirits;
That common chances common men could bear;
That when the sea was calm, all boats alike
Showed mastership in floating; fortune's blows,
When most struck home, being gentle wounded, craves
A noble cunning: you were used to load me
With precepts, that would make invincible
The heart that conned them.

Vir. O Heavens! O Heavens!

Cor. Nay, I pr'ythee, woman,—

Vol. Now the red pestilence strike all trades in Rome,
And occupations perish!

Cor. What, what, what!
I shall be loved when I am lacked. Nay, mother,
Resume that spirit, when you were wont to say,
If you had been the wife of Hercules,
Six of his labors you'd have done, and saved
Your husband so much sweat.—Cominius,
Droop not; adieu.—Farewell, my wife! my mother
I'll do well yet.—Thou old and true Menenius,
Thy tears are salter than a younger man's,
And venomous to thine eyes.—My sometime general,
I have seen thee stern, and thou hast oft beheld
Heart-hardening spectacles; tell these sad women,
Tis fond to wail inevitable strokes,
As 'tis to laugh at them.—My mother, you wot well,
My hazards still have been your solace; and
Believe't not lightly, (though I go alone
Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen

Makes feared, and talked of more than seen,) your son
Will, or exceed the common, or be caught
With cautelous baits and practice.

Vol. My first son,
Whither wilt thou go? Take good Cominius
With thee a while. Determine on some course,
More than a wild exposure to each chance
That starts i' the way before thee.

Cor. O the gods!

Com. I'll follow thee a month, devise with thee
Where thou shalt rest, that thou mayst hear of us,
And we of thee: so, if the time thrust forth
A cause for thy repeal, we shall not send
O'er the vast world to seek a single man;
And lose advantage, which doth ever cool
I' the absence of the needer.

Cor. Fare ye well;—
Thou hast years upon thee; and thou art too full
Of the wars' surfeits, to go rove with one
That's yet unbruised; bring me but out at gate.—
Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother, and
My friends of noble touch, when I am forth,
Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you, come.
While I remain above the ground, you shall
Hear from me still; and never of me aught
But what is like me formerly.

Men. That's worthily
As any ear can hear. Come, let's not weep.—
If I could shake off but one seven years
From these old arms and legs, by the good gods,
I'd with thee every foot.

Cor. Give me thy hand.—
Come. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *The same. A Street near the Gate.*

Enter SICINIUS, BRUTUS, and an Ædile.

Sic. Bid them all home; he's gone, and we'll no further.—
The nobility are vexed, who, we see, have sided
In his behalf.

Bru. Now we have shown our power,
Let us seem humbler after it is done,
Than when it was a doing.

Sic Bid them home.

Say, their great enemy is gone, and they
Stand in their ancient strength.

Bru.

Dismiss them home.

[*Exit Ædile.*]

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, and MENENIUS.

Here comes his mother.

Sic.

Let's not meet her.

Bru.

Why?

Sic. They say she's mad.

Bru.

They have ta'en note of us.

Keep on your way.

Vol. O, you're well met. The hoarded plague o' the gods
Requite your love!

Men.

Peace, peace; be not so loud.

Vol. If that I could for weeping, you should hear,—
Nay, and you shall hear some. Will you be gone?

[*To BRUTUS.*]

Vir. You shall stay too. [*To Sic.*] I would I had the
power

To say so to my husband.

Sic.

Are you mankind?

Vol. Ay, fool; is that a shame?—Note but this fool.—
Was not a man my father? Hadst thou foxship
To banish him that struck more blows for Rome,
Than thou hast spoken words?

Sic.

O blessed Heavens!

Vol. More noble blows, than ever thou wise words;
And for Rome's good.—I'll tell thee what;—yet go;—
Nay, but thou shalt stay too.—I would my son
Were in Arabia, and thy tribe before him,
His good sword in his hand.

Sic.

What then?

Vir.

What then?

He'd make an end of thy posterity.

Vol. Bastards, and all.—

Good man, the wounds that he does bear for Rome!

Men. Come, come, peace.

Sic. I would he had continued to his country,
As he began; and not unknit himself
The noble knot he made.

Bru.

I would he had.

Vol. I would he had! 'Twas you incensed the rabble;
Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth,
As I can of those mysteries which Heaven
Will not have earth to know.

Bru. Pray, let us go.

Vol. Now, pray, sir, get you gone;
You have done a brave deed. Ere you go, hear this,
As far as doth the Capitol exceed
The meanest house in Rome; so far, my son,
(This lady's husband here, this, do you see,)
Whom you have banished, does exceed you all.

Bru. Well, well, we'll leave you.

Sic. Why stay we to be baited
With one that wants her wits?

Vol. Take my prayers with you.—
I would the gods had nothing else to do,
[*Exeunt Tribunes.*

But to confirm my curses! Could I meet them
But once a day, it would unclog my heart
Of what lies heavy to't.

Men. You have told them home,
And, by my troth, you have cause. You'll sup with me?

Vol. Anger's my meat; I sup upon myself,
And so shall starve with feeding.—Come, let's go;
Leave this faint puling, and lament as I do.
In anger, Juno-like. Come, come, come.

Men. Fie, fie, fie! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A Highway between Rome and Antium.*

Enter a Roman and a Volce meeting.

Rom. I know you well, sir, and you know me. Your
name, I think, is Adrian.

Vol. It is so, sir; truly I have forgot you.

Rom. I am a Roman; and my services are, as you are,
against them. Know you me yet?

Vol. Nicanor? No.

Rom. The same, sir.

Vol. You had more beard, when I last saw you; but
your favor is well appayed by your tongue. What's the
news in Rome? I have a note from the Volcian state,
to find you out there. You have well saved me a day's
journey.

Rom. There hath been in Rome strange insurrection;
the people against the senators, patricians, and nobles.

Vol. Hath been! Is it ended then? Our state thinks
not so; they are in a most warlike preparation, and hope
to come upon them in the heat of their division.

Rom. The main blaze of it is past, but a small thing

would make it flame again. For the nobles receive so to heart the banishment of that worthy Coriolanus, that they are in a ripe aptness to take all power from the people, and to pluck from them their tribunes forever. This lies glowing, I can tell you, and is almost mature for the violent breaking out.

Vol. Coriolanus banished?

Rom. Banished, sir.

Vol. You will be welcome with this intelligence, Nicanor.

Rom. The day serves well for them now. I have heard it said, the fittest time to corrupt a man's wife is when she's fallen out with her husband. Your noble Tullus Aufidius will appear well in these wars, his great opposer, Coriolanus, being now in no request of his country.

Vol. He cannot choose. I am most fortunate, thus accidentally to encounter you. You have ended my business, and I will merrily accompany you home.

Rom. I shall, between this and supper, tell you most strange things from Rome; all tending to the good of their adversaries. Have you an army ready, say you?

Vol. A most royal one; the centurions, and their charges, distinctly billeted, already in the entertainment, and to be on foot at an hour's warning.

Rom. I am joyful to hear of their readiness, and am the man, I think, that shall set them in present action. So, sir, heartily well met, and most glad of your company.

Vol. You take my heart from me, sir; I have the most cause to be glad of yours.

Rom. Well, let us go together. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IV. Antium. *Before Aufidius's House.*

Enter CORIO LANUS, in mean apparel, disguised and muffled.

Cor. A goodly city is this Antium. City,
'Tis I that made thy widows; many an heir
Of these fair edifices 'fore my wars
Have I heard groan and drop. Then know me not;
Lest that thy wives with spits, and boys with stones,

Enter a Citizen.

In puny battle slay me.—Save you, sir.

Cit. And you.

Cor. Direct me if it be your will,
Where great Aufidius lies. Is he in Antium?

Cit. He is, and feasts the nobles of the state
At his house this night.

Cor. Which is his house, 'beseech you?

Cit. This, here, before you.

Cor. Thank you, sir; farewell.
[*Exit* Citizen.]

O world, thy slippery turns! Friends now fast sworn,
Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,
Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal, and exercise,
Are still together, who twin, as 'twere, in love
Unseparable, shall within this hour,
On a dissension of a doit, break out
To bitterest enmity; so, fellest foes,
Whose passions and whose plots have broke their sleep
To take the one the other, by some chance,
Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear friends,
And interjoin their issues. So with me;—
My birthplace hate I, and my love's upon
This enemy town.—I'll enter; if he slay me,
He does fair justice; if he give me way,
I'll do his country service. [Exit.]

SCENE V. *The same. A Hall in Aufidius's House.*

Music within. Enter a Servant.

1 *Serv.* Wine, wine, wine! What service is here!
I think our fellows are asleep. [Exit.]

Enter another Servant.

2 *Serv.* Where's Cotus? My master calls for him.
Cotus! [Exit.]

Enter CORIOLANUS.

Cor. A goodly house; the feast smells well; but I
Appear not like a guest.

Re-enter the first Servant.

1 *Serv.* What would you have, friend? Whence are you?
Here's no place for you. Pray, go to the door.

Cor. I have deserved no better entertainment,
In being Coriolanus.

Re-enter second Servant.

2 *Serv.* Whence are you, sir? Has the porter his eyes
in his head, that he gives entrance to such companions?
Pray, get you out.

Cor. Away!

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FIGURE 1

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[REDACTED]



2 *Serv.* Away? Get you away.

Cor. Now, thou art troublesome.

2 *Serv.* Are you so brave? I'll have you talked with anon.

Enter a third Servant. The first meets him.

3 *Serv.* What fellow's this?

1 *Serv.* A strange one as ever I looked on; I cannot get him out o' the house. Pr'ythee, call my master to him.

3 *Serv.* What have you to do here, fellow? Pray you, avoid the house.

Cor. Let me but stand; I will not hurt your hearth.

3 *Serv.* What are you?

Cor. A gentleman.

3 *Serv.* A marvellous poor one.

Cor. True, so I am.

3 *Serv.* Pray you, poor gentleman, take up some other station; here's no place for you; pray you, avoid. Come.

Cor. Follow your function, go!

And batten on cold bits. *[Pushes him away.]*

3 *Serv.* What, will you not? Pr'ythee, tell my master what a strange guest he has here.

2 *Serv.* And I shall.

[Exit.]

3 *Serv.* Where dwellest thou?

Cor. Under the canopy.

3 *Serv.* Under the canopy?

Cor. Ay.

3 *Serv.* Where's that?

Cor. I' the city of kites and crows.

3 *Serv.* I' the city of kites and crows?—What an ass it is!—Then thou dwellest with daws too?

Cor. No, I serve not thy master.

3 *Serv.* How, sir! Do you meddle with my master?

Cor. Ay; 'tis an honest service than to meddle with thy mistress.

Thou prat'st, and prat'st; serve with thy trencher, hence!

[Beats him away.]

Enter AUFIDIUS and the second Servant.

Auf. Where is this fellow?

2 *Serv.* Here, sir; I'd have beaten him like a dog, but for disturbing the lords within.

Auf. Whence comest thou? what wouldest thou? Thy name?

Why speak'st not? Speak, man; what's thy name?

Cor. If, Tullus, *[Unmuffling.]*

Not yet thou know'st me, and seeing me, dost not
Think me the man I am, necessity
Commands me name myself.

Auf.

What is thy name?

[*Servants retire.*]

Cor. A name unmusical to the Volcians' ears,
And harsh in sound to thine.

Auf.

Say, what's thy name?

Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face
Bears a command in't; though thy tackle's torn,
Thou show'st a noble vessel. What's thy name?

Cor. Prepare thy brow to frown. Know'st thou me yet?

Auf. I know thee not.—Thy name?

Cor. My name is Caius Marcius, who hath done
To thee particularly, and to all the Volces,
Great hurt and mischief; thereto witness may
My surname, Coriolanus. The painful service,
The extreme dangers, and the drops of blood
Shed for my thankless country, are requited
But with that surname; a good memory,
And witness of the malice and displeasure
Which thou shouldst bear me. Only that name remains:
The cruelty and envy of the people,
Permitted by our dastard nobles, who
Have all forsook me, hath devoured the rest;
And suffered me by the voice of slaves to be
Whooped out of Rome. Now, this extremity
Hath brought me to thy hearth; not out of hope—
Mistake me not—to save my life; for if
I had feared death, of all the men i' the world
I would have 'voided thee; but in mere spite,
To be full quit of those my banishers,
Stand I before thee here. Then if thou hast
A heart of wreak in thee, that will revenge
Thine own particular wrongs, and stop those maims
Of shame seen through thy country, speed thee straight,
And make my misery serve thy turn; so use it,
That my revengeful services may prove
As benefits to thee; for I will fight
Against my cankered country with the spleen
Of all the under-fiends. But if so be
Thou dar'st not this, and that to prove more fortunes
Thou art tired, then, in a word, I also am
Longer to live most weary, and present
My throat to thee, and to thy ancient malice;
Which not to cut, would show thee but a fool;

Since I have ever followed thee with hate,
Drawn tuns of blood out of thy country's breast,
And cannot live but to thy shame, unless
It be to do thee service.

Auf. O Marcius, Marcius,
Each word thou hast spoke hath weeded from my heart
A root of ancient envy. If Jupiter
Should from yon cloud speak divine things, and say,
'*Tis true*; I'd not believe them more than thee,
All noble Marcius.—O, let me twine
Mine arms about that body, where against
My grained ash an hundred times hath broke,
And scarred the moon with splinters! Here I clip
The anvil of my sword; and do contest
As hotly and as nobly with thy love,
As ever in ambitious strength I did
Contend against thy valor. Know thou first,
I love the maid I married; never man
Sighed truer breath; but that I see thee here,
Thou noble thing! more dances my rapt heart,
Than when I first my wedded mistress saw
Bestride my threshold. Why, thou Mars! I tell thee,
We have a power on foot; and I had purpose
Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,
Or lose mine arm for't. Thou hast beat me out
Twelve several times, and I have nightly since
Dreamed of encounters 'twixt thyself and me.
We have been down together in my sleep,
Unbuckling helms, fisting each other's throat,
And waked half dead with nothing. Worthy Marcius,
Had we no other quarrel else to Rome, but that
Thou art thence banished, we would muster all
From twelve to seventy; and pouring war
Into the bowels of ungrateful Rome,
Like a bold flood o'erbeat. O, come, go in,
And take our friendly senators by the hands;
Who now are here, taking their leaves of me,
Who am prepared against your territories,
Though not for Rome itself.

Cor. You bless me, gods!

Auf. Therefore, most absolute sir, if thou wilt have
The leading of thine own revenges, take
The one half of my commission; and set down—
As best thou art experienced, since thou know'st
Thy country's strength and weakness—thine own ways;
Whether to knock against the gates of Rome,

Or rudely visit them in parts remote,
 To fright them, ere destroy. But, come in;
 Let me commend thee first to those, that shall
 Say, *Yea*, to thy desires. A thousand welcomes!
 And more a friend than e'er an enemy;
 Yet, *Marcus*, that was much. Your hand! Most welcome!
[*Exeunt COR. and AUF.*]

1 *Serv.* [*Advancing.*] Here's a strange alteration!

2 *Serv.* By my hand, I had thought to have stricken him with a cudgel; and yet my mind gave me, his clothes made a false report of him.

1 *Serv.* What an arm he has! He turned me about with his finger and his thumb, as one would set up a top.

2 *Serv.* Nay, I knew by his face that there was something in him. He had, sir, a kind of face, methought,—I cannot tell how to term it.

1 *Serv.* He had so; looking, as it were,——'Would I were hanged, but I thought there was more in him than I could think.

2 *Serv.* So did I, I'll be sworn. He is simply the rarest man i' the world.

1 *Serv.* I think he is; but a greater soldier than he, you wot one.

2 *Serv.* Who? my master?

1 *Serv.* Nay, it's no matter for that.

2 *Serv.* Worth six of him.

1 *Serv.* Nay, not so neither; but I take him to be the greater soldier.

2 *Serv.* 'Faith, look you, one cannot tell how to say that; for the defence of a town, our general is excellent.

1 *Serv.* Ay, and for an assault too.

Re-enter third Servant.

3 *Serv.* O slaves, I can tell you news; news, you rascals.

1 & 2 *Serv.* What, what, what? let's partake.

3 *Serv.* I would not be a Roman, of all nations; I had as lieve be a condemned man.

1 & 2 *Serv.* Wherefore? wherefore?

3 *Serv.* Why, here's he that was wont to thwack our general,—*Caius Marcus*.

1 *Serv.* Why do you say thwack our general?

3 *Serv.* I do not say thwack our general; but he was always good enough for him.

2 *Serv.* Come, we are fellows, and friends. He was ever too hard for him; I have heard him say so himself.

1 *Serv.* He was too hard for him directly, to say the

truth on't: before Corioli, he scotched him and notched him like a carbonado.

2 *Serv.* An he had been cannibally given, he might have broiled and eaten him too.

1 *Serv.* But, more of thy news?

3 *Serv.* Why, he is so made on here within, as if he were son and heir to Mars; set at upper end o' the table; no question asked him by any of the senators, but they stand bald before him. Our general himself makes a mistress of him; sanctifies himself with his hand, and turns up the white o' the eye to his discourse. But the bottom of the news is, our general is cut i' the middle, and but one half of what he was yesterday; for the other has half, by the entreaty and grant of the whole table. He'll go, he says, and sowle the porter of Rome gates by the ears. He will mow down all before him, and leave his passage polled.

2 *Serv.* And he's as like to do't, as any man I can imagine.

3 *Serv.* Do't? he will do't. For, look you, sir, he has as many friends as enemies; which friends, sir, (as it were,) durst not (look you, sir) show themselves (as we term it) his friends, whilst he's in directitude.

1 *Serv.* Directitude! what's that?

3 *Serv.* But when they shall see, sir, his crest up again, and the man in blood, they will out of their burrows, like conies after rain, and revel all with him.

1 *Serv.* But when goes this forward?

3 *Serv.* To-morrow; to-day; presently. You shall have the drum struck up this afternoon; 'tis, as it were, a parcel of their feast, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.

2 *Serv.* Why, then we shall have a stirring world again. This peace is nothing, but to rust iron, increase tailors, and breed ballad makers.

1 *Serv.* Let me have war, say I; it exceeds peace, as far as day does night; it's sprightly, waking, audible, and full of vent. Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy; mulled, deaf, sleepy, insensible; a getter of more bastard children, than war's a destroyer of men.

2 *Serv.* 'Tis so; and as wars, in some sort, may be said to be a ravisher; so it cannot be denied, but peace is a great maker of cuckolds.

1 *Serv.* Ay, and it makes men hate one another.

3 *Serv.* Reason; because they then less need one another. The wars, for my money. I hope to see Romans as cheap as Volcians. They are rising, they are rising.

All. In, in, in, in.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. Rome. *A public Place.**Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.*

Sic. We hear not of him, neither need we fear him;
His remedies are tame i' the present peace
And quietness o' the people, which before
Were in wild hurry. Here do we make his friends
Blush, that the world goes well; who rather had,
Though they themselves did suffer by't, behold
Dissensious numbers pestering streets, than see
Our tradesmen singing in their shops, and going
About their functions friendly.

Enter MENENIUS.

Bru. We stood to't in good time. Is this Menenius?

Sic. 'Tis he, 'tis he. O, he is grown most kind
Of late,—Hail, sir!

Men. Hail to you both!

Sic. Your Coriolanus, sir, is not much missed,
But with his friends. The commonwealth doth stand;
And so would do, were he more angry at it.

Men. All's well; and might have been much better, if
He could have temporized.

Sic. Where is he, hear you?

Men. Nay, I hear nothing; his mother and his wife
Hear nothing from him.

Enter three or four Citizens.

Cit. The gods preserve you both!

Sic. Good e'en, our neighbors

Bru. Good e'en to you all, good e'en to you all.

1 Cit. Ourselves, our wives, and children, on our knees,
Are bound to pray for both.

Sic. Live, and thrive!

Bru. Farewell, kind neighbors; we wished Coriolanus
Had loved you as we did.

Cit. Now the gods keep you!

Both Tri. Farewell, farewell. [*Exeunt Citizens.*]

Sic. This is a happier and more comely time,
Than when these fellows ran about the streets,
Crying, Confusion.

Bru. Caius Marcius was
A worthy officer i' the war; but insolent,
O'ercome with pride, ambitious past all thinking,
Self-loving,—

Sic. And affecting one sole throne,
With ut assistance.

Men. I think not so.

Sic. We should by this, to all our lamentation,
If he had gone forth consul, found it so.

Bru. The gods have well prevented it, and Rome
Sits safe and still without him.

Enter Ædile.

Æd. Worthy tribunes,
There is a slave, whom we have put in prison,
Reports,—the Volces with two several powers
Are entered in the Roman territories;
And with the deepest malice of the war
Destroy what lies before them.

Men. 'Tis Aufidius,
Who, hearing of our Marcius' banishment,
Thrusts forth his horns again into the world;
Which were inshelled, when Marcius stood for Rome,
And durst not once peep out.

Sic. Come, what talk you
Of Marcius?

Bru. Go see this rumor whipped. It cannot be,
The Volces dare break with us.

Men. Cannot be!
We have record that very well it can;
And three examples of the like have been
Within my age. But reason with the fellow,
Before you punish him, where he heard this;
Lest you should chance to whip your information,
And beat the messenger who bids beware
Of what is to be dreaded.

Sic. Tell not me:
I know this cannot be.

Bru. Not possible.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The nobles, in great earnestness, are going
All to the senate-house; some news is come,
That turns their countenances.

Sic. 'Tis this slave:—
Go whip him 'fore the people's eyes;—his raising!
Nothing but his report!

Mess. Yes, worthy sir,
The slave's report is seconded; and more,
More fearful 's delivered.

Sic. What more fearful?

Mess. It is spoke freely out of many mouths,
(How probable, I do not know,) that Marcius,
Joined with Aufidius, leads a power 'gainst Rome;
And vows revenge as spacious, as between
The young'st and oldest thing.

Sic. This is most likely!

Bru. Raised only, that the weaker sort may wish
Good Marcius home again.

Sic. The very trick on't.

Men. This is unlikely.
He and Aufidius can no more atone,
Than violentest contrariety.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. You are sent for to the senate!
A fearful army, led by Caius Marcius,
Associated with Aufidius, rages
Upon our territories; and have already
O'erborne their way, consumed with fire, and took
What lay before them.

Enter COMINIUS.

Com. O, you have made good work!

Men. What news! what news!

Com. You have help to ravish your own daughters, and
To melt the city leads upon your pates;
To see your wives dishonored to your noses;—

Men. What's the news? what's the news?

Com. Your temples burned in their cement; and
Your franchises, whereon you stood, confined
Into an auger's bore.

Men. Pray now, your news?—
You have made fair work, I fear me.—Pray, your news?
If Marcius should be joined with Volcians,—

Com. If!

He is their god; he leads them like a thing
Made by some other deity than nature,
That shapes man better; and they follow him,
Against us brats, with no less confidence,
Than boys pursuing summer butterflies,
Or butchers killing flies.

Men. You have made good work.
You, and your apron men; you that stood so much
Upon the voice of occupation, and
The breath of garlic-eaters!

Com. He will shake
Your Rome about your ears.

Men. As Hercules
Did shake down mellow fruit. You have made fair work!

Bru. But is this true, sir?

Com. Ay; and you'll look pale
Before you find it other. All the regions
Do smilingly revolt, and who resist,
Are mocked for valiant ignorance,
And perish constant fools. Who is't can blame him?
Your enemies, and his, find something in him.

Men. We are all undone, unless
The noble man have mercy.

Com. Who shall ask it?
The tribunes cannot do't for shame; the people
Deserve such pity of him, as the wolf
Does of the shepherds. For his best friends, if they
Should say, *Be good to Rome*, they charged him even
As those should do that had deserved his hate,
And therein showed like enemies.

Men. 'Tis true.
If he were putting to my house the brand
That should consume it, I have not the face
To say, *'Beseech you, cease.*—You have made fair hands,
You, and your crafts! you have crafted fair!

Com. You have brought
A trembling upon Rome, such as was never
So incapable of help.

Tri. Say not we brought it.

Men. How! was it we? We loved him; but, like beasts,
And cowardly nobles, gave way to your clusters,
Who did hoot him out o' the city.

Com. But I fear
They'll roar him in again. Tullus Aufidius,
The second name of men, obeys his points
As if he were his officer.—Desperation
Is all the policy, strength, and defence,
That Rome can make against them.

Enter a troop of Citizens.

Men. Here come the clusters.—
And is Aufidius with him?—You are they
That made the air unwholesome, when you cast
Your stinking, greasy caps, in hooting at
Coriolanus' exile. Now he's coming;
And not a hair upon a soldier's head,

Which will not prove a whip; as many coxcombs,
As you threw caps up, will he tumble down,
And pay you for your voices. 'Tis no matter;
If he could burn us all into one coal,
We have deserved it.

Cit. 'Faith, we hear fearful news.

1 *Cit.* For mine own part,
When I said banish him, I said 'twas pity.

2 *Cit.* And so did I.

3 *Cit.* And so did I; and, to say the truth, so did very
many of us. That we did, we did for the best; and though
we willingly consented to his banishment, yet it was against
our will.

Com. You are goodly things, you voices!

Men. You have made
Good work, you and your cry!—Shall us to the Capitol?

Com. O, ay; what else? [*Exeunt COM. and MEN.*]

Sic. Go, masters, get you home; be not dismayed:
These are a side that would be glad to have
This true, which they so seem to fear. Go home,
And show no sign of fear.

1 *Cit.* The gods be good to us! Come, masters, let's
home. I ever said we were i' the wrong, when we banished
him.

2 *Cit.* So did we all. But come, let's home.

[*Exeunt Citizens.*]

Bru. I do not like this news.

Sic. Nor I.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol.—'Would half my wealth
Would buy this for a lie!

Sic. Pray, let's go. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. *A Camp, at a small distance from Rome.*

Enter AUFIDIUS and his Lieutenant.

Auf. Do they still fly to the Roman?

Lieu. I do not know what witchcraft's in him; but
Your soldiers use him as the grace 'fore meat,
Their talk at table, and their thanks at end;
And you are darkened in this action, sir,
Even by your own.

Auf. I cannot help it now;
Unless, by using means, I lame the foot
Of our design. He bears himself more proudlier
Even to my person, than I thought he would,

When first I did embrace him. Yet his nature
In that's no changeling; and I must excuse
What cannot be amended.

Lieu. Yet I wish, sir,
(I mean for your particular,) you had not
Joined in commission with him; but either
Had borne the action of yourself, or else
To him had left it solely.

Auf. I understand thee well; and be thou sure,
When he shall come to his account, he knows not
What I can urge against him. Although it seems,
And so he thinks, and is no less apparent
To the vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly,
And shows good husbandry for the Volcian state;
Fights dragon-like, and does achieve as soon
As draw his sword; yet he hath left undone
That, which shall break his neck, or hazard mine,
Whene'er we come to our account.

Lieu. Sir, I beseech you, think you he'll carry Rome?

Auf. All places yield to him ere he sits down;
And the nobility of Rome are his.
The senators, and patricians, love him too;
The tribunes are no soldiers; and their people
Will be as rash in the repeal, as hasty
To expel him thence. I think he'll be to Rome,
As is the ospray to the fish who takes it
By sovereignty of nature. First he was
A noble servant to them; but he could not
Carry his honors even. Whether 'twas pride,
Which out of daily fortune ever taints
The happy man; whether defect of judgment,
To fail in the disposing of those chances
Which he was lord of; or whether nature,
Not to be other than one thing, not moving
From the casque to the cushion, but commanding peace
Even with the same austerity and garb
As he controlled the war; but one of these
(As he hath spices of them all, not all,
For I dare so far free him) made him feared,
So hated, and so banished. But he has a merit,
To choke it in the utterance. So our virtues
Lie in the interpretation of the time;
And power, unto itself most commendable,
Hath not a tomb so evident as a hair
To extol what it hath done.
One fire drives out one fire; one nail, one nail;

Rights by rights fouler, strengths by strengths do fail.
Come, let's away. When, Caius, Rome is thine,
Thou art poor'st of all; then shortly art thou mine.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. Rome. *A public Place.*

Enter MENENIUS, COMINIUS, SICINIUS, BRUTUS, *and others.*

Men. No, I'll not go. You hear what he hath said,
Which was sometime his general; who loved him
In a most dear particular. He called me father;
But what o' that? Go, you that banished him,
A mile before his tent fall down, and kneel
The way into his mercy. Nay, if he coyed
To hear Cominius speak, I'll keep at home.

Com. He would not seem to know me.

Men. Do you hear?

Com. Yet one time he did call me by my name?
I urged our old acquaintance, and the drops
That we have bled together. Coriolanus
He would not answer to; forbad all names;
He was a kind of nothing, titleless,
Till he had forged himself a name i' the fire
Of burning Rome.

Men. Why, so; you have made good work;
A pair of tribunes that have racked for Rome,
To make coals cheap. A noble memory!

Com. I minded him how royal 'twas to pardon
When it was less expected. He replied,
It was a bare petition of a state
To one whom they had punished.

Men. Very well;
Could he say less?

Com. I offered to awaken his regard
For his private friends. His answer to me was,
He could not stay to pick them in a pile
Of noisome, musty chaff. He said 'twas folly,
For one poor grain or two, to leave unburnt,
And still to nose the offence.

Men. For one poor grain
Or two? I am one of those; his mother, wife,
His child, and this brave fellow too, we are the grains.

You are the musty chaff; and you are smelt
Above the moon. We must be better for you.

Sic. Nay, pray, be patient. If you refuse your aid
In this so never-healed help, yet do not
Upbraid us with our distress. But sure, if you
Would be your country's pleader, your good tongue,
More than the instant army we can make,
Might stop our countryman.

Men. No; I'll not meddle.

Sic. Pray you go to him.

Men. What should I do?

Bru. Only make trial what your love can do
For Rome, towards Marcius.

Men. Well, and say that Marcius
Return me, as Cominius is returned,
Unheard; what then?—
But as a discontented friend, grief-shot
With his unkindness? Say't be so?

Sic. Yet your good will
Must have that thanks from Rome, after the measure
As you intended well.

Men. I'll undertake it;
I think he'll hear me. Yet to bite his lip,
And hum at good Cominius, much unheart's me.
He was not taken well; he had not dined.
The veins unfilled, our blood is cold, and then
We pout upon the morning, are unapt
To give or to forgive; but when we have stuffed
These pipes and these conveyances of our blood
With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls
Than in our priestlike fasts; therefore I'll watch him
Till he be dieted to my request,
And then I'll set upon him.

Bru. You know the very road into his kindness,
And cannot lose your way.

Men. Good faith, I'll prove him,
Speed how it will. I shall ere long have knowledge
Of my success. [Exit.

Com. He'll never hear him.

Sic. Not?

Com. I tell you he does sit in gold, his eye
Red as 'twould burn Rome; and his injury
The jailer to his pity. I kneeled before him;
'Twas very faintly he said, *Rise*; dismissed me
Thus, with his speechless hand. What he would do,
He sent in writing after me; what he would not

Bound with an oath, to yield to his conditions:
So, that all hope is vain,
Unless his noble mother, and his wife;
Who, as I hear, mean to solicit him
For mercy to his country. Therefore, let's hence,
And with our fair entreaties haste them on. [*Exeunt*]

SCENE II. *An advanced post of the Volcian Camp
before Rome. The Guard at their stations.*

Enter to them, MENENIUS.

1 *Guard*. Stay; whence are you?

2 *G*.

Stand, and go back.

Men. You guard like men; 'tis well. But, by your leave,
I am an officer of state, and come
To speak with Coriolanus.

1 *G*.

From whence?

Men.

From Rome.

1 *G*. You may not pass; you must return; our general
Will no more hear from thence.

2 *G*. You'll see your Rome embraced with fire, before
You'll speak with Coriolanus.

Men.

Good my friends,

If you have heard your general talk of Rome,
And of his friends there, it is lots to blanks,
My name hath touched your ears; it is Menenius.

1 *G*. Be it so; go back; the virtue of your name
Is not here passable.

Men.

I tell thee, fellow,

Thy general is my lover. I have been
The book of his good acts, whence men have read
His fame unparalleled, haply, amplified;
For I have ever verified my friends,
(Of whom he's chief,) with all the size that verity
Would without lapsing suffer; nay, sometimes,
Like to a bowl upon a subtle ground,
I have tumbled past the throw; and in his praise
Have, almost, stamped the leasing. Therefore, fellow,
I must have leave to pass.

1 *G*. 'Faith, sir, if you had told as many lies in his be-
half, as you have uttered words in your own, you should
not pass here; no, though it were as virtuous to lie, as
to live chastely. Therefore, go back.

Men. Pr'ythee, fellow, remember my name is Menenius,
always factionary on the party of your general.

2 *G.* Howsoever you have been his liar, (as you say, you have,) I am one that, telling true under him, must say you cannot pass. Therefore, go back.

Men. Has he dined, canst thou tell? for I would not speak with him till after dinner.

1 *G.* You are a Roman, are you?

Men. I am as thy general is.

1 *G.* Then you should hate Rome, as he does. Can you, when you have pushed out your gates the very defender of them, and, in a violent popular ignorance, given your enemy your shield, think to front his revenges with the easy groans of old women, the virginal palms of your daughters, or with the palsied intercession of such a decayed dotant as you seem to be? Can you think to blow out the intended fire your city is ready to flame in, with such weak breath as this? No, you are deceived; therefore, back to Rome, and prepare for your execution: you are condemned; our general has sworn you out of reprieve and pardon.

Men. Sirrah, if thy captain knew I were here, he would use me with estimation.

2 *G.* Come, my captain knows you not.

Men. I mean thy general.

1 *G.* My general cares not for you. Back, I say; go, lest I let forth your half-pint of blood;—back,—that's the utmost of your having;—back.

Men. Nay, but fellow, fellow,——

Enter CORIOLANUS and AUFIDIUS.

Cor. What's the matter?

Men. Now, you companion, I'll say an errand for you; you shall know now that I am in estimation; you shall perceive that a Jack guardant cannot office me from my son Coriolanus; guess, but by my entertainment with him, if thou stand'st not i' the state of hanging, or of some death more long in spectatorship, and crueller in suffering. Be hold now presently, and swoon for what's to come upon thee.—The glorious gods sit in hourly synod about thy particular prosperity, and love thee no worse than thy old father Menenius does! O my son! my son! thou art preparing fire for us; look thee, here's water to quench it. I was hardly moved to come to thee; but being assured, none but myself could move thee, I have been blown out of your gates with sighs; and conjure thee to pardon Rome, and thy petitionary countrymen. The good gods assuage thy wrath, and turn the dregs of it upon this varlet

here; this, who, like a block, hath denied my access to thee.

Cor. Away!

Men. How! away?

Cor. Wife, mother, child, I know not. My affairs
Are servanted to others. Though I owe
My revenge properly, my remission lies
In Volcian breasts. That we have been familiar,
Ingrate forgetfulness shall poison, rather
Than pity note how much.—Therefore, be gone.
Mine ears against your suits are stronger than
Your gates against my force. Yet, for I loved thee,
Take this along; I writ it for thy sake, [*Gives a letter.*
And would have sent it. Another word, Menenius,
I will not hear thee speak.—This man, Aufidius,
Was my beloved in Rome; yet thou behold'st——

Auf. You keep a constant temper. [*Exeunt COR. and AUF.*

1 *G.* Now, sir, is your name Menenius?

2 *G.* 'Tis a spell, you see, of much power. You know
the way home again.

1 *G.* Do you hear how we are shent for keeping your
greatness back?

2 *G.* What cause do you think I have to swoon?

Men. I neither care for the world, nor your general; for
such things as you, I can scarce think there's any, you are
so slight. He that hath a will to die by himself, fears it
not from another. Let your general do his worst. For
you, be that you are, long; and your misery increase with
your age! I say to you, as I was said to, Away. [*Exit.*

1 *G.* A noble fellow, I warrant him.

2 *G.* The worthy fellow is our general. He is the rock,
the oak not to be wind-shaken. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The Tent of Coriolanus.*

Enter CORIOLANUS, AUFIDIUS, and others.

Cor. We will before the walls of Rome to-morrow
Set down our host.—My partner in this action,
You must report to the Volcian lords, how plainly
I have borne this business.

Auf. Only their ends
You have respected; stopped their ears against
The general suit of Rome; never admitted
A private whisper, no, not with such friends
That thought them sure of you.

Cor. This last old man,

Whom with a cracked heart I have sent to Rome,
 Loved me above the measure of a father;
 Nay, godded me, indeed. Their latest refuge
 Was to send him; for whose old love, I have
 (Though I showed sourly to him) once more offered
 The first conditions, which they did refuse,
 And cannot now accept, to grace him only,
 That thought he could do more; a very little
 I have yielded to. Fresh embassies, and suits,
 Nor from the state, nor private friends, hereafter
 Will I lend ear to.—Ha! what shout is this? [*Shout within.*]
 Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow
 In the same time 'tis made? I will not.—

*Enter, in mourning habits, VIRGILIA, VOLUMNIA, leading
 young MARCIUS, VALERIA, and Attendants.*

My wife comes foremost; then the honored mould
 Wherein this trunk was framed, and in her hand
 The grandchild to her blood. But, out, affection!
 All bond and privilege of nature, break!
 Let it be virtuous to be obstinate.—
 What is that curt'sy worth, or those doves' eyes,
 Which can make gods forsworn?—I melt, and am not
 Of stronger earth than others.—My mother bows;
 As if Olympus to a molehill should
 In supplication nod; and my young boy
 Hath an aspect of intercession, which
 Great nature cries, *Deny not.*—Let the Volces
 Plough Rome, and harrow Italy; I'll never
 Be such a gosling to obey instinct; but stand,
 As if a man were author of himself,
 And knew no other kin.

Vir. My lord and husband!

Cor. These eyes are not the same I wore in Rome.

Vir. The sorrow, that delivers us thus changed,
 Makes you think so.

Cor. Like a dull actor now,
 I have forgot my part, and I am out
 Even to a full disgrace. Best of my flesh,
 Forgive my tyranny; but do not say,
 For that, *Forgive our Romans.*—O, a kiss
 Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge!
 Now, by the jealous queen of heaven, that kiss
 I carried from thee, dear; and my true lip
 Hath virgined it e'er since. You gods! I prate,
 And the most noble mother of the world.

Leave unsaluted. Sink, my knee, i' the earth; [Kneels.
Of thy deep duty more impression show
Than that of common sons.

Vol. O stand up blessed!
Whilst, with no softer cushion than the flint,
I kneel before thee; and improperly
Show duty as mistaken all the while
Between the child and parent. [Kneels.

Cor. What is this?
Your knees to me? to your corrected son?
Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach
Filip the stars; then let the mutinous winds
Strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery sun;
Murdering impossibility to make
What cannot be, slight work.

Vol. Thou art my warrior;
I help to frame thee. Do you know this lady?

Cor. The noble sister of Publicola,
The moon of Rome; chaste as the icicle,
That's curded by the frost from purest snow,
And hangs on Dian's temple. Dear Valeria!

Vol. This is a poor epitome of yours,
Which by the interpretation of full time
May show like all yourself.

Cor. The god of soldiers,
With the consent of supreme Jove, inform
Thy thoughts with nobleness; that thou mayst prove
To shame invulnerable, and stick i' the war
Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw,
And saving those that eye thee!

Vol. Your knee, sirrah.

Cor. That's my brave boy.

Vol. Even he, your wife, this lady, and myself,
Are suitors to you.

Cor. I beseech you, peace;
Or, if you'd ask, remember this before:
The things, I have forsworn to grant, may never
Be held by you denials. Do not bid me
Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate
Again with Rome's mechanics.—Tell me not
Wherein I seem unnatural. Desire not
To allay my rages and revenges, with
Your colder reasons.

Vol. O, no more, no more!
You have said you will not grant us any thing;
For we have nothing else to ask, but that

Which you deny already. Yet we will ask;
That, if you fail in our request, the blame
May hang upon your hardness; therefore hear us.

Cor. Aufidius, and you Volces, mark; for we'll
Hear nought from Rome in private.—Your request?

Vol. Should we be silent and not speak, our raiment,
And state of bodies, would bewray what life
We have led since thy exile. Think with thyself,
How more unfortunate than all living women
Are we come hither; since that thy sight, which should
Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with comforts,
Constrains them weep, and shake with fear and sorrow;
Making the mother, wife, and child, to see
The son, the husband, and the father tearing
His country's bowels out. And to poor we,
Thine enmity's most capital; thou barr'st us
Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort
That all but we enjoy. For how can we,
Alas! how can we for our country pray,
Whereto we are bound; together with thy victory.
Whereto we are bound? Alack! or we must lose
The country, our dear nurse; or else thy person,
Our comfort in the country. We must find
An evident calamity, though we had
Our wish, which side should win; for either thou
Must, as a foreign recreant, be led
With manacles through our streets, or else
Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin;
And bear the palm, for having bravely shed
Thy wife and children's blood. For myself, son,
I purpose not to wait on fortune, till
These wars determine; if I cannot persuade thee
Rather to show a noble grace to both parts,
Than seek the end of one, thou shalt no sooner
March to assault thy country, than to tread
(Trust to't, thou shalt not) on thy mother's womb,
That brought thee to this world.

Vir. Ay, and on mine,
That brought you forth this boy, to keep your name
Living to time.

Boy. He shall not tread on me;
I'll run away till I am bigger, but then I'll fight.

Cor. Not of a woman's tenderness to be,
Requires nor child nor woman's face to see.
I have sat too long.

[*Rising.*

Vol. Nay, go not from us thus.

If it were so, that our request did tend
To save the Romans, thereby to destroy
The Volces whom you serve, you might condemn us,
As poisonous of your honor. No; our suit
Is, that you reconcile them; while the Volces
May say, *This mercy we have showed*; the Romans,
This we received; and each in either side
Give the all-hail to thee, and cry, *Be blessed
For making up this peace!* Thou know'st, great son,
The end of war's uncertain; but this certain,
That, if thou conquer Rome, the benefit
Which thou shalt thereby reap, is such a name,
Whose repetition will be dogged with curses;
Whose chronicle thus writ,—*The man was noble,
But with his last attempt he wiped it out;
Destroyed his country; and his name remains
To the ensuing age, abhorred.* Speak to me, son.
Thou hast affected the fine strains of honor,
To imitate the graces of the gods;
To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o' the air,
And yet to charge thy sulphur with a bolt
That should but rive an oak. Why dost not speak?
Think'st thou it honorable for a noble man
Still to remember wrongs?—Daughter, speak you;
He cares not for your weeping.—Speak thou, boy;
Perhaps thy childishness will move him more
Than can our reasons.—There is no man in the world
More bound to his mother: yet here he lets me prate
Like one i' the stocks. Thou hast never in thy life
Showed thy dear mother any courtesy;
When she, (poor hen!) fond of no second brood,
Has clucked thee to the wars, and safely home,
Loaden with honor. Say, my request's unjust,
And spurn me back; but, if it be not so,
Thou art not honest; and the gods will plague thee,
That thou restrain'st from me the duty, which
To a mother's part belongs.—He turns away.
Down, ladies; let us shame him with our knees.
To his surname Coriolanus 'longs more pride
Than pity to our prayers. Down; an end.
This is the last;—so we will home to Rome,
And die among our neighbors.—Nay, behold us;
This boy, that cannot tell what he would have,
But kneels, and holds up hands, for fellowship,
Does reason our petition with more strength
Than thou hast to deny't.—Come, let us go;

This fellow had a Volcian to his mother;
His wife is in Corioli; and his child,
Like him, by chance.—Yet give us our despatch;
I am hushed until our city be afire,
And then I'll speak a little.

Cor.

O mother, mother!

[*Holding VOLUMNIA by the hands, silent.*

What have you done? Behold, the heavens do ope,
The gods look down, and this unnatural scene
They laugh at. O my mother, mother! O!
You have won a happy victory to Rome;
But, for your son,—believe it, O, believe it,—
Most dangerously you have with him prevailed,
If not most mortal to him. But, let it come;—
Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars,
I'll frame convenient peace. Now, good Aufidius,
Were you in my stead, say, would you have heard
A mother less? or granted less, Aufidius?

Auf. I was moved withal.

Cor.

I dare be sworn you were:

And, sir, it is no little thing, to make
Mine eyes to sweat compassion. But good sir,
What peace, you'll make, advise me. For my part,
I'll not to Rome, I'll back with you; and pray you
Stand to me in this cause.—O mother! wife!

Auf. I am glad thou hast set thy mercy and thy honor
At difference in thee; out of that I'll work
Myself a former fortune.

[*Aside.*

[*The Ladies make signs to CORIO LANUS.*

Cor.

Ay, by and by;

[*To VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, &c.*

But we will drink together; and you shall bear
A better witness back than words, which we,
On like conditions, will have counter-sealed.
Come, enter with us. Ladies, you deserve
To have a temple built you; all the swords
In Italy, and her confederate arms,
Could not have made this peace.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. Rome. *A Public Place.*

Enter MENENIUS and SICINIUS.

Men. See you yond' coign o' the Capitol; yond' corner
stone?

Sic. Why, what of that?

Men. If it be possible for you to displace it with your little finger, there is some hope the ladies of Rome, especially his mother, may prevail with him. But I say, there is no nope in't; our throats are sentenced, and stay upon execution.

Sic. Is't possible that so short a time can alter the condition of a man?

Men. There is differency between a grub and a butterfly; yet your butterfly was a grub. This Marcius is grown from man to dragon; he has wings: he's more than a creeping thing.

Sic. He loved his mother dearly.

Men. So did he me; and he no more remembers his mother now, than an eight-year-old horse. The tartness of his face sours ripe grapes. When he walks, he moves like an engine, and the ground shrinks before his treading. He is able to pierce a corselet with his eye; talks like a knell, and his hum is a battery. He sits in his state, as a thing made for Alexander. What he bids be done, is finished with his bidding. He wants nothing of a god but eternity, and a heaven to throne in.

Sic. Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

Men. I paint him in the character. Mark what mercy his mother shall bring from him. There is no more mercy in him than there is milk in a male tiger; that shall our poor city find; and all this is 'long of you.

Sic. The gods be good unto us!

Men. No, in such a case the gods will not be good unto us. When we banished him, we respected not them; and, he returning to break our necks, they respect not us.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Sir, if you'd save your life, fly to your house; The plebeians have got your fellow tribune, And hale him up and down; all swearing, if The Roman ladies bring not comfort home, They'll give him death by inches.

Enter another Messenger.

Sic. What's the news?

Mess. Good news, good news.—The ladies have prevailed The Volces are dislodged, and Marcius gone: A merrier day did never yet greet Rome, No, not the expulsion of the Tarquins.

Sic. Friend,

Art thou certain this is true? Is it most certain?

Mess. As certain as I know the sun is fire.

Where have you lurked, that you make doubt of it?
 Ne'er through the arch so hurried the blown tide,
 As the recomforted through the gates. Why, hark you;

[*Trumpets and hautboys sounded, and drums beaten,
 all together. Shouting also within.*

The trumpets, sackbuts, psalteries, and fifes,
 Tabors, and cymbals, and the shouting Romans,
 Make the sun dance. Hark you! [*Shouting again.*

Men. This is good news;

I will go meet the ladies. This Volumnia
 Is worth of consuls, senators, patricians,
 A city full; of tribunes, such as you,
 A sea and land full. You have prayed well to-day;
 This morning, for ten thousand of your throats
 I'd not have given a doit. Hark, how they joy!
 [*Shouting and music.*

Sic. First, the gods bless you for your tidings; next,
 Accept my thankfulness.

Mess. Sir, we have all
 Great cause to give great thanks.

Sic. They are near the city?

Mess. Almost at point to enter.

Sic. We will meet them,
 And help the joy. [*Going.*

*Enter the Ladies, accompanied by Senators, Patricians, and
 People. They pass over the stage.*

1 *Sen.* Behold our patroness, the life of Rome.
 Call all your tribes together, praise the gods,
 And make triumphant fires; strew flowers before them;
 Unshout the noise that banished Marcius,
 Repeal him with the welcome of his mother:
 Cry,—*Welcome, ladies, welcome!*—

All. Welcome, ladies!
 Welcome! [*A flourish with drums and trumpets.*
 [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. Antium. A public Place.

Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, with Attendants.

Auf. Go tell the lords of the city, I am here.
 Deliver them this paper: having read it,
 Bid them repair to the market-place; where I,
 Even in theirs and in the commons' ears,
 Will vouch the truth of it. Him I accuse,
 The city ports by this hath entered, and

Intends to appear before the people, hoping
To purge himself with words. Despatch.

[*Exeunt Attendants*]

Enter three or four Conspirators of Aufidius' faction.

Most welcome!

1 *Con.* How is it with our general?

Auf. Even so,
As with a man by his own alms empoisoned,
And with his charity slain.

2 *Con.* Most noble sir,
If you do hold the same intent wherein
You wished us parties, we'll deliver you
Of your great danger.

Auf. Sir, I cannot tell;
We must proceed as we do find the people.

3 *Con.* The people will remain uncertain, whilst
'Twixt you there's difference; but the fall of either
Makes the survivor heir of all.

Auf. I know it:
And my pretext to strike at him admits
A good construction. I raised him, and I pawned
Mine honor for his truth; who being so heightened,
He watered his new plants with dews of flattery,
Seducing so my friends; and, to this end,
He bowed his nature, never known before
But to be rough, unswayable, and free.

3 *Con.* Sir, his stoutness,
When he did stand for consul, which he lost
By lack of stooping,—

Auf. That I would have spoke of.
Being banished for't, he came unto my hearth;
Presented to my knife his throat. I took him;
Made him joint servant with me; gave him way
In all his own desires; nay, let him choose
Out of my files, his projects to accomplish,
My best and freshest men; served his designments
In mine own person; help to reap the fame,
Which he did end all his; and took some pride
To do myself this wrong: till, at the last,
I seemed his follower, not partner; and
He waged me with his countenance, as if
I had been mercenary.

1 *Con.* So he did, my lord;
The army marvelled at it. And, in the last,

When he had carried Rome; and that we looked
For no less spoil, than glory,——

Auf. There was it;——
For which my sinews shall be stretched upon him.
At a few drops of women's rheum, which are
As cheap as lies, he sold the blood and labor
Of our great action; therefore shall he die,
And I'll renew me in his fall. But, hark!
[Drums and trumpets sound, with great
shouts of the people.]

1 Con. Your native town you entered like a post,
And had no welcomes home; but he returns,
Splitting the air with noise.

2 Con. And patient fools,
Whose children he hath slain, their base throats tear,
With giving him glory.

3 Con. Therefore, at your vantage,
Ere he express himself, or move the people
With what he would say, let him feel your sword,
Which we will second. When he lies along,
After your way his tale pronounced, shall bury
His reasons with his body.

Auf. Say no more;
Here come the lords.

Enter the Lords of the city.

Lords. You are most welcome home.

Auf. I have not deserved it.
But, worthy lords, have you with heed perused
What I have written to you?

Lords. We have.

1 Lord. And grieve to hear it.
What faults he made before the last, I think,
Might have found easy fines; but there to end
Where he was to begin; and give away
The benefit of our levies, answering us
With our own charge; making a treaty, where
There was a yielding; this admits no excuse.

Auf. He approaches; you shall hear him.

*Enter CORIOLANUS, with drums and colors; a crowd of
Citizens with him.*

Cor. Hail, lords! I am returned your soldier;
No more infected with my country's love,

Than when I parted hence, but still subsisting
Under your great command. You are to know,
That prosperously I have attempted, and
With bloody passage, led your wars, even to
The gates of Rome. Our spoils we have brought home,
Do more than counterpoise, a full third part,
The charges of the action. We have made peace
With no less honor to the Antiates,
Than shame to the Romans. And we here deliver,
Subscribed by the consuls and patricians,
Together with the seal o' the senate, what
We have compounded on.

Auf. Read it not, noble lords;
But tell the traitor, in the highest degree
He hath abused your powers.

Cor. Traitor!—How now?

Auf. Ay, traitor, Marcius.

Cor. Marcius!

Auf. Ay, Marcius, Caius Marcius. Dost thou think
I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stolen name,
Coriolanus in Corioli?—
You lords and heads of the state, perfidiously
He has betrayed your business, and given up,
For certain drops of salt, your city Rome,
(I say your city,) to his wife and mother;
Breaking his oath and resolution, like
A twist of rotten silk; never admitting
Counsel o' the war; but at his nurse's tears
He whined and roared away your victory;
That pages blushed at him, and men of heart
Looked wondering at each other.

Cor. Hear'st thou, Mars?

Auf. Name not the god, thou boy of tears,—

Cor. Ha!

Auf. No more.

Cor. Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart
Too great for what contains it. Boy! O slave!
Pardon me, lords, 'tis the first time that ever
I was forced to scold. Your judgments, my grave lords,
Must give this cur the lie; and his own notion
(Who wears my stripes impressed on him; that must bear
My beating to his grave) shall join to thrust
The lie unto him.

1 Lord. Peace, both, and hear me speak.

Cor. Cut me to pieces, Volces; men and lads,
Stain all your edges on me.—Boy! False hound!
If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,
That, like an eagle in a dovecote, I
Fluttered your Volces in Corioli:
Alone I did it.—Boy!

Auf. Why, noble lords,
Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune,
Which was your shame, by this unholy braggart,
'Fore your own eyes and ears?

Con. Let him die for't. [*Several speak at once.*

Cit. [*Speaking promiscuously.*] Tear him to pieces; do
it presently. He killed my son;—my daughter;—He
killed my cousin Marcus;—He killed my father!—

2 Lord. Peace, ho;—no outrage;—peace.
The man is noble, and his fame folds in
This orb o' the earth. His last offence to us
Shall have judicious hearing.—Stand, Aufidius,
And trouble not the peace.

Cor. O that I had him,
With six Aufidiuses, or more, his tribe,
To use my lawful sword!

Auf. Insolent villain!

Con. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him.

[*AUFIDIUS and the Conspirators draw and kill Co-
RIOLANUS, who falls, and AUFIDIUS stands on him.*

Lords. Hold, hold, hold, hold.

Auf. My noble masters, hear me speak.

1 Lord. O Tullus!—

2 Lord. Thou hast done a deed whereat valor will weep.

3 Lord. Tread not upon him.—Masters all, be quiet;
Put up your swords.

Auf. My lords, when you shall know (as in this rage,
Provoked by him, you cannot) the great danger
Which this man's life did owe you, you'll rejoice
That he is thus cut off. Please it your honors
To call me to your senate, I'll deliver
Myself your loyal servant, or endure
Your heaviest censure.

1 Lord. Bear from hence his body,
And mourn you for him; let him be regarded
As the most noble corse that ever herald
Did follow to his urn.

2 *Lord.* His own impatience
Takes from Aufidius a great part of blame.
Let's make the best of it.

Auf. My rage is gone,
And I am struck with sorrow.—Take him up:
Help, three o' the chiefest soldiers; I'll be one.—
Beat thou the drum that it speak mournfully;
Trail your steel pikes.—Though in this city he
Hath widowed and unchilded many a one,
Which to this hour bewail the injury,
Yet he shall have a noble memory.—
Assist. [*Exeunt, bearing the body of CORIOLANUS*
A dead march sounded.]

JULIUS CÆSAR.

JULIUS CÆSAR

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

OCTAVIUS CÆSAR,
MARCUS ANTONIUS,
M. ÆMIL. LEPIDUS, } *Triumvirs after the death of Julius Cæsar.*

CICERO, PUBLIUS, POPILIUS LENA, *Senators.*

MARCUS BRUTUS,
CASSIUS,
CASCA,
TREBONIUS,
LIGARIUS,
DECIUS BRUTUS,
METELLUS CIMBER,
CINNA, } *Conspirators against Julius Cæsar.*

FLAVIUS and MARULLUS, *Tribunes.*

ARTEMIDORUS, *a Sophist of Onidos.*

A Soothsayer,

CINNA, *a Poet. Another Poet.*

LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, young CATO, and VOLUMNIUS,
Friends to Brutus and Cassius.

VARRO, CLITUS, CLAUDIUS, STRATO, LUCIUS, DARDANIUS,
Servants to Brutus.

PINDARUS, *Servant to Cassius.*

CALPHURNIA, *Wife to Cæsar.*

PORTIA, *Wife to Brutus.*

Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, &c.

SCENE, *during a great part of the Play, at Rome; afterwards
at Sardis, and near Philippi.*

JULIUS CÆSAR.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Rome. *A Street.*

Enter FLAVIUS, MARULLUS, *and a rabble of* Citizens.

Flavius. HENCE; home, you idle creatures, get you home;
Is this a holiday? What! know you not,
Being mechanical, you ought not walk,
Upon a laboring day, without the sign
Of your profession? Speak, what trade art thou?

1 *Cit.* Why, sir, a carpenter.

Mar. Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule?
What dost thou with thy best apparel on?
You, sir; what trade are you?

2 *Cit.* Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am but,
as you would say, a cobbler.

Mar. But what trade art thou? Answer me directly.

2 *Cit.* A trade, sir, that, I hope, I may use with a safe
conscience; which is, indeed, sir, a mender of bad soles.

Mar. What trade, thou knave; thou naughty knave, what
trade?

2 *Cit.* Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me; yet,
if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

Mar. What mean'st thou by that? Mend me, thou saucy
fellow?

2 *Cit.* Why, sir, cobble you?

Flav. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

2 *Cit.* Truly, sir, all that I live by is, with the awl: I
meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters,
but with awl. I am indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes;
when they are in great danger, I recover them. As proper
men as ever trod upon neat's leather have gone upon my
handy work.

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day? Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

2 *Cit.* Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But, indeed, sir, we make holiday to see Cæsar, and to rejoice in his triumph.

Mar. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home? What tributaries follow him to Rome, To grace in captive bonds his chariot-wheels? You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things! O, you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome, Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft Have you climbed up to walls and battlements, To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops, Your infants in your arms, and there have sat The live-long day, with patient expectation, To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome; And when you saw his chariot but appear, Have you not made an universal shout, That Tyber trembled underneath her banks, To hear the replication of your sounds, Made in her concave shores?

And do you now put on your best attire?
And do you now cull out a holiday?
And do you now strew flowers in his way,
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
Be gone;

Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

Flav. Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this fault,
Assemble all the poor men of your sort;
Draw them to Tyber banks, and weep your tears
Into the channel, till the lowest stream
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all. [*Exeunt Citizens.*]
See, whe'r their basest metal be not moved;
They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness,
Go you down that way towards the Capitol;
This way will I. Disrobe the images,
If you do find them decked with ceremonies.

Mar. May we do so?
You know it is the feast of Lupercal.

Flav. It is no matter; let no images
Be hung with Cæsar's trophies. I'll about,
And drive away the vulgar from the streets;
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
These growing feathers plucked from Cæsar's wing,

Will make him fly an ordinary pitch;
 Who else would soar above the view of men,
 And keep us all in servile fearfulness. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *The same. A public Place.*

Enter, in procession, with music, CÆSAR, ANTONY, for the course; CALPHURNIA, PORTIA, DECIUS, CICERO, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and CASCA, a great crowd following, among them a Soothsayer.

Cæs. Calphurnia,—

Casca. Peace, ho! Cæsar speaks.

[Music ceases.

Cæs.

Calphurnia,—

Cal. Here, my lord.

Cæs. Stand you directly in Antonius' way,
 When he doth run his course.—Antonius!

Ant. Cæsar, my lord!

Cæs. Forget not in your speed, Antonius,
 To touch Calphurnia; for our elders say.
 The barren, touched in this holy chase,
 Shake off their sterile curse.

Ant. I shall remember;
 When Cæsar says, *Do this*, it is performed.

Cæs. Set on; and leave no ceremony out. [Music.

Sooth. Cæsar!

Cæs. Ha! who calls?

Casca. Bid every noise be still.—Peace yet again.

[Music ceases.

Cæs. Who is it in the press that calls on me?
 I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,
 Cry, Cæsar. Speak; Cæsar is turned to hear.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cæs.

What man is that?

Bru. A soothsayer, bids you beware the ides of March.

Cæs. Set him before me; let me see his face.

Cas. Fellow, come from the throng. Look upon Cæsar.

Cæs. What say'st thou to me now? Speak once again.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cæs. He is a dreamer; let us leave him;—pass.

[Sennet. Exeunt all but BRU. and CAS.

Cas. Will you go see the order of the course?

Bru. Not I.

Cas. I pray you, do.

Bru. I am not gamesome; I do lack some part

Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.
Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires;
I'll leave you.

Cas. Brutus, I do observe you now of late.
I have not from your eyes that gentleness,
And show of love, as I was wont to have;
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.

Bru. Cassius,
Be not deceived; if I have veiled my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am,
Of late, with passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some soil, perhaps, to my behaviors;
But let not therefore my good friends be grieved,
(Among which number, Cassius, be you one,)
Nor construe any further my neglect,
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war.
Forgets the shows of love to other men.

Cas. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion,
By means whereof, this breast of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?

Bru. No, Cassius; for the eye sees not itself,
But by reflection, by some other things.

Cas. 'Tis just;
And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirrors, as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. I have heard,
Where many of the best respect in Rome,
(Except immortal Cæsar,) speaking of Brutus,
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wished that noble Brutus had his eyes.

Bru. Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,
That you would have me seek into myself
For that which is not in me?

Cas. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepared to hear:
And, since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which you yet know not of.
And be not jealous of me, gentle Brutus.
Were I a common laughèr, or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love

To every new protester; if you know
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,
And after scandal them; or if you know
That I profess myself in banqueting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

[*Flourish and shout*
Bru. What means this shouting? I do fear the people
Choose Cæsar for their king.

Cas. Ay, do you fear it?
Then must I think you would not have it so.

Bru. I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well.—
But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
What is it that you would impart to me?
If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honor in one eye, and death i' the other,
And I will look on both indifferently;
For, let the gods so speed me, as I love
The name of honor more than I fear death.

Cas. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favor.
Well, honor is the subject of my story.—
I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life; but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be, as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as Cæsar; so were you.
We both have fed as well; and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he.
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tyber chafing with her shores,
Cæsar said to me, *Dar'st thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?* Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
And bade him follow; so, indeed, he did.
The torrent roared; and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews; throwing it aside,
And stemming it with hearts of controversy.
But ere we could arrive the point proposed,
Cæsar cried, *Help me, Cassius, or I sink.*
I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so, from the waves of Tyber,
Did I the tired Cæsar. And this man
Is now become a god; and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bond his body,

If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And, when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake. 'Tis true, this god did shake:
His coward lips did from their colour fly;
And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,
Did lose his lustre. I did hear him groan;
Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
Alas! it cried, *Give me some drink, Titinius*;
As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world,
And bear the palm alone. [Shout. Flourish

Bru. Another general shout!

I do believe that these applauses are
For some new honors that are heaped on Cæsar.

Cas. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world,
Like a Colossus; and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonorable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Brutus, and Cæsar! what should be in that Cæsar?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with them,
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar. [Shout
Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art shamed!
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was famed with more than with one man?
When could they say, till now, that talked of Rome,
That her wide walls encompassed but one man?
Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.
O! you and I have heard our fathers say,
There was a Brutus once, that would have brooked
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome,
As easily as a king.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
What you would work me to, I have some aim;

How I have thought of this, and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter; for this present,
I would not, so with love I might entreat you,
Be any further moved. What you have said,
I will consider; what you have to say,
I will with patience hear; and find a time
Both meet to hear, and answer, such high things.
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this;
Brutus had rather be a villager,
Than to repute himself a son of Rome,
Under these hard conditions as this time
Is like to lay upon us.

Cas. I am glad that my weak words
Have struck but thus much show of fire from Brutus.

Re-enter CÆSAR and his Train.

Bru. The games are done, and Cæsar is returning.

Cas. As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve;
And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you
What hath proceeded, worthy note, to-day.

Bru. I will do so.—But, look you, Cassius,
The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden train.
Calphurnia's cheek is pale; and Cicero
Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes,
As we have seen him in the Capitol,
Being crossed in conference by some senators.

Cas. Casca will tell us what the matter is.

Cæs. Antonius,—

Ant. Cæsar.

Cæs. Let me have men about me that are fat;
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights.
Yond' Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much; such men are dangerous.

Ant. Fear him not, Cæsar; he's not dangerous;
He's a noble Roman, and well given.

Cæs. 'Would he were fatter.—But I fear him not.
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men. He loves no plays,
As thou dost, Antony: he hears no music:
Seldom he smiles; and smiles in such a sort,
As if he mocked himself, and scorned his spirit
That could be moved to smile at any thing.

Such men as he be never at heart's ease,
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves;
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be feared,
Than what I fear, for always I am Cæsar.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

[Exeunt CÆSAR and his Train. CASCA stays behind.]

Casca. You pulled me by the cloak; would you speak with me?

Bru. Ay, Casca; tell us what hath chanced to-day,
That Cæsar looks so sad.

Casca. Why, you were with him, were you not?

Bru. I should not then ask Casca what hath chanced.

Casca. Why, there was a crown offered him; and being offered him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus; and then the people fell a shouting.

Bru. What was the second noise for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Cas. They shouted thrice; what was the last cry for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Bru. Was the crown offered him thrice?

Casca. Ay, marry, was't; and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other; and at every putting by, mine honest neighbors shouted.

Cas. Who offered him the crown?

Casca. Why, Antony.

Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

Casca. I can as well be hanged, as tell the manner of it; it was mere foolery. I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown;—yet 'twas not a crown neither; 'twas one of these coronets;—and, as I told you, he put it by once; but, for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again; then he put it by again; but, to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time; he put it the third time by; and still, as he refused it, the rabblement hooted, and clapped their chapped hands, and threw up their sweaty night-caps, and uttered such a deal of stinking breath because Cæsar refused the crown, that it had almost choked Cæsar; for he swooned, and fell down at it. And for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips, and receiving the bad air.

Cas. But, soft, I pray you; what? did Cæsar swoon?

Casca. He fell down in the market-place, and foamed at mouth, and was speechless.

Bru. 'Tis very like, he hath the falling-sickness.

Cas. No, Cæsar hath it not; but you, and I,
And honest Casca, we have the falling-sickness.

Casca. I know not what you mean by that; but I am sure Cæsar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him and hiss him, according as he pleased and displeased them, as they use to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man.

Bru. What said he, when he came unto himself?

Casca. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceived the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he plucked me ope his doublet, and offered them his throat to cut.—An I had been a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues; and so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, if he had done, or said, any thing amiss, he desired their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried, *Alas, good soul!*—and forgave him with all their hearts. But there's no heed to be taken of them; if Cæsar had stabbed their mothers, they would have done no less.

Bru. And after that, he came, thus sad, away?

Casca. Ay.

Cas. Did Cicero say any thing?

Casca. Ay, he spoke Greek.

Cas. To what effect?

Casca. Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' the face again. But those that understood him smiled at one another, and shook their heads; but, for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too: Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Cæsar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

Cas. Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?

Casca. No, I am promised forth.

Cas. Will you dine with me to-morrow?

Casca. Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner worth the eating.

Cas. Good; I will expect you.

Casca. Do so. Farewell, both. [Exit CASCA.]

Bru. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be!
He was quick mettle when he went to school.

Cas. So he is now, in execution
Of any bold or noble enterprise,

However he puts on this tardy form.
This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,
Which gives men stomach to digest his words
With better appetite.

Bru. And so it is. For this time I will leave you.
To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,
I will come home to you; or, if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

Cas. I will do so.—Till then, think of the world.

[*Exit BRUTUS.*

Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see,
Thy honorable metal may be wrought
From that it is disposed. Therefore 'tis meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes;
For who so firm, that cannot be seduced?
Cæsar doth bear me hard; but he loves Brutus.
If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,
He should not humor me. I will this night,
In several hands, in at his windows throw,
As if they came from several citizens,
Writings, all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his name; wherein obscurely
Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at.
And, after this, let Cæsar seat him sure;
For we will shake him, or worse days endure. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *The same. A Street.*

Thunder and lightning. Enter, from opposite sides, CASCA, with his sword drawn, and CICERO.

Cic. Good even, Casca. Brought you Cæsar home?
Why are you breathless? and why stare you so?

Casca. Are not you moved, when all the sway of earth
Shakes, like a thing unfirm? O Cicero,
I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds
Have rived the knotty oaks; and I have seen
The ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam,
To be exalted with the threatening clouds;
But never till to-night, never till now,
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.
Either there is a civil strife in heaven;
Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,
Incenses them to send destruction.

Cic. Why, saw you any thing more wonderful?

Casca. A common slave (you know him well by sight)

Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn
Like twenty torches joined; and yet his hand,
Not sensible of fire, remained unscorched.
Besides, (I have not since put up my sword,)
Against the Capitol I met a lion,
Who glared upon me, and went surly by,
Without annoying me. And there were drawn
Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,
Transformed with their fear; who swore they saw
Men, all in fire, walk up and down the streets.
And yesterday, the bird of night did sit,
Even at noon-day, upon the market-place,
Hooting, and shrieking. When these prodigies
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,
These are their reasons,—They are natural;
For I believe they are portentous things
Unto the climate that they point upon.

Cic. Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time;
But men may construe things after their fashion,
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.
Comes Cæsar to the Capitol to-morrow?

Casca. He doth; for he did bid Antonius
Send word to you, he would be there to-morrow.

Cic. Good night, then, Casca; this disturbed sky
Is not to walk in.

Casca. Farewell, Cicero. [Exit CICERO

Enter CASSIUS.

Cas. Who's there?

Casca. A Roman.

Cas. Casca, by your voice.

Casca. Your ear is good. Cassius, what night is this?

Cas. A very pleasing night to honest men.

Casca. Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

Cas. Those that have known the earth so full of faults.
For my part, I have walked about the streets,
Submitting me unto the perilous night;
And, thus unbraced, Casca, as you see,
Have bared my bosom to the thunder-stone;
And, when the cross blue lightning seemed to open
The breast of heaven, I did present myself
Even in the aim and very flash of it.

Casca. But wherefore did you so much tempt the heavens?
It is the part of men to fear and tremble,
When the most mighty gods, by tokens, send
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

Cas. You are dull, Casca; and those sparks of life
That should be in a Roman, you do want,
Or else you use not. You look pale, and gaze,
And put on fear, and cast yourself in wonder,
To see the strange impatience of the heavens;
But if you would consider the true cause,
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,
Why birds, and beasts, from quality and kind;
Why old men, fools, and children calculate;
Why all these things change, from their ordinance,
Their natures, and pre-formed faculties,
To monstrous quality; why, you shall find,
That Heaven hath infused them with these spirits,
To make them instruments of fear and warning,
Unto some monstrous state. Now could I, Casca,
Name to thee a man most like this dreadful night;
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars
As doth the lion in the Capitol;
A man no mightier than thyself, or me,
In personal action; yet prodigious grown,
And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

Casca. 'Tis Cæsar that you mean. Is it not, Cassius?

Cas. Let it be who it is; for Romans now
Have thews and limbs like to their ancestors;
But, woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead,
And we are governed with our mothers' spirits;
Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.

Casca. Indeed, they say, the senators to-morrow
Mean to establish Cæsar as a king:
And he shall wear his crown by sea and land,
In every place, save here in Italy.

Cas. I know where I will wear this dagger then.
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius:
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong;
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat;
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit;
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
If I know this, know all the world besides,
That part of tyranny, that I do bear,
I can shake off at pleasure.

Casca. So can I;
So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.

Cas. And why should Cæsar be a tyrant, then?
Poor man! I know he would not be a wolf,
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep;
He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire,
Begin it with weak straws. What trash is Rome,
What rubbish, and what offal, when it serves
For the base matter to illuminate
So vile a thing as Cæsar? But, O grief!
Where hast thou led me? I, perhaps, speak this
Before a willing bondman; then I know
My answer must be made. But I am armed,
And dangers are to me indifferent.

Casca. You speak to Casca; and to such a man,
That is no fleering telltale. Hold my hand:
Be factious for redress of all these griefs;
And I will set this foot of mine as far,
As who goes farthest.

Cas. There's a bargain made.
Now know you, Casca, I have moved already
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans,
To undergo with me an enterprise
Of honorable-dangerous consequence;
And I do know by this, they stay for me
In Pompey's porch; for now, this fearful night
There is no stir, or walking in the streets;
And the complexion of the element,
In favor's like the work we have in hand,
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

Enter CINNA.

Casca. Stand close awhile, for here comes one in haste.

Cas. 'Tis Cinna; I do know him by his gait;
He is a friend.—Cinna, where haste you so?

Cin. To find out you. Who's that? Metellus Cimber?

Cas. No, it is Casca; one incorporate
To our attempts. Am I not staid for, Cinna?

Cin. I am glad on't. What a fearful night is this!
There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.

Cas. Am I not staid for, Cinna? Tell me.

Cin.

Yes,

You are. O Cassius, if you could but win
The noble Brutus to our party——

Cas. Be you content. Good Cinna, take this paper,
And look you lay it in the prætor's chair,
Where Brutus may but find it; and throw this

In at his window; set this up with wax
Upon old Brutus' statue: all this done,
Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.
Is Decius Brutus, and Trebonius, there?

Cin. All but Metellus Cimber; and he's gone
To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,
And so bestow these papers as you bade me.

Cas. That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.

[*Exit CINNA.*

Come, Casca, you and I will yet, ere day,
See Brutus at his house: three parts of him
Is ours already; and the man entire,
Upon the next encounter, yields him ours.

Casca. O, he sits high in all the people's hearts;
And that which would appear offence in us,
His countenance, like richest alchemy,
Will change to virtue, and to worthiness.

Cas. Him and his worth, and our great need of him,
You have right well conceited. Let us go,
For it is after midnight; and, ere day,
We will awaks him, and be sure of him.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The same.* Brutus's Orchard.

Enter BRUTUS.

Bru. What, Lucius! ho!
I cannot, by the progress of the stars,
Give guess how near to day.—Lucius, I say!—
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.—
When, Lucius, when? Awake, I say. What, Lucius!

Enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Called you, my lord?

Bru. Get me a taper in my study, Lucius;
When it is lighted, come and call me here.

Luc. I will, my lord.

[*Exit.*

Bru. It must be by his death; and for my part,
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the general. He would be crowned;—
How that might change his nature, there's the question.
It is the bright day that brings forth the adder;

And that craves wary walking. Crown him?—That;—
 And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
 That at his will he may do danger with.
 The abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins
 Remorse from power. And, to speak truth of Cæsar,
 I have not known when his affections swayed
 More than his reason.—But 'tis a common proof,
 That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
 Whereto the climber-upward turns his face;
 But when he once attains the upmost round,
 He then unto the ladder turns his back,
 Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
 By which he did ascend. So Cæsar may;
 Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel
 Will bear no color for the thing he is,
 Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented,
 Would run to these, and these extremities;
 And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,
 Which, hatched, would, as his kind, grow mischievous,
 And kill him in the shell.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. The taper burneth in your closet, sir
 Searching the window for a flint, I found
 This paper, thus sealed up; and I am sure
 It did not lie there when I went to bed.

Bru. Get you to bed again; it is not day.
 Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March?

Luc. I know not, sir.

Bru. Look in the calendar, and bring me word.

Luc. I will sir.

[Exit.]

Bru. The exhalations, whizzing in the air,
 Give so much light, that I may read by them.

[Opens the letter, and reads.]

Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake, and see thyself.

Shall Rome, &c. Speak, strike, redress!

Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake,——

Such instigations have been often dropped
 Where I have took them up.

Shall Rome, &c. Thus must I piece it out;

Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What! Rome?

My ancestors did from the streets of Rome

The Tarquin drive, when he was called a king.

Speak, strike, redress!—Am I entreated

To speak, and strike? O Rome! I make thee promise,

If the redress will follow, thou receivest
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, March is wasted fourteen days.

[*Knock within.*

Bru. 'Tis good. Go to the gate; somebody knocks.

[*Exit LUCIUS.*

Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar,
I have not slept.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:
The genius, and the mortal instruments,
Are then in council; and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius at the door
Who doth desire to see you.

Bru. Is he alone?

Luc. No, sir; there are more with him.

Bru. Do you know them?

Luc. No, sir; their hats are plucked about their ears,
And half their faces buried in their cloaks,
That by no means I may discover them
By any mark of favor.

Bru. Let them enter. [*Exit LUCIUS.*
They are the faction. O conspiracy!
Sham'st thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,
When evils are most free? O then, by day,
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, conspiracy;
Hide it in smiles, and affability;
For if thou path thy native semblance on,
Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.

*Enter CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, CINNA, METELLUS CIMBER,
and TREBONIUS.*

Cas. I think we are too bold upon your rest;
Good morrow, Brutus. Do we trouble you?

Bru. I have been up this hour; awake, all night.
Know I these men that come along with you?

Cas. Yes, every man of them; and no man here,

But honors you: and every one doth wish,
You had but that opinion of yourself,
Which every noble Roman bears of you.
This is Trebonius.

Bru. He is welcome hither.

Cas. This, Decius Brutus.

Bru. He is welcome too.

Cas. This, Casca; this, Cinna;
And this, Metellus Cimber.

Bru. They are all welcome.
What watchful cares do interpose themselves
Betwixt your eyes and night?

Cas. Shall I entreat a word? [*They whisper.*]

Dec. Here lies the east. Doth not the day break here?

Casca. No.

Cin. O, pardon, sir, it doth; and yon gray lines,
That fret the clouds, are messengers of day.

Casca. You shall confess that you are both deceived.
Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises;
Which is a great way growing on the south,
Weighing the youthful season of the year.
Some two months hence, up higher toward the north
He first presents his fire; and the high east
Stands as the Capitol, directly here.

Bru. Give me your hands all over, one by one.

Cas. And let us swear our resolution.

Bru. No, not an oath. If not the face of men,
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,—
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man hence to his idle bed;
So let high-sighted tyranny range on,
Till each man drop by lottery. But if these,
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough
To kindle cowards, and to steel with valor
The melting spirits of women; then, countrymen,
What need we any spur but our own cause,
To prick us to redress? what other bond,
Than secret Romans, that have spoke the word
And will not palter? and what other oath,
Than honesty to honesty engaged,
That this shall be, or we will fall for it?
Swear priests, and cowards, and men cautelous,
Old, feeble carrions, and such suffering souls
That welcome wrongs; unto bad causes swear
Such creatures as men doubt; but do not stain
The even virtue of our enterprise,

Nor the insuppressive mettle of our spirits,
To think that, or our cause, or our performance,
Did need an oath; when every drop of blood,
That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
Is guilty of a several bastardy,
If he do break the smallest particle
Of any promise that hath passed from him.

Cas. But what of Cicero? Shall we sound him?
I think he will stand very strong with us.

Casca. Let us not leave him out.

Cin.

No, by no means.

Met. O, let us have him; for his silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opinion,
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds.
It shall be said his judgment ruled our hands;
Our youths, and wildness, shall no whit appear,
But all be buried in his gravity.

Bru. O, name him not; let us not break with him;
For he will never follow any thing
That other men begin.

Cas. Then leave him out.

Casca. Indeed, he is not fit.

Dec. Shall no man else be touched but only Cæsar?

Cas. Decius, well urged;—I think it is not meet,
Mark Antony, so well beloved of Cæsar,
Should outlive Cæsar. We shall find of him
A shrewd contriver; and, you know, his means,
If he improve them, may well stretch so far,
As to annoy us all; which to prevent,
Let Antony and Cæsar fall together.

Bru. Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius,
To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs;
Like wrath in death, and envy afterwards;
For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar.
Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.
We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar;
And in the spirit of men there is no blood.
O that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit,
And not dismember Cæsar! But, alas,
Cæsar must bleed for it! And, gentle friends,
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds;
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
Stir up their servants to an act of rage,
And after seem to chide them. This shall make

Our purpose necessary, and not envious;
Which so appearing to the common eyes,
We shall be called purgers, not murderers.
And for Mark Antony, think not of him;
For, he can do no more than Cæsar's arm,
When Cæsar's head is off.

Cas. Yet I do fear him;

For, in the ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar,——

Bru. Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him;
If he love Cæsar, all that he can do
Is to himself; take thought, and die for Cæsar;
And that were much he should; for he is given
To sports, to wildness, and much company.

Treb. There is no fear in him; let him not die;
For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter. [*Clock strikes.*]

Bru. Peace; count the clock.

Cas. The clock hath stricken three.

Treb. 'Tis time to part.

Cas. But it is doubtful yet,
Whe'r Cæsar will come forth to-day, or no;
For he is superstitious grown of late;
Quite from the main opinion he held once
Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies.
It may be, these apparent prodigies,
The unaccustomed terror of this night,
And the persuasion of his augurers,
May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

Dec. Never fear that. If he be so resolved,
I can o'ersway him; for he loves to hear,
That unicorns may be betrayed with trees,
And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,
Lions with toils, and men with flatterers.
But when I tell him he hates flatterers,
He says, he does; being then most flattered.
Let me work;

For I can give his humor the true bent;
And I will bring him to the Capitol.

Cas. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.

Bru. By the eighth hour; is that the uttermost?

Cin. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

Met. Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard,
Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey,
I wonder none of you have thought of him.

Bru. Now, good Metellus, go along by him;
He loves me well, and I have given him reasons.
Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.

Cas. The morning comes upon us. We'll leave you, Brutus;—

And, friends, disperse yourselves; but all remember
What you have said, and show yourselves true Romans.

Bru. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily;
Let not our looks put on our purposes;
But bear it as our Roman actors do,
With untired spirits, and formal constancy.
And so, good-morrow to you every one.

[*Exeunt all but BRUTUS.*]

Boy! Lucius!—Fast asleep?—It is no matter;
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber.
Thou hast no figures, nor no fantasies,
Which busy care draws in the brains of men;
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter PORTIA.

Por. Brutus, my lord!

Bru. Portia, what mean you? Wherefore rise you now?
It is not for your health, thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw-cold morning.

Por. Nor for yours, neither. You have ungently, Brutus,
Stole from my bed; and yesternight, at supper,
You suddenly arose, and walked about,
Musing, and sighing, with your arms across;
And when I asked you what the matter was,
You stared upon me with ungentle looks.
I urged you further; then you scratched your head,
And too impatiently stamped with your foot.
Yet I insisted, yet you answered not;
But with an angry wafture of your hand,
Gave sign for me to leave you. So I did;
Fearing to strengthen that impatience,
Which seemed too much enkindled; and, withal,
Hoping it was but an effect of humor,
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep;
And, could it work so much upon your shape,
As it hath much prevailed on your condition,
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

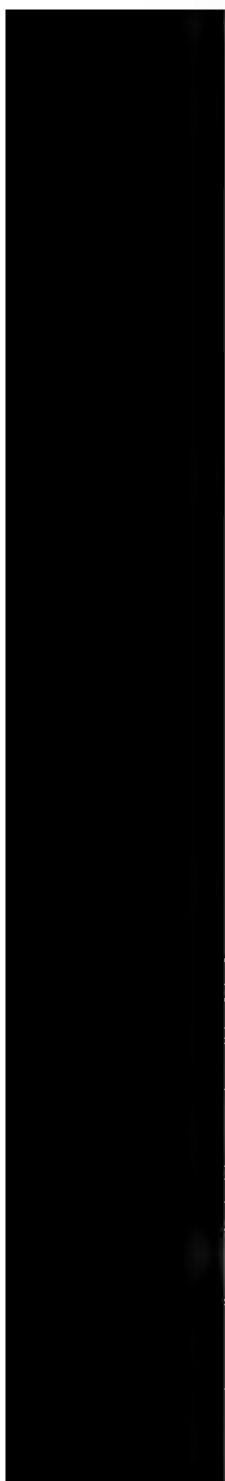
Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Por. Brutus is wise, and were he not in health,
He would embrace the means to come by it.

Bru. Why, so I do.—Good Portia, go to bed.

Por. Is Brutus sick? and is it physical





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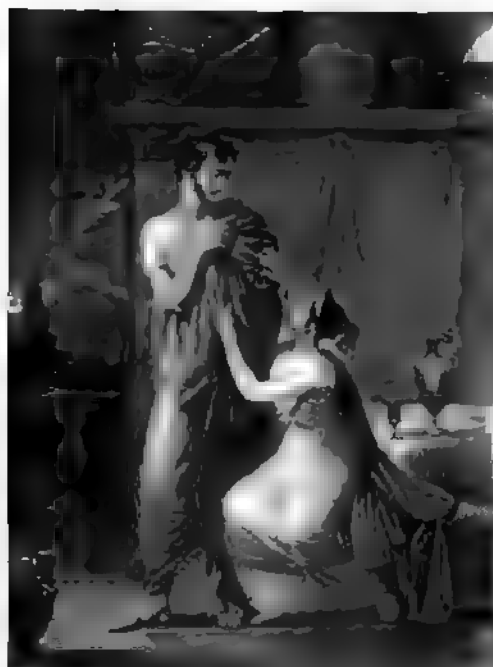
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To walk unbraced, and suck up the humors
Of the dank morning? What, is Brutus sick?
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
To dare the vile contagion of the night?
And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air
To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus;
You have some sick offence within your mind.
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
I ought to know of. And, upon my knees,
I charm you, by my once commended beauty,
By all your vows of love, and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
Why you are heavy; and what men to-night
Have had resort to you; for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.

Bru. Kneel not, gentle Portia.

Por. I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.
Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it excepted, I should know no secrets
That appertain to you? Am I yourself,
But, as it were, in sort, or limitation;
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the suburbs
Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

Bru. You are my true and honorable wife;
As dear to me, as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.

Por. If this were true, then should I know this secret.
I grant I am a woman; but, withal,
A woman that lord Brutus took to wife.
I grant I am a woman; but, withal,
A woman well reputed—Cato's daughter.
Think you I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so fathered, and so husbanded?
Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose them
I have made strong proof of my constancy,
Giving myself a voluntary wound
Here in the thigh. Can I bear that with patience.
And not my husband's secrets?

Bru. O ye gods,
Render me worthy of this noble wife! [*Knocking within.*]
Hark, hark! one knocks. Portia, go in a while;
And by and by thy bosom shall partake

The secrets of my heart.

All my engagements I will construe to thee,

All the charactery of my sad brows.—

Leave me with haste.

[*Exit* PORTIA

Enter LUCIUS and LIGARIUS.

Lucius, who is that knocks?

Luc. Here is a sick man, that would speak with you.

Bru. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.—

Boy, stand aside.—Caius Ligarius! how?

Lig. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.

Bru. O, what a time have you chose out, brave Caius,
To wear a kerchief! 'Would you were not sick!

Lig. I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of honor.

Bru. Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,
Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.

Lig. By all the gods that Romans bow before,
I here discard my sickness. Soul of Rome!

Brave son, derived from honorable loins!

Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjured up

My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,

And I will strive with things impossible;

Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?

Bru. A piece of work that will make sick men whole.

Lig. But are not some whole, that we must make sick?

Bru. That must we also. What it is, my Caius,
I shall unfold to thee, as we are going,
To whom it must be done.

Lig. Set on your foot;
And, with a heart new-fired, I follow you,
To do I know not what: but it sufficeth,
That Brutus leads me on.

Bru. Follow me, then. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. A Room in Cæsar's Palace.*

Thunder and lightning. Enter CÆSAR, in his night-gown.

Cæs. Nor heaven, nor earth, have been at peace to-night;
Thrice hath Calphurnia in her sleep cried out,
Help, ho! they murder Cæsar!—Who's within?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord?

Cæs. Go bid the priests do present sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of success.

Serv. I will, my lord.

[*Exit.*

Enter CALPHURNIA.

Cal. What mean you, Cæsar? Think you to walk forth?
You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

Cæs. Cæsar shall forth. The things that threatened me,
Ne'er looked but on my back; when they shall see
The face of Cæsar, they are vanished.

Cal. Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelped in the streets;
And graves have yawned, and yielded up their dead.
Fierce, fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,
In ranks, and squadrons, and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol;
The noise of battle hurtled in the air;
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan;
And ghosts did shriek, and squeal about the streets.
O Cæsar! these things are beyond all use;
And I do fear them.

Cæs. What can be avoided,
Whose end is purposed by the mighty gods?
Yet Cæsar shall go forth; for these predictions
Are to the world in general, as to Cæsar.

Cal. When beggars die, there are no comets seen;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.

Cæs. Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear,
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come.

Re-enter a Servant.

What say the augurers?

Serv. They would not have you to stir forth to-day.
Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast.

Cæs. The gods do this in shame of cowardice;
Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.
No, Cæsar shall not. Danger knows full well,

That Cæsar is more dangerous than he.
We were two lions littered in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible;
And Cæsar shall go forth.

Cal. Alas, my lord,
Your wisdom is consumed in confidence.
Do not go forth to-day. Call it my fear,
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.
We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house;
And he shall say you are not well to-day.
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

Cæs. Mark Antony shall say I am not well;
And, for thy humor, I will stay at home.

Enter DECIVS.

Here's Decius Brutus; he shall tell them so.

Dec. Cæsar, all hail! Good morrow, worthy Cæsar;
I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

Cæs. And you are come in very happy time,
To bear my greeting to the senators,
And tell them that I will not come to-day.
Cannot is false; and that I dare not, falser.
I will not come to-day. Tell them so, Decius.

Cal. Say he is sick.

Cæs. Shall Cæsar send a lie?
Have I in conquest stretched mine arm so far,
To be afraid to tell gray-beards the truth?
Decius, go tell them, Cæsar will not come.

Dec. Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some cause,
Lest I be laughed at, when I tell them so.

Cæs. The cause is in my will, I will not come;
That is enough to satisfy the senate.
But, for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know.
Calphurnia here, my wife, stays me at home:
She dreamed to-night she saw my statua,
Which, like a fountain, with a hundred spouts,
Did run pure blood; and many lusty Romans
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it.
And these doth she apply for warnings and portents,
And evils imminent; and on her knee
Hath begged, that I will stay at home to-day.

Dec. This dream is all amiss interpreted;
It was a vision, fair and fortunate.
Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bathed,

Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck
Reviving blood; and that great men shall press
For tinctures, stains, relics, and cognizance
This by Calphurnia's dream is signified.

Cæs. And this way have you well expounded it.

Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can say;
And know it now. The senate have concluded
To give, this day, a crown to mighty Cæsar;
If you shall send them word you will not come,
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock
Apt to be rendered, for some one to say,
*Break up the senate till another time,
When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams.*
If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper,
Lo, Cæsar is afraid?

Pardon me, Cæsar; for my dear, dear love
To your proceeding bids me tell you this;
And reason to my love is liable.

Cæs. How foolish do your fears seem now, Calphurnia!
I am ashamed I did yield to them.—
Give me my robe, for I will go:

Enter PUBLIUS, BRUTUS, LIGARIUS, METELLUS, CASCA,
TREBONIUS, *and* CINNA.

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

Pub. Good morrow, Cæsar.

Cæs. Welcome, Publius.—
What, Brutus, are you stirred so early too?—
Good morrow, Casca.—Caius Ligarius,
Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy,
As that same ague which hath made you lean.—
What is't o'clock?

Bru. Cæsar, 'tis stricken eight.

Cæs. I thank you for your pains and courtesy

Enter ANTONY.

See! Antony, that revels long o' nights,
Is, notwithstanding, up.—
Good-morrow, Antony.

Ant. So to most noble Cæsar.

Cæs. Bid them prepare within:—
I am to blame to be thus waited for.—
Now, Cinna;—now, Metellus:—What, Trebonius!
I have an hour's talk in store for you;
Remember that you call on me to-day:
Be near me, that I may remember you.

Treb. Cæsar, I will;—and so near will I be, [Aside.
That y'ur best friends shall wish I had been further.

Cæs. Good friends, go in, and taste some wine with me;
And we, like friends, will straightway go together.

Bru. That every like is not the same, O Cæsar,
The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon! [Exeunt.

SCENE III. *The same. A Street near the Capitol.*

Enter ARTEMIDORUS, reading a paper.

Art. Cæsar, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cassius;
come not near Casca; have an eye to Cinna; trust not Tre-
bonius; mark well Metellus Cimber; Decius Brutus loves
thee not; thou hast wronged Caius Ligarius. There is but
one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Cæsar. If
thou be'st not immortal, look about you; security gives way
to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee! Thy lover,
ARTEMIDORUS.

Here will I stand, till Cæsar pass along,
And as a suitor will I give him this.
My heart laments that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation.
If thou read this, O Cæsar, thou mayst live;
If not, the fates with traitors do contrive. [Exit.

SCENE IV. *The same. Another Part of the same
Street, before the House of Brutus.*

Enter PORTIA and LUCIUS.

Por. I pr'ythee, boy, run to the senate-house;
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone.
Why dost thou stay?

Luc. To know my errand, madam.

Por. I would have had thee there, and here again,
Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do there.—
O constancy, be strong upon my side!
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.
How hard it is for women to keep counsel!—
Art thou here yet?

Luc Madam, what should I do?
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?
And so return to you, and nothing else?

Por. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well,
For he went sickly forth. And take good note,
What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him.
Hark, boy! what noise is that?

Luc. I hear none, madam.

Por. Pr'ythee, listen well;
I heard a bustling rumor, like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

Luc. Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

Enter Soothsayer.

Por. Come hither, fellow:
Which way hast thou been?

Sooth. At mine own house, good lady.

Por. What is't o'clock?

Sooth. About the ninth hour, lady.

Por. Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol?

Sooth. Madam, not yet. I go to take my stand,
To see him pass on to the Capitol.

Por. Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast thou not?

Sooth. That I have, lady; if it will please Cæsar
To be so good to Cæsar, as to hear me,
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.

Por. Why, know'st thou any harm's intended towards
him?

Sooth. None that I know will be; much that I fear may
chance.

Good morrow to you. Here the street is narrow;
The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels,
Of senators, of prætors, common suitors,
Will crowd a feeble man almost to death:
I'll get me to a place more void, and there
Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along. *[Exit.*

Por. I must go in.—Ah me! how weak a thing
The heart of woman is! O Brutus!
The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise!
Sure, the boy heard me.—Brutus hath a suit,
That Cæsar will not grant.—O I grow faint;
Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord.
Say, I am merry; come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee. *[Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *The same. The Capitol; the Senate sitting.*

A crowd of people in the street leading to the Capitol; among them ARTEMIDORUS, and the Soothsayer. Flourish. Enter CÆSAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POPILIUS, PUBLIUS, and others.

Cæs. The ides of March are come.

Sooth. Ay, Cæsar; but not gone.

Art. Hail, Cæsar! Read this schedule.

Dec. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.

Art. O Cæsar, read mine first; for mine's a suit
That touches Cæsar nearer. Read it, great Cæsar.

Cæs. What touches us ourself, shall be last served.

Art. Delay not, Cæsar; read it instantly.

Cæs. What, is the fellow mad?

Pub. Sirrah, give place.

Cæs. What, urge you your petitions in the street?
Come to the Capitol.

CÆSAR enters the Capitol, the rest following. All the Senators rise.

Pop. I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive.

Cas. What enterprise, Popilius?

Pop.

Fare you well.

[*Advances to CÆSAR.*]

Bru. What said Popilius Lena?

Cas. He wished to-day our enterprise might thrive.
I fear our purpose is discovered.

Bru. Look, how he makes to Cæsar. Mark him.

Cas. Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.—
Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,
Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back,
For I will slay myself.

Bru. Cassius, be constant.

Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes;
For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.

Cas. Trebonius knows his time; for, look you, Brutus,
He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

[*Exeunt ANTONY and TREBONIUS. CÆSAR and the
Senators take their seats.*]

Dec. Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go,
And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.

Bru. He is addressed: press near, and second him.

Cin. Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.

Cæs. Are we all ready? What is now amiss,
That Cæsar and his senate must redress?

Met. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Cæsar,
Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat

An humble heart:— [*Kneeling.*

Cæs. I must prevent thee, Cimber.
These couchings, and these lowly courtesies,
Might fire the blood of ordinary men;
And turn pre-ordinance, and first decree,
Into the law of children. Be not fond,
To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood,
That will be thawed from the true quality
With that which melteth fools; I mean, sweet words,
Low-crooked curt'sies, and base, spaniel fawning,
Thy brother by decree is banished;
If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn for him,
I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.
Know, Cæsar doth not wrong; nor without cause
Will he be satisfied.

Met. Is there no voice more worthy than my own,
To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear,
For the repealing of my banished brother?

Bru. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar;
Desiring thee, that Publius Cimber may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

Cæs. What, Brutus!

Cas. Pardon, Cæsar; Cæsar, pardon.
As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,
To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

Cæs. I could be well moved, if I were as you:
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me;
But I am constant as the northern star
Of whose true-fixed and resting quality,
There is no fellow in the firmament.
The skies are painted with unnumbered sparks;
They are all fire, and every one doth shine;
But there's but one in all doth hold his place:
So, in the world. 'Tis furnished well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;
Yet, in the number, I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank,
Unshaked of motion; and, that I am he,

Let me a little show it, even in this;
That I was constant, Cimber should be banished,
And constant do remain to keep him so.

Cin. O Cæsar,—

Cæs. Hence! wilt thou lift up Olympus?

Dec. Great Cæsar,—

Cæs. Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

Casca. Speak, hands, for me.

[*CASCA stabs CÆSAR in the neck. CÆSAR catches hold of his arm. He is then stabbed by several other Conspirators, and at last by MARCUS BRUTUS.*]

Cæs. *Et tu, Brute?*—Then, fall, Cæsar.

[*Dies. The Senators and People retire in confusion.*]

Cin. Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!—
Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

Cas. Some to the common pulpits, and cry out,
Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!

Bru. People, and senators! be not affrighted;
Fly not; stand still:—ambition's debt is paid.

Casca. Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

Dec. And Cassius too.

Bru. Where's Publius?

Cin. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

Met. Stand fast together, lest some friend of Cæsar's
Should chance—

Bru. Talk not of standing.—Publius, good cheer;
There is no harm intended to your person,
Nor to no Roman else: so tell them, Publius.

Cas. And leave us, Publius; lest that the people,
Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.

Bru. Do so; and let no man abide this deed,
But we the doers.

Re-enter TREBONIUS.

Cas. Where's Antony?

Tre. Fled to his house amazed:
Men, wives, and children, stare, cry out, and run,
As it were doomsday.

Bru. Fates! we will know your pleasures.—
That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time,
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

Cas. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life,
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

Bru. Grant that, and then is death a benefit.

So are we Cæsar's friends, that have abridged
His time of fearing death.—Stoop, Romans, stoop,
And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords:
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place;
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let's all cry, Peace! Freedom! and liberty!

Cas. Stoop, then, and wash. How many ages hence,
Shall this our lofty scene be acted over,
In states unborn, and accents yet unknown!

Bru. How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport,
That now on Pompey's basis lies along,
No worthier than the dust!

Cas. So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be called
The men that gave our country liberty.

Dec. What, shall we forth?

Cas. Ay, every man away.
Brutus shall lead; and we will grace his heels
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant.

Bru. Soft, who comes here? A friend of Antony's.

Serv. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel:
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down:
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say:—
Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest;
Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving.
Say, I love Brutus, and I honor him;
Say, I feared Cæsar, honored him, and loved him.
If Brutus will vouchsafe, that Antony
May safely come to him, and be resolved
How Cæsar hath deserved to lie in death,
Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead
So well as Brutus living; but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus,
Thorough the hazards of this untrod state,
With all true faith. So says my master Antony.

Bru. Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman;
I never thought him worse.
Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
He shall be satisfied; and, by my honor,
Depart untouched

Serv. I'll fetch him presently. [*Exit Servant.*]

Bru. I know that we shall have him well to friend.

Cas. I wish we may; but yet have I a mind,

That fears him much ; and my misgiving still
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

Re-enter ANTONY.

Bru. But here comes Antony.—Welcome, Mark Antony.

Ant. O mighty Cæsar ! dost thou lie so low ?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure ?—Fare thee well.—
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend ;
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank :
If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Cæsar's death's hour ! nor no instrument
Of half that worth, as those your swords, made rich
With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech you, if you bear me hard,
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt to die ;
No place will please me so, no mean of death,
As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age.

Bru. O Antony ! beg not your death of us.
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As by our hands, and this our present act,
You see we do ; yet see you but our hands,
And this the bleeding business they have done :
Our hearts you see not ; they are pitiful ;
And pity to the general wrong of Rome,
(As fire drives out fire, so pity, pity,)
Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony :
Our arms in strength of malice, and our hearts,
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

Cas. Your voice shall be as strong as any man's,
In the disposing of new dignities.

Bru. Only be patient, till we have appeased
The multitude, beside themselves with fear,
And then we will deliver you the cause,
Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him,
Have thus proceeded.

Ant. I doubt not of your wisdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand :
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you ;—
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand :
Now, Decius Brutus, yours ;—now yours, Metellus ;

Yours, Cinna;—and, my valiant Casca, yours;—
Though last, not least in love, yours, good Trebonius.
Gentlemen all,—alas! what shall I say?

My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
Either a coward or a flatterer.—

That I did love thee, Cæsar, O, 'tis true:

If then thy spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee, dearer than thy death,
To see thy Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Most noble! in the presence of thy corse?

Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
It would become me better, than to close
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.

Pardon me, Julius!—Here wast thou bayed, brave hart;
Here didst thou fall; and here thy hunters stand,
Signed in thy spoil, and crimsoned in thy lethe.

O world! thou wast the forest to this hart;
And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.—
How like a deer, stricken by many princes,
Dost thou here lie!

Cas. Mark Antony—

Ant.

Pardon me, Caius Cassius:

The enemies of Cæsar shall say this;
Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

Cas. I blame you not for praising Cæsar so;
But what compæct mean you to have with us?
Will you be pricked in number of our friends;
Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

Ant. Therefore I took your hands; but was, indeed,
Swayed from the point by looking down on Cæsar.
Friends am I with you all, and love you all;
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons,
Why, and wherein, Cæsar was dangerous.

Bru. O else were this a savage spectacle:
Our reasons are so full of good regard,
That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,
You should be satisfied.

Ant.

That's all I seek;

And am moreover suitor, that I may
Produce his body to the market-place;
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral.

Bru. You shall, Mark Antony.

Cas. Brutus, a word with you.—
You know not what you do; do not consent, [*Aside.*
That Antony speak in his funeral.
Know you how much the people may be moved
By that which he will utter?

Bru. By your pardon;
I will myself into the pulpit first,
And show the reason of our Cæsar's death:
What Antony shall speak, I will protest
He speaks by leave and by permission;
And that we are contented, Cæsar shall
Have all true rites, and lawful ceremonies.
It shall advantage more, than do us wrong.

Cas. I know not what may fall; I like it not.

Bru. Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's body.
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar;
And say, you do't by our permission;
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral; and you shall speak
In the same pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended.

Ant. Be it so;
I do desire no more.

Bru. Prepare the body, then, and follow us.

[*Exeunt all but ANTONY*]

Ant. O, pardon me, thou piece of bleeding earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man,
That ever lived in the tide of times.
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,—
Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue!—
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;
Domestic fury, and fierce civil strife,
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy;
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful objects so familiar,
That mothers shall but smile, when they behold
Their infants quartered with the hands of war;
All pity choked with custom of fell deeds;
And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
With Atë by his side, come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,
Cry *Havoc*, and let slip the dogs of war;

That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men, groaning for burial.

Enter a Servant.

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not?

Serv. I do, Mark Antony.

Ant. Cæsar did write for him to come to Rome.

Serv. He did receive his letters, and is coming:
And bid me say to you by word of mouth,
O Cæsar!—— *[Seeing the body.]*

Ant. Thy heart is big; get thee apart and weep.
Passion, I see, is catching; for mine eyes,
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Began to water. Is thy master coming?

Serv. He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome.

Ant. Post back with speed, and tell him what hath chanced.
Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No Rome of safety for Octavius yet;
Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet, stay awhile:
Thou shalt not back, till I have borne this corse
Into the market-place; there shall I try,
In my oration, how the people take
The cruel issue of these bloody men;
According to the which, thou shalt discourse
To young Octavius of the state of things.
Lend me your hand. *[Exeunt, with CÆSAR'S body.]*

SCENE II. *The same. The Forum.*

Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS, and a throng of Citizens.

Cit. We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

Bru. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.—
Cassius, go you into the other street,
And part the numbers.—
Those that will hear me speak, let them stay here;
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;
And public reasons shall be rendered
Of Cæsar's death.

1 *Cit.* I will hear Brutus speak.

2 *Cit.* I will hear Cassius; and compare their reasons,
When severally we hear them rendered.

*[Exit CASSIUS, with some of the Citizens;
BRUTUS goes into the rostrum.]*

3 *Cit.* The noble Brutus is ascended. Silence!

Bru. Be patient till the last.

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Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause; and be silent, that you may hear: believe me for mine honor; and have respect to mine honor, that you may believe: censure me in your wisdom; and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand, why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer,—not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves; than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free men? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honor him; but, as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears, for his love; joy, for his fortune; honor, for his valor; and death, for his ambition. Who is here so base, that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile, that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

Cit. None, Brutus, none. [*Several speaking at once.*]

Bru. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar, than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

Enter ANTONY and others, with CÆSAR'S body.

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony; who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart; that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

Cit. Live, Brutus, live! live!

1 *Cit.* Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

2 *Cit.* Give him a statue with his ancestors.

3 *Cit.* Let him be Cæsar.

4 *Cit.*

Cæsar's better parts

Shall now be crowned in Brutus.

1 *Cit.* We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamors.

Bru. My countrymen,—

2 *Cit.* Peace; silence! Brutus speaks.

1 *Cit.* Peace, ho!

Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,

And, for my sake, stay here with Antony.
Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech
Tending to Cæsar's glories; which Mark Antony,
By our permission, is allowed to make.

I do entreat you not a man depart,
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke.

[*Exit*

1 *Cit.* Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

3 *Cit.* Let him go up into the public chair;
We'll hear him.—Noble Antony, go up.

Ant. For Brutus' sake, I am beholden to you.

4 *Cit.* What does he say of Brutus?

3 *Cit.* He says, for Brutus' sake,
He finds himself beholden to us all.

4 *Cit.* 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.

1 *Cit.* This Cæsar was a tyrant.

3 *Cit.* Nay, that's certain.
We are blessed that Rome is rid of him.

2 *Cit.* Peace; let us hear what Antony can say.

Ant. You gentle Romans,—

Cit. Peace, ho! let us hear him.

Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.

The evil that men do, lives after them;

The good is oft interred with their bones;

So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus

Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious.

If it were so, it was a grievous fault;

And grievously hath Cæsar answered it.

Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest,

(For Brutus is an honorable man;

So are they all, all honorable men;)

Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.

He was my friend, faithful and just to me;

But Brutus says he was ambitious,

And Brutus is an honorable man.

He hath brought many captives home to Rome,

Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill.

Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?

When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept.

Ambition should be made of sterner stuff;

Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;

And Brutus is an honorable man.

You all did see, that on the Lupercal,

I thrice presented him a kingly crown,

Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?

Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;

And, sure, he is an honorable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause;
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?
O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason!—Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

1 *Cit.* Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

2 *Cit.* If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Cæsar has had great wrong.

3 *Cit.* Has he, masters?
I fear there will a worse come in his place.

4 *Cit.* Marked ye his words? He would not take the
crown;

Therefore, 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

1 *Cit.* If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

2 *Cit.* Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

3 *Cit.* There's not a nobler man in Rome, than Antony.

4 *Cit.* Now mark him; he begins again to speak.

Ant. But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world; now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters! if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honorable men.
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,
Than I will wrong such honorable men.
But here's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar;
I found it in his closet; 'tis his will.
Let but the commons hear his testament,
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,)
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue.

4 *Cit.* We'll hear the will; read it, Mark Antony.

Cit. The will, the will; we will hear Cæsar's will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends; I must not read it;
It is not meet you know how Cæsar loved you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;

And being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad.
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
For if you should, O, what would come of it!

4 *Cit.* Read the will; we will hear it, Antony.
You shall read us the will; Cæsar's will.

Ant. Will you be patient? Will you stay awhile?
I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it.
I fear I wrong the honorable men,
Whose daggers have stabbed Cæsar; I do fear it.

4 *Cit.* They were traitors. Honorable men!

Cit. The will! the testament!

2 *Cit.* They were villains, murderers. The will! Read
the will!

Ant. You will compel me then to read the will?
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? And will you give me leave?

Cit. Come down.

2 *Cit.* Descend. [*He comes down from the pulpit.*]

3 *Cit.* You shall have leave.

2 *Cit.* A ring; stand round.

1 *Cit.* Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

2 *Cit.* Room for Antony;—most noble Antony.

Ant. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

Cit. Stand back! room! bear back!

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle. I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent;
That day he overcame the Nervii.—
Look! in this place, ran Cassius' dagger through;
See, what a rent the envious Casca made!
Through this, the well-beloved Brutus stabbed;
And, as he plucked his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it;
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knocked, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel.
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him!
This was the most unkindest cut of all;
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquished him. Then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle, muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statua,

Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourished over us.
O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what, weep you, when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here;
Here is himself, marred, as you see, with traitors.

1 *Cit.* O piteous spectacle!

2 *Cit.* O noble Cæsar!

3 *Cit.* O woful day!

4 *Cit.* O traitors, villains!

1 *Cit.* O most bloody sight!

2 *Cit.* We will be revenged. Revenge; about,—seek,—
burn,—fire,—kill,—slay!—let not a traitor live.

Ant. Stay, countrymen.

1 *Cit.* Peace there! Hear the noble Antony.

2 *Cit.* We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him.

Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

They that have done this deed, are honorable;
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do't; they are wise and honorable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts.
I am no orator, as Brutus is,
But, as you know me all, a plain, blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him.
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood. I only speak right on;
I tell you that which you yourselves do know;
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me. But were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

Cit. We'll mutiny.

1 *Cit.* We'll burn the house of Brutus.

3 *Cit.* Away then, come, seek the conspirators.

Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.

Cit. Peace, ho! hear Antony, most noble Antony,

Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what.

Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserved your leaves?

Alas, you know not.—I must tell you, then;

You have forgot the will I told you of.

Cit. Most true;—the will;—let's stay, and hear the wil..

Ant. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.

To every Roman citizen he gives,

To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

2 *Cit.* Most noble Cæsar!—we'll revenge his death.

3 *Cit.* O royal Cæsar!

Ant. Hear me with patience.

Cit. Peace, ho!

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,

His private arbors, and new-planted orchards,

On this side Tyber. He hath left them you,

And to your heirs forever; common pleasures,

To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.

Here was a Cæsar! when comes such another?

1 *Cit.* Never, never.—Come, away, away;

We'll burn his body in the holy place,

And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.

Take up the body.

2 *Cit.* Go, fetch fire.

3 *Cit.* Pluck down benches.

4 *Cit.* Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.

[Exeunt Citizens, with the body.]

Ant. Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot;

Take thou what course thou wilt!—How now, fellow?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

Ant. Where is he?

Serv. He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.

Ant. And thither will I straight to visit him;

He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,

And in this mood will give us any thing.

Serv. I heard him say Brutus and Cassius

Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.

Ant. Belike they had some notice of the people,
How I had moved them. Bring me to Octavius. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III. *The same. A Street.*

Enter CINNA, the Poet.

Cinna. I dreamed to-night, that I did feast with Cæsar,
And things unluckily charge my fantasy.

I have no will to wander forth of doors,
Yet something leads me forth.

Enter Citizens.

1 *Cit.* What is your name?

2 *Cit.* Whither are you going?

3 *Cit.* Where do you dwell?

4 *Cit.* Are you a married man, or a bachelor?

2 *Cit.* Answer every man directly.

1 *Cit.* Ay, and briefly.

4 *Cit.* Ay, and wisely.

3 *Cit.* Ay, and truly, you were best.

Cin. What is my name? Whither am I going? Where do I dwell? Am I a married man, or a bachelor? Then to answer every man directly, and briefly, wisely, and truly. Wisely I say, I am a bachelor.

2 *Cit.* That's as much as to say, they are fools that marry. —You'll bear me a bang for that, I fear. Proceed; directly.

Cin. Directly, I am going to Cæsar's funeral.

1 *Cit.* As a friend, or an enemy?

Cin. As a friend.

2 *Cit.* That matter is answered directly.

4 *Cit.* For your dwelling,—briefly.

Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

3 *Cit.* Your name, sir, truly.

Cin. Truly, my name is Cinna.

1 *Cit.* Tear him to pieces; he's a conspirator.

Cin. I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.

4 *Cit.* Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.

2 *Cit.* It is no matter, his name's Cinna; pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

3 *Cit.* Tear him, tear him. Come, brands, ho! firebrands. To Brutus', to Cassius'; burn all.—Some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's; some to Ligarius'. Away; go.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The same A Room in Antony's House.*

ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, and LEPIDUS, seated at a table.

Ant. These many then shall die; their names are pricked.

Oct. Your brother too must die; consent you, Lepidus?

Lep. I do consent.

Oct. Prick him down, Antony.

Lep. Upon condition Publius shall not live,
Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

Ant. He shall not live; look, with a spot I damn him.
But, Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's house;
Fetch the will hither, and we will determine
How to cut off some charge in legacies.

Lep. What, shall I find you here?

Oct. Or here, or at
The Capitol. [*Exit* LEPIDUS.]

Ant. This is a slight, unmeritable man,
Meet to be sent on errands. Is it fit,
The threefold world divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it?

Oct. So you thought him;
And took his voice who should be pricked to die,
In our black sentence and proscription.

Ant. Octavius, I have seen more days than you.
And though we lay these honors on this man,
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,
To groan and sweat under the business,
Either led or driven, as we point the way;
And having brought our treasure where we will,
Then take we down his load, and turn him off,
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears,
And graze in commons.

Oct. You may do your will;
But he's a tried and valiant soldier.

Ant. So is my horse, Octavius; and, for that,
I do appoint him store of provender.
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to stop, to run directly on;
His corporal motion governed by my spirit.
And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so;
He must be taught, and trained, and bid go forth;
A barren-spirited fellow; one that feeds
On objects, arts, and imitations;
Which, out of use, and staled by other men,
Begin his fashion. Do not talk of him,
But as a property. And now, Octavius,
Listen great things.—Brutus and Cassius
Are levying powers; we must straight make head.
Therefore let our alliance be combined,
Our best friends made, and our best means stretched out,

And let us presently go sit in council,
How covert matters may be best disclosed,
And open perils surest answered.

Oct. Let us do so; for we are at the stake,
And bayed about with many enemies;
And some, that smile, have in their hearts, I fear,
Millions of mischiefs. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II. *Before Brutus' Tent, in the Camp near Sardis.*

Drum. *Enter* BRUTUS, LUCILIUS, LUCIUS, *and* Soldiers.
TITINIUS *and* PINDARUS *meeting them.*

Bru. Stand, ho!

Luc. Give the word, ho! and stand.

Bru. What now, Lucilius! is Cassius near?

Luc. He is at hand; and Pindarus is come
To do you salutation from his master.

[PINDARUS gives a letter to BRUTUS.]

Bru. He greets me well.—Your master, Pindarus,
In his own change, or by ill officers,
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
Things done, undone; but, if he be at hand,
I shall be satisfied.

Pin. I do not doubt,
But that my noble master will appear
Such as he is, full of regard and honor.

Bru. He is not doubted.—A word, Lucilius;
How he received you, let me be resolved.

Luc. With courtesy, and with respect enough:
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly conference,
As he hath used of old.

Bru. Thou hast described
A hot friend cooling; ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith;
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle;
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?

Luc. They mean this night in Sardis to be quartered;
The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius. *[March within.]*

Bru Hark, he is arrived;
March gently on to meet him.

Enter CASSIUS and Soldiers.

Cas. Stand, ho!

Bru. Stand, ho! Speak the word along.

Within. Stand.

Within. Stand.

Within. Stand.

Cas. Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.

Bru. Judge me, you gods! wrong I mine enemies?
And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother?

Cas. Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs;
And when you do them——

Bru. Cassius, be content,
Speak your griefs softly,—I do know you well.—
Before the eyes of both our armies here,
Which should perceive nothing but love from us,
Let us not wrangle. Bid them move away;
Then, in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,
And I will give you audience.

Cas. Pindarus,
Bid our commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground.

Bru. Lucilius, do you the like; and let no man
Come to our tent, till we have done our conference.
Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Within the tent of Brutus. LUCIUS and
TITINIUS at some distance from it.*

Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS.

Cas. That you have wronged me, doth appear in this.
You have condemned and noted Lucius Pella,
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein, my letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

Bru. You wronged yourself to write in such a case.

Cas. In such a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear his comment.

Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemned to have an itching palm;
To sell and mart your offices for gold,
To undeservers.

Cas. I an itching palm?

You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

Bru. The name of Cassius honors this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

Cas. Chastisement!

Bru. Remember March, the ides of March remember!
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touched his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What, shall one of us
That struck the foremost man of all this world,
But for supporting robbers; shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honors
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?—
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

Cas. Brutus, bay not me,
I'll not endure it. You forget yourself,
To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

Bru. Go to; you're not, Cassius.

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say, you are not.

Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further.

Bru. Away, slight man!

Cas. Is't possible?

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frightened when a madman stares?

Cas. O ye gods! ye gods! must I endure all this?

Bru. All this? ay, more. Fret till your proud heart
break;

Go, show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humor? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you; for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this?

Bru. You say you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,

And it shall please me well. For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cas. You wrong me every way, you wrong me, Brutus;
I said an elder soldier, not a better.

Did I say, better?

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cas. When Cæsar lived, he durst not thus have moved me.

Bru. Peace, peace; you durst not so have tempted him.

Cas. I durst not?

Bru. No.

Cas. What? durst not tempt him?

Bru. For your life you durst not.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love;
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
For I am armed so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me, as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me;—
For I can raise no money by vile means.
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash,
By any indirection. I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me. Was that done like Cassius?
Should I have answered Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces!

Cas. I denied you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not; he was but a fool
That brought my answer back.—Brutus hath rived my heart;
A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not, till you practise them on me.

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.

Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,

For Cassius is aweary of the world.
 Hated by one he loves; braved by his brother;
 Checked like a bondman; all his faults observed,
 Set in a note-book, learned, and conned by rote,
 To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
 My spirit from mine eyes!—There is my dagger,
 And here my naked breast; within, a heart
 Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold.
 If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;
 I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart.
 Strike as thou didst at Cæsar; for, I know,
 When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him better
 Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.

Bru. Sheath your dagger.
 Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
 Do what you will, dishonor shall be humor.
 O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb,
 That carries anger as the flint bears fire;
 Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,
 And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius lived
 To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
 When grief, and blood ill-tempered, vexeth him?

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-tempered too.

Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

Bru. And my heart too.

Cas. O Brutus!—

Bru. What's the matter?

Cas. Have you not love enough to bear with me,
 When that rash humor, which my mother gave me,
 Makes me forgetful?

Bru. Yes, Cassius; and, from henceforth,
 When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
 He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

[Noise within.]

Poet. [Within.] Let me go in to see the generals;
 There is some grudge between them; 'tis not meet
 They be alone.

Luc. [Within.] You shall not come to them.

Poet. [Within.] Nothing but death shall stay me.

Enter Poet.

Cas. How now? What's the matter?

Poet. For shame, you generals; what do you mean?
 Love, and be friends, as two such men should be;
 For I have seen more years, I am sure, than ye.

Cas. Ha, ha! how vilely doth this cynic rhyme!

Bru. Get you hence, sirrah; saucy fellow, hence.

Cas. Bear with him, Brutus, 'tis his fashion.

Bru. I'll know his humor when he knows his time.
What should the wars do with these jigging fools?
Companion, hence.

Cas. Away, away, be gone. [*Exit Poet.*]

Enter LUCILIUS and TITINIUS.

Bru. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.

Cas. And come yourselves, and bring Messala with you,
Immediately to us. [*Exeunt LUCILIUS and TITINIUS.*]

Bru. Lucius, a bowl of wine.

Cas. I did not think you could have been so angry.

Bru. O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.

Cas. Of your philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidental evils.

Bru. No man bears sorrow better. Portia is dead.

Cas. Ha! Portia?

Bru. She is dead.

Cas. How scaped I killing, when I crossed you so?
O, insupportable and touching loss!—
Upon what sickness?

Bru. Impatient of my absence,
And grief, that young Octavius with Mark Antony
Have made themselves so strong;—for with her death
That tidings came;—With this she fell distract,
And, her attendants absent, swallowed fire.

Cas. And died so?

Bru. Even so.

Cas. O ye immortal gods!

Enter LUCIUS, with wine and tapers.

Bru. Speak no more of her. Give me a bowl of wine;—
In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. [*Drinks.*]

Cas. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge.—
Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup;
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love. [*Drinks.*]

Re-enter TITINIUS, with MESSALA.

Bru. Come in, Titinius;—welcome, good Messala.—
Now sit we close about this taper here,
And call in question our necessities.

Cas. Portia, art thou gone?

Bru. No more, I pray you.—

Messala, I have here received letters,
That young Octavius, and Mark Antony,
Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition toward Philippi.

Mes. Myself have letters of the self-same tenor.

Bru. With what addition?

Mes. That by proscription, and bills of outlawry,
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus,
Have put to death an hundred senators.

Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree;
Mine speak of seventy senators that died
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.

Cas. Cicero one?

Mes. Ay, Cicero is dead,
And by that order of proscription.—
Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?

Bru. No, Messala.

Mes. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?

Bru. Nothing, Messala.

Mes. That, methinks, is strange.

Bru. Why ask you? Hear you aught of her in yours?

Mes. No, my lord.

Bru. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.

Mes. Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell;
For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.

Bru. Why, farewell, Portia.—We must die, Messala;
With meditating that she must die once,
I have the patience to endure it now.

Mes. Even so great men great losses should endure.

Cas. I have as much of this in art as you,
But yet my nature could not bear it so.

Bru. Well, to our work alive. What do you think
Of marching to Philippi presently?

Cas. I do not think it good.

Bru. Your reason?

Cas. This it is.

'Tis better that the enemy seek us;
So shall we waste his means, weary his soldiers,
Doing himself offence; whilst we, lying still,
Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.

Bru. Good reasons must, of force, give place to better.
The people, 'twixt Philippi and this ground,
Do stand but in a forced affection;
For they have grudged us contribution.
The enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller number up,

Come on refreshed, new added, and encouraged;
From which advantage shall we cut him off,
If at Philippi we do face him there,
These people at our back.

Cas. Hear me, good brother.

Bru. Under your pardon.—You must note beside,
That we have tried the utmost of our friends.
Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe;
The enemy increaseth every day,
We, at the height, are ready to decline.
There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

Cas. Then, with your will, go on;
We'll along ourselves, and meet them at Philippi.

Bru. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And nature must obey necessity;
Which we will niggard with a little rest.
There is no more to say?

Cas. No more. Good night;
Early to-morrow will we rise, and hence.

Bru. Lucius, my gown. [*Exit LUCIUS.*] Farewell, good
Messala;—
Good night, Titinius:—Noble, noble Cassius,
Good night, and good repose.

Cas. O my dear brother!
This was an ill beginning of the night:
Never come such division 'tween our souls!
Let it not, Brutus.

Bru. Every thing is well.

Cas. Good night, my lord.

Bru. Good night, good brother.

Tit. Mes. Good night, lord Brutus.

Bru. Farewell, every one.
[*Exeunt CAS., TIT., and MES.*]

Re-enter LUCIUS, with the gown.

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?

Luc. Here in the tent.

Bru. What, thou speak'st drowsily
Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'erwatched.

Call Claudius, and some other of my men;
I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

Luc. Varro, and Claudius!

Enter VARRO and CLAUDIUS.

Var. Calls my lord?

Bru. I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent and sleep;
It may be I shall raise you by and by
On business to my brother Cassius.

Var. So please you, we will stand, and watch your
pleasure.

Bru. I will not have it so: lie down, good sirs;
It may be I shall otherwise bethink me.
Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so;
I put it in the pocket of my gown. [*Servants lie down.*]

Luc. I was sure your lordship did not give it me.

Bru. Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.
Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,
And touch thy instrument a strain or two?

Luc. Ay, my lord, an it please you.

Bru. It does, my boy.
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing?

Luc. It is my duty, sir.

Bru. I should not urge thy duty past thy might;
I know young bloods look for a time of rest.

Luc. I have slept, my lord, already.

Bru. It is well done; and thou shalt sleep again;
I will not hold thee long; if I do live,
I will be good to thee. [*Music, and a song*]

This is a sleepy tune:—O murderous slumber!
Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,
That plays thee music?—Gentle knave, good night!
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee.
If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument;
I'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good night.
Let me see, let me see.—Is not the leaf turned down,
Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.

[*He sits down*]

Enter the Ghost of CÆSAR.

How ill this taper burns! Ha! who comes here?
I think it is the weakness of mine eyes,
That shapes this monstrous apparition.
It comes upon me.—Art thou any thing?
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,

That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to stare?
Speak to me, what thou art.

Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

Bru. Why com'st thou?

Ghost. To tell thee thou shalt see me at Philippi.

Bru. Well;

Then I shall see thee again?

Ghost. Ay, at Philippi.

[*Ghost vanishes.*]

Bru. Why, I will see thee at Philippi, then.—
Now I have taken heart, thou vanishest.
Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.
Boy! Lucius!—Varro! Claudius! Sirs, awake!—
Claudius!

Luc. The strings, my lord, are false.

Bru. He thinks he still is at his instrument.
Lucius, awake.

Luc. My lord!

Bru. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so cried'st out?

Luc. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

Bru. Yes, that thou didst. Didst thou see any thing.

Luc. Nothing, my lord.

Bru. Sleep again, Lucius.—Sirrah, Claudius!
Fellow thou! awake.

Var. My lord.

Clau. My lord.

Bru. Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep?

Var. Clau. Did we, my lord?

Bru. Ay; saw you any thing?

Var. No, my lord, I saw nothing.

Clau. Nor I, my lord.

Bru. Go, and commend me to my brother Cassius;
Bid him set on his powers betimes before,
And we will follow.

Var. Clau. It shall be done, my lord. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The Plains of Philippi.*

Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their Army.

Oct. Now, Antony, our hopes are answered.
You said the enemy would not come down,
But keep the hills and upper regions.

It proves not so; their battles are at hand;
They mean to warn us at Philippi here,
Answering before we do demand of them.

Ant. Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it. They could be content
To visit other places; and come down
With fearful bravery, thinking, by this face,
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage;
But 'tis not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you, generals.
The enemy comes on in gallant show;
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
And something to be done immediately.

Ant. Octavius, lead your battle softly on,
Upon the left hand of the even field.

Oct. Upon the right hand I, keep thou the left.

Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent?

Oct. I do not cross you; but I will do so. [*March.*

Drum. *Enter BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and their Army; LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, and others.*

Bru. They stand, and would have parley.

Cas. Stand fast, Titinius. We must out and talk.

Oct. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle?

Ant. No, Cæsar, we will answer on their charge.
Make forth, the generals would have some words.

Oct. Stir not until the signal.

Bru. Words before blows; is it so, countrymen?

Oct. Not that we love words better, as you do.

Bru. Good words are better than bad strokes, Octavius.

Ant. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words.
Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart,
Crying, *Long live! hail, Cæsar!*

Cas.

Antony,

The posture of your blows are yet unknown;
But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,
And leave them honeyless.

Ant.

Not stingless too.

Bru. O yes, and soundless too;
For you have stolen their buzzing, Antony,
And very wisely, threat before you sting.

Ant. Villains, you did not so, when your vile daggers
Hacked one another in the sides of Cæsar.
You showed your teeth like apes, and fawned like hounds,

And bowed like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet;
Whilst damned Casca, like a cur, behind,
Struck Cæsar on the neck. O you flatterers!

Cas. Flatterers!—Now, Brutus, thank yourself;
This tongue had not offended so to-day,
If Cassius might have ruled.

Oct. Come, come, the cause. If arguing make us sweat,
The proof of it will turn to redder drops.
Look;

I draw a sword against conspirators;
When think you that the sword goes up again.—
Never, till Cæsar's three-and-twenty wounds
Be well avenged; or till another Cæsar
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

Bru. Cæsar, thou canst not die by traitors,
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

Oct. So I hope;
I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

Bru. O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,
Young man, thou couldst not die more honorable.

Cas. A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such honor,
Joined with a masker and a reveller.

Ant. Old Cassius still!

Oct. Come, Antony; away.—
Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth.
If you dare fight to-day, come to the field;
If not, when you have stomachs.

[*Exeunt OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their Army.*]

Cas. Why now, blow, wind; swell, billow; and swim,
bark!

The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.

Bru. Ho!

Lucilius; hark, a word with you.

Luc. My lord.

[*BRUTUS and LUCILIUS converse apart.*]

Cas. Messala,—

Mess. What says my general?

Cas. Messala,—

This is my birth-day; as this very day
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala;
Be thou my witness, that against my will,
As Pompey was, am I compelled to set
Upon one battle all our liberties.
You know that I held Epicurus strong,
And his opinion; now I change my mind,
And partly credit things that do presage.

Coming from Sardis, on our former ensign
Two mighty eagles fell, and there they perched,
Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands;
Who to Philippi here consorted us.
This morning are they fled away and gone;
And in their steads, do ravens, crows, and kites,
Fly o'er our heads, and downward look on us,
As we were sickly prey; their shadows seem
A canopy most fatal, under which
Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

Mess. Believe not so.

Cas. I but believe it partly;
For I am fresh of spirit, and resolved
To meet all perils very constantly.

Bru. Even so, Lucilius.

Cas. Now, most noble Brutus,
The gods to-day stand friendly; that we may,
Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age!
But, since the affairs of men rest still uncertain,
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
If we do lose this battle, then is this
The very last time we shall speak together.
What are you then determined to do?

Bru. Even by the rule of that philosophy,
By which I did blame Cato for the death
Which he did give himself.—I know not how,
But I do find it cowardly and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
The time of life;—arming myself with patience,
To stay the providence of some high powers,
That govern us below.

Cas. Then, if we lose this battle,
You are contented to be led in triumph
Thorough the streets of Rome?

Bru. No, Cassius, no. Think not, thou noble Roman,
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;
He bears too great a mind. But this same day
Must end that work, the ides of March begun;
And whether we shall meet again, I know not.
Therefore our everlasting farewell take.—
Forever, and forever, farewell, Cassius!
If we do meet again, why we shall smile;
If not, why then this parting was well made.

Cas. Forever, and forever, farewell, Brutus!
If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed;
If not, 'tis true this parting was well made.

Bru. Why, then, lead on.—O that a man might know
The end of this day's business, ere it come!
But it sufficeth, that the day will end,
And then the end is known.—Come, ho! away! [*Exeunt*

SCENE II. *The same. The Field of Battle.*

Alarum. Enter BRUTUS and MESSALA.

Bru. Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these bills
Unto the legions on the other side. [*Loud alarum*
Let them set on at once; for I perceive
But cold demeanor in Octavius' wing,
And sudden push gives them the overthrow.
Ride, ride, Messala: let them all come down. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same. Another Part of the Field.*

Alarum. Enter CASSIUS and TITINIUS.

Cas. O, look, Titinius, look, the villains fly!
Myself have to mine own turned enemy.
This ensign here of mine was turning back;
I slew the coward, and did take it from him.

Tit. O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early;
Who having some advantage on Octavius,
Took it too eagerly; his soldiers fell to spoil,
Whilst we by Antony are all inclosed.

Enter PINDARUS.

Pin. Fly farther off, my lord, fly farther off;
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord!
Fly, therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.

Cas. This hill is far enough. Look, look, Titinius;
Are those my tents, where I perceive the fire?

Tit. They are, my lord.

Cas. Titinius, if thou lov'st me,
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him,
Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,
And here again; that I may rest assured,
Whether yond' troops are friend or enemy.

Tit. I will be here again, even with a thought. [*Exit.*

Cas. Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill.
My sight was ever thick; regard Titinius,
And tell me what thou not'st about the field.—

[*Exit PINDARUS.*

This day I breathed first; time is come round,
And where I did begin, there shall I end;
My life is run his compass.—Sirrah, what news?

Pin. [Above.] O, my lord!

Cas. What news?

Pin. Titinius is inclosed round about
With horsemen, that make to him on the spur;—
Yet he spurs on.—Now they are almost on him;
Now, Titinius!—now some 'light.—Oh, he 'lights too; he's
ta'en;—

And hark! [*Shout.*] they shout for joy.

Cas. Come down; behold no more.—
O, coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face!

Enter PINDARUS.

Come hither, sirrah.
In Parthia did I take thee prisoner;
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath!
Now be a freeman; and with this good sword,
That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this bosom.
Stand not to answer. Here, take thou the hilts;
And, when my face is covered as 'tis now,
Guide thou the sword.—Cæsar, thou art revenged,
Even with the sword that killed thee. [*Dies.*

Pin. So, I am free; yet would not so have been,
Durst I have done my will. O Cassius!
Far from this country Pindarus shall run,
Where never Roman shall take note of him. [*Erit.*

Re-enter TITINIUS, with MESSALA.

Mes. It is but change, Titinius; for Octavius
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

Tit. These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

Mes. Where did you leave him?

Tit. All disconsolate,
With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.

Mes. Is not that he, that lies upon the ground?

Tit. He lies not like the living. O my heart!

Mes. Is not that he?

Tit. No, this was he, Messala,
But Cassius is no more.—O setting sun!
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to night,

So in his red blood Cassius' day is set;
 The sun of Rome is set! Our day is gone
 Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are done!
 Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

Mes. Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.
 O hateful error, melancholy's child!
 Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men
 The things that are not? O error, soon conceived,
 Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,
 But kill'st the mother that engendered thee.

Tit. What, Pindarus; where art thou, Pindarus?

Mes. Seek him, Titinius; whilst I go to meet
 The noble Brutus, thrusting this report
 Into his ears. I may say, thrusting it;
 For piercing steel, and darts envenomed,
 Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus,
 As tidings of this sight.

Tit. Hie you, Messala,
 And I will seek for Pindarus the while. [*Exit MESSALA.*]
 Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius?
 Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they
 Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
 And bid me give't thee? Didst thou not hear their shouts?
 Alas, thou hast misconstrued every thing.
 But hold thee, take this garland on thy brow;
 Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I
 Will do his bidding.—Brutus, come apace,
 And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.—
 By your leave, gods.—This is a Roman's part;
 Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart. [*Dies.*]

Alarum. *Re-enter MESSALA, with BRUTUS, young CATO,
 STRATO, VOLUMNIUS, and LUCILIUS.*

Bru. Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?

Mes. Lo, yonder; and Titinius mourning it.

Bru. Titinius' face is upward.

Cato. He is slain.

Bru. O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet!
 Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
 In our own proper entrails. [*Low alarums.*]

Cato. Brave Titinius!

Look, whe'r he have not crowned dead Cassius!

Bru. Are yet two Romans living such as these?
 The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!
 It is impossible, that ever Rome
 Should breed thy fellow.—Friends, I owe more tears

To this dead man, than you shall see me pay.—
 I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.—
 Come, therefore, and to Thassos send his body;
 His funeral shall not be in our camp,
 Lest it discomfort us.—Lucilius, come;—
 And come, young Cato; let us to the field.—
 Labeo, and Flavius, set our battles on:—
 'Tis three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night
 We shall try fortune in a second fight. [Exeun.]

SCENE IV. *Another Part of the Field.*

Alarum. Enter, fighting, Soldiers of both Armies; then
 BRUTUS, CATO, LUCILIUS, and others.

Bru. Yet, countrymen, O yet, hold up your heads!

Cato. What bastard doth not? Who will go with me?
 I will proclaim my name about the field:—
 I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!
 A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend;
 I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho! [Charges the enemy.]

Bru. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I;
 Brutus, my country's friend; know me for Brutus.
 [Exit, charging the enemy. CATO is
 overpowered, and falls.]

Luc. O young and noble Cato, art thou down?
 Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius;
 And mayst be honored, being Cato's son.

1 *Sold.* Yield, or thou diest.

Luc. Only I yield to die.
 There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight;
 [Offering money.]
 Kill Brutus, and be honored in his death.

1 *Sold.* We must not.—A noble prisoner!

2 *Sold.* Room, ho! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.

1 *Sold.* I'll tell the news.—Here comes the general;—

Enter ANTONY.

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.

Ant. Where is he?

Luc. Safe, Antony; Brutus is safe enough
 I dare assure thee, that no enemy
 Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus.
 The gods defend him from so great a shame!
 When you do find him, or alive, or dead,
 He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

Ant. This is not Brutus, friend; but, I assure you,
A prize no less in worth; keep this man safe;
Give him all kindness. I had rather have
Such men my friends, than enemies. Go on,
And see whe'er Brutus be alive or dead;
And bring us word, unto Octavius' tent,
How every thing is chanced. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Another Part of the Field.*

Enter BRUTUS, DARDANIUS, CLITUS, STRATO, and
VOLUMNIUS.

Bru. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.

Cli. Statilius showed the torch-light; but, my lord,
He came not back; he is or ta'en or slain.

Bru. Sit thee down, Clitus. Slaying is the word;
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus.— [*Whispering.*

Cli. What, I, my lord? No, not for all the world.

Bru. Peace, then, no words.

Cli. I'll rather kill myself.

Bru. Hark thee, Dardanius! [*Whispers him.*

Dar. Shall I do such a deed?

Cli. O Dardanius!

Dar. O Clitus!

Cli. What ill request did Brutus make to thee?

Dar. To kill him, Clitus. Look, he meditates.

Cli. Now is that noble vessel full of grief,
That it runs over even at his eyes.

Bru. Come hither, good Volumnius; list a word.

Vol. What says my lord?

Bru. Why, this, Volumnius:
The ghost of Cæsar hath appeared to me
Two several times by night: at Sardis, once;
And this last night, here in Philippi's fields,
I know my hour is come.

Vol. Not so, my lord.

Bru. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.
Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes;
Our enemies have beat us to the pit.
It is more worthy to leap in ourselves,
Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,
Thou know'st that we two went to school together;
Even for that our love of old, I pray thee,
Hold thou my sword-hilts, whilst I run on it.

Vol That's not an office for a friend, my lord.

[*Alarum still*]

Cli. Fly, fly, my lord; there is no tarrying here.

Bru. Farewell to you;—and you;—and you, Volumnius.—
Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;
Farewell to thee, too, Strato.—Countrymen,
My heart doth joy, that yet, in all my life,
I found no man, but he was true to me.
I shall have glory by this losing day,
More than Octavius, and Mark Antony,
By this vile conquest shall attain unto.
So, fare you well at once: for Brutus' tongue
Hath almost ended his life's history.
Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bones would rest,
That have but labored to attain this hour.

[*Alarum. Cry within; Fly, fly, fly.*]

Cli. Fly, my lord, fly.

Bru. Hence; I will follow.

[*Exeunt CLITUS, DARDANIUS, and VOLUMNIUS.*]

I pr'ythee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord.
Thou art a fellow of a good respect;
Thy life hath had some smatch of honor in it.
Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?

Stra. Give me your hand first. Fare you well, my lord.

Bru. Farewell, good Strato.—Cæsar, now be still:
I killed not thee with half so good a will.

[*He runs on his sword and dies.*]

*Alarum. Retreat. Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, MESSALA,
LUCILIUS, and their army.*

Oct. What man is that?

Mes. My master's man.—Strato, where is thy master?

Stra. Free from the bondage you are in, Messala;
The conquerors can but make a fire of him;
For Brutus only overcame himself,
And no man else hath honor by his death.

Luc. So Brutus should be found.—I thank thee, Brutus,
'That thou hast proved Lucilius' saying true.

Oct. All that served Brutus, I will entertain them.
Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

Stra. Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.

Oct. Do so, good Messala.

Mes. How died my master, Strato?

Stra. I held the sword, and he did run on it.

Mes. Octavius, then take him to follow thee,
That did the latest service to my master.

Ant. This was the noblest Roman of them all.
All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;
He, only, in a general, honest thought,
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle; and the elements
So mixed in him, that nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, *This was a man!*

Oct. According to his virtue let us use him,
With all respect and rites of burial.
Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,
Most like a soldier, ordered honorably.—
So, call the field to rest; and let's away,
To part the glories of this happy day.

[*Exeunt.*

EXPLANATORY NOTES.

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KING HENRY VI. (PART II.)

"Margery Jourdain."—Act I. Sc. 2.

It appears from Rymer, that in the tenth year of Henry VI. *Margery Jourdemayn*, John Virley, clerk, and friar John Ashwell, were, on the 9th of May, 1433, brought from Windsor by the constable of the castle, to which they had been committed for sorcery, before the council at Westminster, and afterwards, by an order of council, delivered into the custody of the lord chancellor. The same day it was ordered by the lords of council, that whenever the said Virley and Ashwell should find security for their good behaviour, they should be set at liberty; and, in like manner, that Jourdemayn should be discharged, on her husband's finding security. This woman was afterwards burned in Smithfield.—DOUGLAS.

"A sand bag."—Act II. Sc. 3.

As, according to the old laws of duel, knights were to fight with the lance and sword, so those of an inferior rank fought with an ebon staff or battoon, to the farther end of which was fixed a bag crammed hard with sand.—WARBURTON.

"A cup of charneco."—Act II. Sc. 3.

"Some drinking the neat wine of Orleance, some the Gascony, some the Bordeaux. There wanted neither sherry, sack, nor *charneco*, maligo, nor amber-coloured candy, nor liquorish ipocras, brown beloved bastard, fat Alicant, or any quick-spirited liquor."

THE BLACK DOG OF NEWGATE, 1612.

"This knave's tongue begins to double."—Act II. Sc. 3.

Holinshed's account of this combat between the armourer and his man is curious: "In the same yeare also, a certaine armourer was appeached of treason by a servant of his owne. For prooffe whereof a daie was giuen them to fight in Smithfield, insomuch that in conflict the said armourer was overcome and slaine; but yet by misgouerning of himself. For on the morrow when he should have come to the field fresh and fasting, his neighbours came to him, and gaue him wine and strong drinke in such excessive sort, that he was therewith distempered, and reeled as he went; and so was slaine without guilte. As for the false servant, he liued not long." The original exchequer record of expenses attending the combat has been preserved, from whence it appears, that the armourer was not killed by his opponent, but conquered, and immediately after—

wards hanged. The following is the last article in the account, and was struck off by the barons of the exchequer, because it contained charges unauthorised by the sheriffs:

<p>"Also paid to officers for watching of ye ded man in Smith-felde ye same day and ye nyght after yt ye bat-tail was doon, and for hors hyre for ye officers at ye execution doying, and for ye hangman's labour, xjs. vid.</p> <p>"Also paid for ye cloth yat lay upon ye ded man in Smyth-felde, viijd.</p> <p>"Also paid for 1 pole and nayllis, and for setting up of ye said mannys hed on London Brigge, vd."</p>	<p style="font-size: 4em;">}</p>	<p style="text-align: right;">s. d.</p> <p>Sum, xij. vii.</p>
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The sum total of expence incurred on this occasion was 10*l.* 18*s.* 9*d.*

STEEVENS

"Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan."—Act III. Sc. 2.

Bulleine, in his *Bulwarke of Defence* against Sicknesse, speaking of mandragora, says: "They doe affyrme that this herbe cometh of the seede of some convicted dead men, and also without the death of some lyvinge thinge it cannot be drawne out of the earthe to man's use. Therefore they did tye some dogge or other lyvinge beaste unto the roote thereof with a corde, and digged the earthe in compasse round about, and in the meane tyme stopped their own eares for feare of the terrible shriek and cry of this *mandrack*. In whych cry it dothe not only dye itselfe, but the feare thereof kylleth the dogge or beast whych pullyth it out of the earth."—REED.

"If thou be'st death, I'll give thee England's treasure."—Act III. Sc. 3.

In Hall's *Chronicle*, Beaufort's last moments are thus described:—"During these doynge, Henry Beauford, byshop of Winchester, and called the riche cardynall, departed out of this worlde. This man was haut in stomach and hygh in countenance, ryche above measure of all men and to fewe liberal; disdaynful to his kynne, and dreadful to his lovers. His covetous insaciable and hope of long lyfe made him bothe to forgete God, his prynce, and himselfe, in his latter days; for Doctor John Baker his privie counsailer and his chapellayn wrote, that lying on his death-bed he said these words: 'Why should I dye, having so muche ryches? If the whole relme would save my lyfe, I am abell either by policie to get it, or by ryches to buy it. Fye, will not death be hired, nor will monye do nothing? When my nephew of Bedforde died, I thought myselfe half up the whele, but when I saw mine other nephew of Gloucester diseased, then I thought myselfe able to be equal with kinges, and so thought to increase my treasure, in hope to have worn a trypple croune. But I see now the worlde fayleth me, and so I am deceyved; praying you all to pray for me.'"—MALONE.

"The sea-shore near Dover."—Act IV. Sc. 1.

"But fortune would not that this flagitious person (the duke of Suffolk) should so escape; for when he shipped into Suffolk, entendinge to be transported into France, he was encountered with a shippe of warre appertaining to the duke of Excester, the constable of the Towre of London, called the Nicholas of the Towre. The captain of the same bark, with small fight, entered into the duke's shyppe, and perceyving his person present, brought him to Dover rode, and there, on the one syde of a cocke-bote, caused his head to be stryken off, and left his body, with the head, upon the sandes of Dover; which corse was there found by a chapelayne of his, and conveyed to Wyngfelde college in Suffolke, and there buried."—HALL'S CHRONICLE.

"This monument of the victory will I bear."—Act IV. Sc. 5.

"Jack Cade, upon his victory against the Staffords, apparelled himself in Sir Humphrey's brigandine, set full of gilt nails, and so in some glory returned again towards London."—HOLINSHED.

"The pissing-conduit run nothing but claret."—Act IV. Sc. 6.

This *pissing-conduit* was the *standarde* in Cheape, which, as Stowe relates, "John Wels, grocer, maior, 1430, caused to be made with a small cesterne for fresh water, having one cock continually running."—RITSON.

"Set London-bridge on fire."—Act IV. Sc. 6.

At that time, *London-bridge was made of wood*. "After that," says Hall, "he entered London, and cut the ropes of the *draw-bridge*." In this rebellion, the houses on London-bridge were burnt, and many of the inhabitants perished.—MALONE.

"That the laws of England may come out of your mouth."—Act IV. Sc. 7.

Holinshed says of Wat Tyler, "It was reported, indeed, that he should saie with great pride, putting his hand to his lips, that within four days *all the laws of England should come foorth of his mouth*."

"Matthew Gough."—Act IV. Sc. 7.

"A man of great wit and much experience in feats of chivalrie, the which in continuall warres had spent his time in serving of the king and of his father."—HOLINSHED.

"Kent. Iden's garden."—Act IV. Sc. 10.

"A gentleman of *Kent*, named Alexander *Eden*, awaited so his time, that he took the said *Cade* in a garden in *Sussex*, so that there he was slain at Hothfield."—HOLINSHED.



KING HENRY VI. (PART III.)

"Stern Faulconbridge commands the narrow seas."—Act I. Sc. 1.

The person here meant was Thomas Nevil, bastard son to the Lord Faulconbridge; "a man," says Hall, "of no less corage than audacitie, who for his euel condicions was such an apte person, that a more meter could not be chosen to set all the worlde in a broyle, and to put the estate of the realme on an yl hazard." He was appointed by Warwick vice-admiral, and had in charge to keep the passage between Dover and Calais. On Warwick's death he fell into poverty, and robbed, both by sea and land, from friends and foes. He once brought his ships up the Thames, and made a spirited attack on the city. After a roving life, he ventured to land at Southampton, where he was taken and beheaded.

RITSON

*"Is he dead already? Or is it fear,
That makes him close his eyes."*—Act I. Sc. 3.

"Whilst this battail was fighting, a priest called Sir Robert Aspell, chappellaine and schole-master to the yonge erle of Rutlande, ii sone to

the above-named duke of York, scarce of the age of xii yeres, a fair gentleman, and a maydenlike person, percyving that flyght was more safeguard than tarrying both for hym and his master, secretly conveyed the erle out of the felde, by the Lord Clifford's bande, toward the towne, but or he could entre into a house, he was by the sayd Lord Clifford espied, followed, and taken, and by reason of his apparell, demanded what he was. The young gentleman, dismayed, had not a word to speke, but kneled on his knees, imploring mercy, and desiring grace, both with holding up his hands, and making dolorous countenance, *for his speache was gone for feare.*"—HALL'S CHRONICLE.

"Putting a paper crown on his head."—Act I. Sc. 4.

"Some write that the duke was taken alive, and, in derision, caused to stand upon a *mole-hill*; on whose head they put a garlande instead of a crowne, which they had fashioned and made of segges or bulrushes; and having so crowned him with that garlande, they kneeled downe afore him, as the Jews did to Christe in scorne, saying to him, 'Hayle king without rule, hayle king without heritage, hayle duke and prince without people or possessions.' And, at length, having thus scorned him with these and dyverse other the like despiteful woordes, they strooke off his head, which (as ye have heard) they presented to the queen."

HOLINSHED.

*"Off with his head, and set it on York gates;
So York may overlook the town of York."*—Act I. Sc. 4.

This gallant prince fell by his own imprudence, in consequence of leading an army of only five thousand men to engage with twenty thousand. He and Cicely his wife, with his son Edmond, earl of Rutland, were originally buried in the chancel of Foderingay church, and (as Peacham informs us in his *Complete Gentleman*, 1627,) "when the chancel, in that furie of knocking churches and sacred monuments in the head, was also felled to the ground," they were removed into the churchyard; and afterwards "lapped in lead; they were buried in the church, by the commandment of Queen Elizabeth, and a mean monument of plaister, wrought with the trowel, erected over them, very homely, and far unfitting so noble princes. I remember," adds the same author, "master Creuse, a gentleman and my worthy friend, who dwelt in the college at the same time, told me, that their coffins being opened, their bodies appeared very plainly to be discerned, and withal, that the Duchess Cicely had about her necke, hanging in a silken ribbande, a pardon from Rome, which, penned in a very fine Roman hand, was as faire and freshe to be reade, as it had been written yesterday."—MALONE.

"Do I see three suns?"—Act II. Sc. 1.

"At which tyme the *son* (as some write) appeared to the erle of Marche *like three sonnes*, and sodainely joyned altogether in one; upon whiche sight hee tooke such courage, that he, fiercely setting on his enemys, put them to flight; and for this cause mene ymagined that he gave the son in his full brightnesse for his badge or cognisance."—HOLINSHED.

"Sir John Grey."—Act III. Sc. 2.

Sir John Grey is here stated to have *died fighting* for the house of York. than which nothing can be more opposed to truth. He fell in the second battle of St. Albans, which was fought on Shrove-Tuesday, Feb. 17, 1460, fighting on the side of King Henry. In Richard III. the manner of his death is truly stated.—MALONE.

"I was not ignoble of descent."—Act IV. Sc. 1.

Lady Elizabeth, Edward IV.'s queen, was the daughter of Sir Richard Widville, afterwards earl of Rivers; her mother was Jaqueline, duchess dowager of Bedford, who was daughter to Peter of Luxemburgh, earl of St. Paul, and widow of John, duke of Bedford, the brother of Henry V.

MALONE.

"This pretty lad will prove our country's bliss."—Act IV. Sc. 6.

When Richmond, whose future grandeur is here prophesied, became king, his gratitude to Henry VI. for his early presage in his favour, made him solicit Pope Julius to canonize him as a saint; but either Henry VII. would not pay the money demanded, or, as Bacon supposes, the pope refused, lest "as Henry was reputed in the world abroad but as a simple man, the estimation of that kind of honour might be diminished, if there were not a distance kept between *innocents* and *saints*."—MALONE.

During the contest between the houses of York and Lancaster, sixteen battles were fought, and upwards of ninety thousand persons were slain. This carnage, though considerable, sinks into insignificance when we remember the battles of Moskwa, Leipsic, and Waterloo.



KING RICHARD III.

"He hearkens after prophecies and dreams."—Act I. Sc. 1.

"Some have reported, that the cause of this nobleman's death (the duke of Clarence) rose of a foolish prophecie, which was, that after King Edward should raigne one whose first letter of his name should be a G; wherewith the king and the queen were sore troubled, and began to conceive a grievous grudge against this duke, and could not be quiet till they had brought him to his end."—HOLINSHED.

Some historians say, that when Clarence endeavoured to obtain in marriage Mary, the daughter and heiress of the duke of Burgundy, his brother, King Edward, was displeased, because he wished to unite that lady with Rivers, the queen's brother; and in this way the breach between the brothers has been explained.—MALONE.

*"—— See! dead Henry's wounds,
Open their congeal'd mouths, and bleed afresh."*—Act I. Sc. 2.

It is a tradition very generally received, that the murdered body bleeds on the touch of the murderer. This was so much believed by Sir Kenelm Digby, that he has endeavoured to explain the cause.—JOHNSON.

"Pattern of thy butcheries."—Act I. Sc. 2.

"The dead corps, on the Ascension even, was conveyed with bills and glaives, pompouslie (if you will call that a funeral pompe) from the Tower to the church of Saint Paule, and there laid on a beire or coffin barefaced; the same in the presence of the beholders, did bleed, where it rested the space of one whole daie. From thence he was carried to the Blackfriars, and bled there likewise."—HOLINSHED.

"Crosby-place."—Act I. Sc. 2.

Crosby-place is now *Crosby-square*, in *Bishopsgate-street*; part of the house is yet remaining, and is a meeting-place for a presbyterian congregation. This magnificent mansion was built in the year 1466, by Sir John Crosby, grocer and woolman. Sir J. Crosby's tomb is in the neighbouring church of St. Helen the Great.—STEEVENS.

"The Countess Richmond."—Act I. Sc. 3.

Margaret, daughter to John Beaufort, first duke of Somerset, after the death of her first husband, Edmund Tudor, earl of Richmond, half-brother to King Henry VI., by whom she had only one son, afterwards King Henry VII.; she married next Sir Henry Stafford, uncle to Humphrey, duke of Buckingham.—MALONE.

"Wert thou not banished on pain of death?"—Act I. Sc. 3.

Margaret fled into France after the battle of Hexham, in 1464, and Edward thereupon issued a proclamation, prohibiting any of his subjects from aiding her to return, or harbouring her, should she revisit England. On the 14th of April, 1471, she landed at Weymouth. After the battle of Tewksbury, in the same year, she was confined in the Tower, where she continued till 1475, when she was ransomed by her father, Regnier, and removed to France, where she died in 1482. The present scene is in 1477, so that her appearance here is a mere poetical fiction.—MALONE.

"Your brother Gloster hates you."—Act I. Sc. 4.

Gloster hated Clarence, because he would not share with him that moiety of the estate of the great earl of Warwick, to which Gloster was entitled on his marriage with the younger sister of the duchess of Clarence, Lady Ann Nevill, who had been betrothed to Edward, prince of Wales. This seems proved by a letter from Sir John Paston to his brother, dated Feb. 14, 1471:—"Yesterday, the king, the queene, my lords of Clarence and Gloster, went to Shene to pardon; men say, not all in charity. The king entreateth my lord of Clarence for my lord of Gloster; and as it is said, he answereth, that he may well have my lady his sister-in-law, but they *shall part no livelihood*, as he saith; so what will fall can I not say."—MALONE.

"Welcome, sweet prince, to London, to your chamber."—Act III. Sc. 1.

London was anciently called *Camera Regis*. So, in Heywood's *If you know not Me, you know Nobody*, 1633:—"This city, *our great chamber*." POPE.

"Enter Buckingham."—Act III. Sc. 2.

The jesting remarks here given to Buckingham were really made by Sir Thomas Howard, afterwards introduced in this play as earl of Surry. "The same morning ere he (Hastings) were up from his bed, where Shore's wife lay with him all night, there came to him Sir Thomas Howard [Howard], sonne to the Lord Howard, as it were of courtesie, to accompaignie him to the counsaill; but forasmuche as he the Lord Hastings was not readie, he tarried awhile for him, and hasted him away. This Sir Thomas, while the Lord Hastings stayed awhile communynge with a priest whom he met in the Tower strete, broke the lord's tale, saying to him merrily, 'What, my lord, I pray you come on, wherefore talke you so long with the priest? you have no nede of a priest yet;' and laughed upon him, as though he would saye, you shall have nede of one soone."—Continuation of HARDING'S CHRONICLE.

"Bishop of Ely."—Act III. Sc. 4.

Dr. John Morton, elected bishop of Ely in 1478, advanced to the see of Canterbury in 1486, appointed lord-chancellor in 1487, died in 1500. He deserves the gratitude of posterity as having first suggested a marriage between Henry VII. and Elizabeth, the eldest daughter of Edward IV., which union terminated the long and bloody contest between the houses of York and Lancaster.—MALONE.

"Put to death a citizen."—Act III. Sc. 5.

This person was one *Walker*, a substantial citizen and grocer, at the *Crown*, in Cheapside.—GREY.

"Baynard's castle."—Act III. Sc. 5.

It was originally built by *Baynard*, a nobleman, who, according to Stowe, came in with the Conqueror. This edifice, which stood in Thames-street, has long been pulled down, though part of its strong foundations are still visible at low water. The site of it is now a timber-yard.

STEEVENS.

"Doctor Shaw."—Act III. Sc. 5.

Shaw and Penker were two popular preachers. Instead of a pamphlet being published to furnish the advocates of the administration with plausible arguments on great political measures, it was formerly usual to publish the court-creed from the pulpit at Saint Paul's cross. As Richard now employed Doctor Shaw to support his claim to the crown; so, about fifteen years before, the great earl of Warwick employed his chaplain, Doctor Goddard, to convince the people that Henry VI. ought to be restored, and that Edward IV. was an usurper.—MALONE.

"The brats of Clarence."—Act III. Sc. 5.

Edward, earl of Warwick, who, after the battle of Bosworth, was sent, by Richmond, to the Tower, without even the shadow of an allegation against him, and executed, with equal injustice, on Tower-hill, Nov 21, 1499; and Margaret, afterwards married to Sir Richard Pole, the last princess of the house of Lancaster, who was restored to her honours in the fifth year of Henry VIII. and in the thirty-first year of his reign (1540), at the age of 70, was put to death by that sanguinary tyrant. The immediate cause of Warwick's being put to death was, that the king of Spain would not marry his daughter Katherine to Arthur, prince of Wales, during his life-time. This murder (for it deserves no other name) made such an impression on Katherine, that when she was informed of Henry's intention to repudiate her, she exclaimed, "I have not offended, but it is a just judgment of God, for my first marriage was made in blood."

MALONE.

"With his contract with Lady Lucy."—Act III. Sc. 7.

The king had been familiar with this lady before his marriage, to obstruct which, his mother alleged a precontract between them:—"Whereupon dame Elizabeth Lucy was sent for, and albeit she was by the kyng his mother, and many other, put in goode comfort to affirme that she was assured to the kynge, yet when she was solemnly sworn to saye the truth, she confessed she was never ensured. Howbeit, she sayd his grace spake such lovyinge wordes to her, that she verily hoped he woulde have married her, that yf suche kinde wordes had not bene, she would never have shewed such kindnesse to hym to let hym so kyndely gette her with chylde."—HALL'S CHRONICLE.

*"O would to God, that the inclusive verge
Of golden metal, that must round my brow,
Were red-hot steel, to sear me to the brain."*—Act IV. Sc. 1.

An allusion to the ancient mode of punishing a regicide, or any other egregious criminal, by placing a crown of iron, heated red-hot, upon his head.—MALONE.

"The earldom of Hereford."—Act IV. Sc. 2.

Shakspeare makes Richard refuse to grant the Hereford estate to Buckingham, and their quarrel is the consequence in the tragedy. This is contrary to the truth of history. Buckingham actually obtained from Richard III., when he usurped the throne, the earldom of Hereford, and the office of constable of England, which had long been annexed by inheritance to that earldom.—MALONE.

*"Lest, being seen, thy brother, tender George,
Be executed."*—Act V. Sc. 3.

"The Lord Stanley lodged in the same town (Stafford), and hearing that the earle of Richmond was marching thitherward, gave to him place, dislodging him and his to avoide all suspicion, being afraide least being seen openly to be a factor or ayder to the earle, his son-in-law, before the day of battyle, that King Richard, which yet not utterly put him in diffidence and mistrust, would put to some evil death his son and heir-apparent."—HOLINSHED.



KING HENRY VIII.

"Butcher's cur."—Act I. Sc. 1.

When the duke of Buckingham's death was reported to the Emperor Charles V., he said, "The first buck of England was worried to death by a *butcher's dog*."—STEEVENS.

"The duke being at the rose."—Act I. Sc. 2.

This house was purchased about the year 1561, by Richard Hill, sometime master of the Merchant-Tailors' Company, and is now the Merchant-Tailors' School, in Suffolk-lane.—WHALLEY.

*"——— Leave these remnants
Of fool, and feather."*—Act I. Sc. 3.

"At that time (in the court of Henry VIII.) I was no common squire, no under-trodden torch-bearer; *I had my feather in my cap as big as a flag in the foretop*, my French doublet gelt in the belly, as though (like a pig readie to be spitted) all my guts had been plucked out; a paire of side-paned hose that hung down like two scales filled with Holland cheeses; my *long stock* that sate close to my dock, my rapier pendent like a round sticke, &c.; my blacke cloake of black cloth, overspreading my backe, lyke a thornbacke on an elephant's eare; and in consummation of my curiositie, my handes without gloves, *all a more French*."

NASHE'S LIFE OF JACKE WITTON, 1594

"Enter the King, and twelve others, as maskers."—Act I. Sc. 4.

"Before the king began to dance, they requested leave to accompany the ladies at *mumchance*. Leave being granted, then went the masquers and first saluted all the dames, and then returned to the most worthiest, and then opened the great cup of gold, filled with crownes and other pieces, to cast at. Thus perusing all the gentlewomen, of some they wonne, and to some they lost. And having viewed all the ladies, they returned to the cardinal with great reverence, pouring downe all their gold, which was above two hundred crowns. At all, quoth the cardinal, and casting the die, he won it; whereat was made great joy."

CAVENDISH'S LIFE OF WOLSEY.

*"I were unmannerly to take you out,
And not to kiss you."*—Act I. Sc. 4.

A *kiss* was anciently the established *fee of a lady's partner*. So, in A Dialogue between Custom and Veritie, on the Use and Abuse of Dauncing and Minstrelsie, no date, "Imprinted at London, at the long shop, adjoining unto Saint Mildred's church in the Pultrie, by John Allde," we find the following stanza:—

"But some reply, what foole would daunce,
If that when daunce is doon,
He may not have at ladyes lippes
That which in daunce he woon?"

STEEVENS.

*"—— Your grace,
I fear, with dancing is a little heated."*—Act I. Sc. 4.

The king, on being discovered, and desired by Wolsey to take his place, said that he would "first go and shift him; and, thereupon, went into the cardinal's bed-chamber, where was a great fire prepared for him, and there he new appareled himself with riche and princelie garments. And in the king's absence the dishes of the banquet were cleane taken away, and the tables covered with new and *perfumed* clothes. Then the king took his seat under the cloath of estate, commanding every person to sit still as before; and then came in a new banquet before his majestie of *two hundred dishes*, and so they passed the night in banqueting and dancing till morning."—CAVENDISH'S LIFE OF WOLSEY.

"Norfolk opens a folding door; the king is discovered sitting, and reading pensively."—Act II. Sc. 2.

The stage direction in the old copy is a singular one. "*Exit lord chamberlain, and the King draws the curtain, and sits reading pensively;*" and it will enable us to ascertain precisely the state of the theatre in Shakspeare's time. When a person was to be discovered in a different apartment from that in which the original speakers in the scene are exhibited, the method was to place such person in the back part of the stage, behind the curtains which were, occasionally, suspended across it. These the person who was to be discovered (as Henry, in the present case) drew back just at the fit moment. Rowe, looking no further than the modern stage, changed the direction thus:—"*The scene opens and discovers the king,*" &c., but besides the folly of introducing *scenes when there were none*, such an exhibition would be improper, for Norfolk has just said, "Let's in," and, therefore, should himself do some act in order to visit the king. This, indeed, in the simple state of the old stage, was not attended to; *the king, very civilly, discovering himself.*"—MALONE

"That he ran mad and died."—Act II. Sc. 2.

"Aboute this time the king received into favour Dr. Stephen Gardiner whose service he used in matters of great secrecie and weighte, admitting him in the roome of *Doctor Pase*, the which being continually abrode in ambassades, and the same oftentimes not much necessarie, by the cardinalls appointment, at lengthe he tooke such greefe therewith, that he fell out of his right wittes."—**HOLINSHED.**

"Two gentlemen, bearing two great silver pillars."—Act II. Sc. 4.

Wolsey had one pillar borne before him as cardinal, and another as legate. So in *The Treatous*, an ancient satirical poem, by William Roy:—

"With worldly pompe incredible,
Before him rydeth two priestes stronge:
And they bear two crosses right longe,
Gapynge in every man's face:
After them folowe two laye men secular,
And each of theym holdyn a pillar,
In their hondes steade of a mace."

STEEVENS.

"The queen, and some of her women, at work."—Act III. Sc. 1.

Her majesty (says Cavendish), on being informed that the cardinals were coming to visit her, "rose up, having *a skein of red silke about her necke*, being *at work with her maidens*." Cavendish attended Wolsey, on this visit, and the queen's answer in the play is exactly conformable to that which he has recorded, and which he appears to have heard her pronounce.—**MALONE.**

"O, good my lord, no Latin."—Act III. Sc. 1.

"Then begane the cardinall to speake to her in *Latine*. Naie, good my lord (quoth she), speak to me in *English*."—**HOLINSHED.**

"Worse than the sacring bell."—Act III. Sc. 2.

The little bell which is rung to give notice of the *host* approaching, when it is carried in procession, as also in other offices of the Romish church, is called the *sacring* or *consecration* bell; from the French word, *sacrer*."—**THEOBALD.**

"Ipswich."—Act IV. Sc. 2.

"The foundation-stone of the college, which the cardinal founded in this place, was discovered a few years ago. It is now in the chapter-house of Christ-church, Oxford."—**SEWARD'S ANECDOTES.**

"You'd spare your spoons."—Act V. Sc. 2.

It was the custom, long before Shakspeare's time, for the sponsors at christenings to offer gilt spoons as a present to the child. These spoons were called *apostle spoons*, because the figures of the apostles were carved on the handles. Such as were opulent and generous gave the whole *twelve*; those who were less rich or liberal escaped at the expense of the *four evangelists*; and some gave *one spoon* only, which exhibited the figure of the saint in honour of whom the child was named.

STEEVENS.

“*Paris garden.*”—Act V. Sc. 3.

This celebrated *Bear garden*, on the Bankside, was so called from Robert de Paris, who had a hot-house and garden there in the time of Richard II. The Globe theatre, in which Shakspeare was an actor, stood on the southern side of the Thames, and was contiguous to this noted place of tumult.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

“*Thou stool for a witch.*”—Act II. Sc. 1.

In one way of trying a *witch*, they used to place her on a chair or stool, with her legs tied across, that all the weight of her body might rest upon her seat, and by that means, after some time, the circulation of the blood would be much stopped, and her sitting would be as painful as the wooden horse.—GREY.

“*The elephant.*”—Act II. Sc. 3.

It was an old opinion that *elephants* had no joints. Hence, in The Dialogues of Creatures Moralsed, mention is made of “the olefawnte that bowyth not the kneys;” a curious specimen of our early natural history.—STEEVENS.

“——— *the death-tokens of it*
Cry, No recovery.”—Act II. Sc. 3.

Dr. Hodges, in his Treatise on the *Plague*, says, “Spots of a dark complexion, usually called *tokens*, and looked on as the pledges or forewarnings of *death*, are minute and distinct blasts, which have their original from within, and rise up with a little pyramidal protuberance, the pestilential poison chiefly collected at their bases, tainting the neighbouring parts, and reaching to the surface.”—REED.

“*Keep this sleeve.*”—Act V. Sc. 2.

The custom of wearing a lady’s *sleeve* for a favour is mentioned in Hall’s Chronicle: — “One ware on his head-piece his lady’s *sleeve*, and another bare on his helme the glove of his deareling.”—STEEVENS.

“*The dreadful sagittary.*”—Act V. Sc. 5.

“Beyond the royalme of Amasonne came an auntyent kynge, wyse and dyscreete, named Epystrophus, and brought a M knyghtes, and a mervallouse beste that was called *sagittayre*, that behynde the middes was an horse, and to fore a man; this beste was heery like an horse, and had his eyn rede as a cole, and shotte well with a bowe; this beste made the Grekes sore aferde, and slew many of them with his bowe.”

THE THREE DESTRUCTIONS OF TROIE

“*Some galled goose of Winchester.*”—Act V. Sc. 11.

As the public stews were under the controul of the *bishop of Winchester*, a strumpet was called a *Winchester goose*, and a *galled Winchester goose* may mean, either a strumpet afflicted with disease, or one that felt offended by the remarks of Pandarus in the play.—MASON.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

"In a wide sea of wax."—Act I. Sc. 1.

Anciently, they wrote upon waxen tables with an iron style. —HANMER.

"Methinks they should invite them without knives."—Act I. Sc. 2.

It was the custom in our author's time for every guest to bring his own *knife*, which he occasionally whetted on a stone that hung behind the door. One of these whetstones may be seen in Parkinson's Museum. They were strangers, at that period, to the use of *forks*.—RITSON.

"So soon as dinner's done we'll forth again."—Act II. Sc. 2.

It may be here noticed, that in Shakspeare's day, it was usual to hunt as well after dinner, as before. Thus, in Laneham's Account of the Entertainment at Kenelworth Castle, we find that Queen Elizabeth always, while there, hunted in the afternoon:—"Monday was hot, and therefore her highness kept in till *five o'clock in the evening*, what time it pleased her to ryd forth into the chase; to hunt the harte of fors; which found anone, and after sore chased, &c.—REED.

"I dreamt of a silver bason and ewer to-night."—Act III. Sc. 1.

A basin and ewer were things of importance formerly. They were usually of silver, and probably very costly workmanship was bestowed upon them, as they were exhibited to the guests before and after dinner, it being the fashion to wash at both those times. In *The Returne from Parnassus*, we have the following passage:—"Immerito his gifts have appeared in as many colours as the raynbow; first, to maister Amoretto, in colours of the sattine suit he weares; to my lady, in the similitude of a loose gowne; to my maister in the likeness of a *silver bason and ewer*."

MALONE.

"Let molten coin be thy damnation."—Act III. Sc. 1.

In *The Shepherd's Calendar*, Lazarus declares himself to have seen in hell "a great number of wide cauldrons and kettles, full of boyling lead and oyle, with other hot metals molten, in the which were plunged and dipped the covetous men and women, for to fulfill and replenish them of their insatiate covetise."—STEEVENS.

"Enter—Phrynia."

Phrynia was an Athenian courtezan, so exquisitely beautiful, that when her judges were proceeding to condemn her for numerous and enormous offences, a sight of her bosom (which, as we learn from Quintillian, had been artfully denuded by her advocate) disarmed the court of its severity, and secured her life from the sentence of the law.—STEEVENS.

"The unicorn."—Act IV. Sc. 3.

The account of the unicorn is this:—That he and the lion being enemies by nature. as soon as the lion sees the unicorn, he betakes himself to a tree; the unicorn in his fury, and with all the swiftness of his course, running at him, sticks his horn fast in the tree, and then the lion falls upon him and kills him.—GESNER'S HISTORY OF ANIMALS

CORIOLANUS.

“Brows bound with oak.”—Act I. Sc. 3.

The crown given by the Romans to him who saved the life of a citizen, which was accounted more honourable than any other, was composed of oak leaves.—JOHNSON.

“Those centuries.”—Act I. Sc. 7.

Centuries were companies, each consisting of a hundred men.

STEEVENS.

“Towards the napes of your necks.”—Act II. Sc. 1.

In allusion to the fable, which says, that every man has a bag hanging before him, in which he puts his neighbour's faults, and another behind him, in which he stows his own.—JOHNSON.

“The kitchen malkin.”—Act II. Sc. 1.

A maukin, or malkin, is a kind of mop made of clouts for the use of sweeping ovens; thence a frightful figure of clouts dressed up; thence a dirty wench.—HANMER.

“The breath of garlick-eaters.”—Act IV. Sc. 6.

The smell of garlick was once such a brand of vulgarity, that garlick was a food forbidden to an ancient order of Spanish knights, mentioned by Guevara.—JOHNSON.

“As is the osprey.”—Act IV. Sc. 7.

The osprey is a rare, large, blackish hawk, with a long neck and blue legs. It commonly feeds on fish.—STEEVENS.

“To have a temple built you.”—Act V. Sc. 3.

Plutarch informs us, that a temple dedicated to the *Fortune of the Ladies*, was built on this occasion by order of the senate.—STEEVENS.



JULIUS CÆSAR.

*“That unicorns may be betrayed with trees,
And bears with glasses, elephants with holes.”—Act II. Sc. 1.*

Unicorns are said to have been taken by one, who, running behind a tree, eluded the violent push the animal was making at him, so that his horn spent its force on the trunk, and stuck fast, detaining the beast till he was despatched by the hunter. Bears were surprised by means of a mirror, which they would gaze on, affording their pursuers an opportunity of taking a surer aim. Elephants were seduced into pitfalls, lightly covered with hurdles and turf, on which a proper bait to tempt them was exposed.—STEEVENS.

*" When beggars die, there are no comets seen ;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.*

Act II. Sc. 2

This might have been suggested by what Suetonius says of the blazing star which appeared for seven days together, during the celebration of games instituted by Augustus in honour of Julius. The common people believed that the comet indicated his reception among the gods.—Douch.

END OF VOL. III.

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